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H A R P :

BEING A COLLECTION OF

HYMNS AND SPIRITUAL SONGS,

ADAPTED TO ALL PURPOSES OF

SOCIAL AND RELIGIOUS WORSHIP.

BY REV. HIRAM MAY,
Minister of the Gospel.

P E R R Y :

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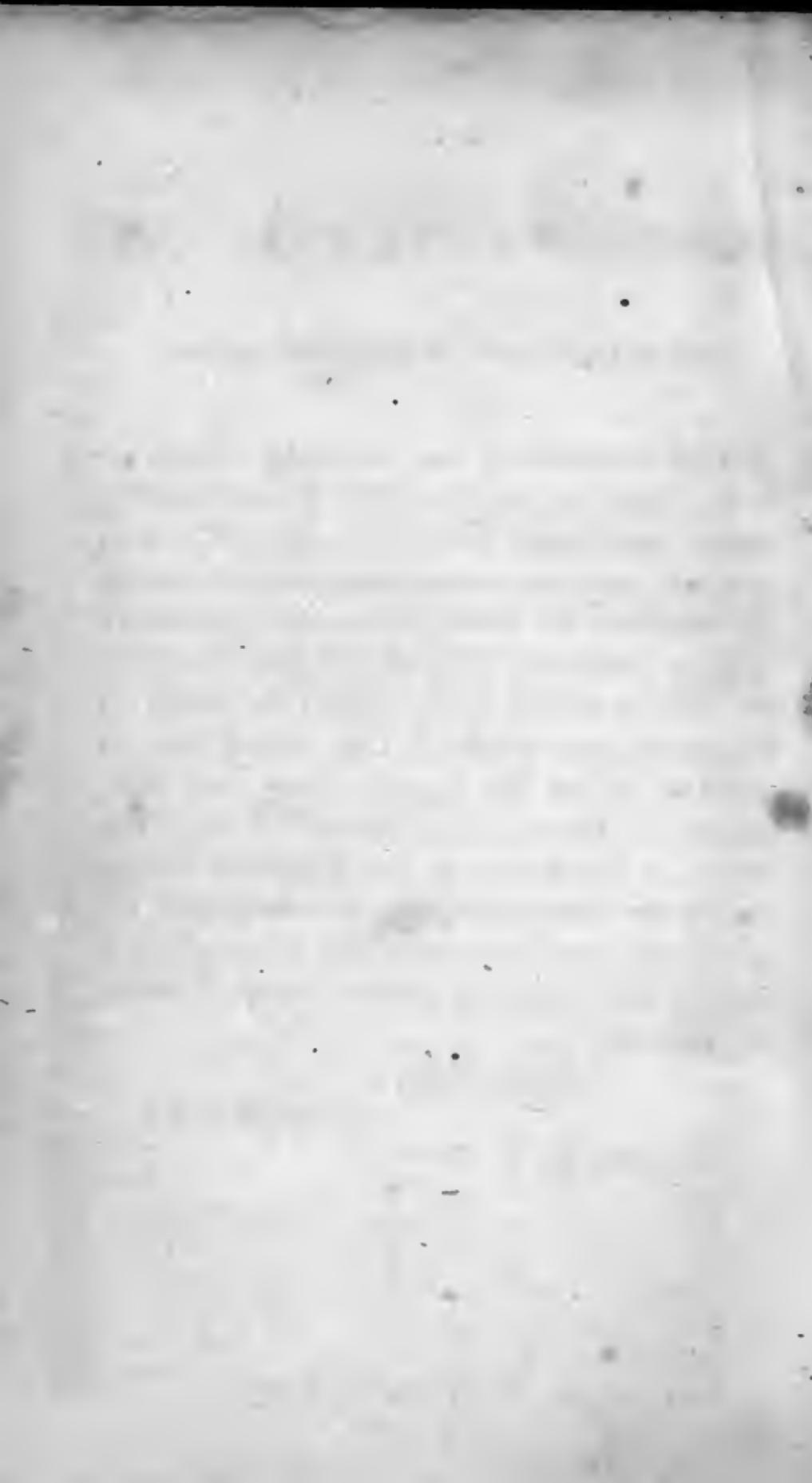
NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

THE compiler of the following volume of hymns would not be considered as undervaluing similar publications, from which himself, as well as others, have received great spiritual edification and comfort; but having had some opportunity to make a selection, such as he hopes will aid in the private, social, and religious devotions of Christians; and believing that such a work is called for within the bounds of our own communion, he presents this first edition of "The Harp" to the notice of the Christian Public, hoping for their indulgence in what might not appear the most judicious, and praying that a blessing may attend its perusal among all classes of Christians.

Respectfully,

HIRAM MAY.

Covington, N. Y., 1840.



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THE HARP.

1. *Last Words of Bishop McKendree.*

“ALL IS WELL.”

1 **W**HAT'S this that steals—
That steals upon my frame?
Is it Death! Is it Death!
That soon will quench—
Will quench this vital flame?
Is it Death! Is it Death!
If this be Death, I soon shall be
From every pain and sorrow free;
I shall my King in Glory see:
All is well, all is well!

2 Weep not my friends,
My friends, weep not for me;
All is well, all is well!
My sins are pardon'd;
Pardon'd! I am free!
All is well, all is well!
There's not a cloud that doth arise,
To hide my Jesus from my eyes;
I soon shall mount the upper skies;
All is well, all is well!

3 Tune, tune your harps—

Your harps, ye saints in glory!

All is well, all is well!

I will rehearse—

Rehearse the pleasing story;

All is well, all is well!

Bright angels are from glory come,

They're round my bed, they're in my room;

They wait to waft my spirit home—

All is well, all is well!

4 Hark ! hark, my Lord!

My Lord and Master calls me—

All is well, all is well!

I soon shall see—

Shall see his face in glory—

All is well, all is well!

Farewell my friends, adieu, adieu!

I can no longer stay with you,

My glittering crown appears in view,

All is well, all is well!

5 Hail, hail, all hail!

All hail, ye saints in glory!

Saved by grace—sav'd by grace;

I've come to join—

To join your blood-wash'd throng—

Sav'd by grace—sav'd by grace:

All, all is peace and joy divine,

And heaven and glory all are mine!

All hallelujah to the Lamb:

All is well, all is well!

2. *Jerusalem, Awake!*

1 **A**WAKE, Jerusalem, awake,
 O Zion, put on thy strength,
 Put on thy beautiful garments,
 Put on thy beautiful garments,
 O, Jerusalem, Jerusalem!
 Put on thy beautiful garments!

3. *An Evening Hymn..*

BY WATTS.

1 **D**READ Sovereign, let my evening song,
 Like holy incense rise;
 Assist the off'rings of my tongue
 To reach the lofty skies.

2 Through all the dangers of the day
 Thy hand was still my guard,
 And still to drive my wants away
 Thy mercy stood prepared.

3 Perpetual blessings from above
 Encompass me around,
 But O, how few returns of love
 Hath my Creator found!

4 What have I done for him who died
 To save my wretched soul?
 How are my follies multiplied,
 Fast as my minutes roll!

5 Lord, with this guilty heart of mine,
 To thy dear cross I flee,
 And to thy grace my soul resign,
 To be renew'd by thee.

6 Sprinkled afresh with pardoning blood,
 I lay me down to rest,
 As in th' embraces of my God,
 Or on my Savior's breast.

4. *Weighed in the Balance.*

- 1 R AISE, thoughtless sinner, raise thine eye:
 Behold the judgment drawing nigh!
 Behold the balance is display'd,
 And thou must be exactly weighed.
- 2 See in one scale, God's holy law;
 Mark with what force its precepts draw:
 Canst thou the awful test sustain?
 Thy works how light! thy thoughts how vain!
- 3 Behold the hand of God appears
 And writes in dreadful characters
 'Tekel'—thy soul is wanting found,
 With trembling hear the awful sound!
- 4 Let fear thy sin-bound heart embrace
 Let guilty shame o'erspread thy face,
 Conviction through thy conscience roll;
 And deep repentance fill thy soul.
- 5 One only hope can yet prevail;
 Jesus for thee can turn the scale;
 Can give thy guilty conscience peace,
 And save thee by his righteousness.

5. *Triumph of Faith.*1 **S**UPPORTED by the word

Though in himself a worm,

The servant of the Lord

Can wondrous acts perform.

Without dismay he boldly treads

Where'er the path of duty leads.

2 The haughty king in vain,

With fury on his brow,

Believers would constrain

To golden gods to bow:

The furnace could not make them fear

Because they knew the Lord was near.

3 As vain was the decree

Which charged them not to pray,

Daniel still bow'd the knee

And worshipp'd thrice a day:

Trusting in God he feared not men

Though threatened with the lion's den.

4 The Lord is still the same;

A mighty shield and tower,

And they who trust his name

Are guided by his power:

He can the rage of lions tame

And bear them harmless through the flame.

5 Yet we too often shrink,

When trials are in view,

Expecting we must sink

And never can get through:

But could we once believe, indeed,
From all these fears we should be freed.

• 6. *My Father's at the Helm.*

1 'TWAS when the seas with horrid roar

A little bark assail'd,
And pallid fear, with awful power,
O'er each on board prevail'd;

2 Save one—the captain's darling child,

Who fearless view'd the storm,
And playful with composure smil'd
At danger's threatening form.

3 Why sporting thus, a seaman cries,

Whilst sorrows overwhelm?

‘Why yield to grief?’—the boy replies;
‘My Father’s at the helm!’

4 Poor doubting soul, from hence be taught

How groundless is thy fear;

Think what the power of Christ hath wrought,
And he is ever near.

5 Then upward look, how'er distress'd,

Jesus will guide thee home

To that eternal port of rest

Where storms shall never come.

7. *Close of Day.*

1 'THE day is past and gone,

The evening shades appear:

O may we all remember well,

The night of death draws near.

- 2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest:
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what we here possess.
- 3 Lord keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.
- 4 And if we early rise,
And view the unwearied sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.
- 5 Then when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
O may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

8. *Pray on, Brethren.*

- 1 **P**RAY on my brethren in the Lord,
Pray till you feel the power of God,
Pray till he drive your doubts away,
Pray till you see the gospel day.
- 2 Pray for the mourners; see their grief;
Pray till the mourners find relief,
Pray for the wicked, everywhere,
Pray that your garments may be clear.
- 3 Soon you shall have your heart's desire,
Soon God will answer as by fire;
You'll see th' effect of fervent prayer
In the abundant grace you share.

9. *Soldier of the Cross.*

- 1 **A** M I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,—
Or blush to speak his name?
- 2 Can I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease?
Whilst others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face,
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?
- 4 Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.
- 5 The saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.
- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

CHORUS.

*A soldier for Jesus—Hallelujah!
Praise ye my Lord—I love my Jesus,
Hallelujah!
Love and serve the Lord.*

10. *Value of the Bible.*1 **H**OLY Bible, Book Divine!

Precious treasure, thou art mine;
 Mine to tell me whence I came,
 Mine to teach me what I am,

2 Mine to chide me when I rove,

Mine to show a Savior's love;
 Mine art thou to guide my feet,
 Mine to judge—condemn—acquit.

3 Mine to comfort in distress,

If the Holy Spirit bless;
 Mine to show by living faith
 Man can triumph oyer death.

4 Mine to tell of joys to come,

And the rebel sinner's doom!
 O, thou precious book divine!
 Precious treasure! thou art mine.

11. *Watchman! What of the night?*1 **W**ATCHMAN! tell us of the night,

What its signs of promise are!
 Trav'ler! o'er yon mountain's height,
 See that glory-beaming star!

Watchman! does its beauteous ray

Aught of hope or joy foretell?

Trav'ler! yes; it brings the day,

Promis'd day of Israel!

2 Watchman! tell us of the night;

Higher yet the star ascends:

'Trav'ler! blessedness and light,
 Peace and truth its course portends!
 Watchman! will its beams alone
 Gild the spot that gave them birth?
 Trav'ler! ages are its own,
 See! it bursts o'er all the earth.

3. Watchman! tell us of the night,
 For the morning seems to dawn:
 Trav'ler! darkness takes its flight,
 Doubt and terror are withdrawn!
 Watchman! let thy wand'ring cease;
 Hie thee to thy quiet home:
 Trav'ler! lo! the Prince of Peace,
 Lo! the Son of God is come!

12. *Jesus is my Friend.*

- 1 **T**HREE is a heaven o'er yonder skies,
 A heaven where pleasure never dies;
 A heaven I sometimes hope to see,
 But fear again tis not for me.

CHORUS.

But Jesus—Jesus, is my friend! O, Hallelujah!
Hallelujah! Jesus—Jesus is my friend!

- 2 The way is difficult and straight,
 And narrow is the Gospel gate;
 Ten thousand dangers are therein,
 Ten thousand snares to take me in.
- 3 I travel through a world of foes,
 Through conflicts sore my spirit goes;
 The tempter cries I ne'er shall stand
 Or reach fair Canaan's happy land.

- 4 The way of danger I am in,
Beset with Devils, men, and sin;
But in this way thy track I see,
And mark'd with blood it seems to be.
- 5 Come life, come death; come then what will,
His footsteps I will follow still;
Through dangers thick, and Hell's alarms,
I shall be safe in his dear arms.
- 6 Then, O my soul, arise and sing!
Yonder's thy Savior, Friend, and King!
With pleasing smiles he now looks down,
And cries, 'Press on, and here's the crown.'
- 7 'Prove faithful then, a few more days;
Fight the good fight and win the race;
And then thy soul with me shall reign;
Thy head a crown of glory gain!'

13. *Secret Devotion.*

- 1 **I** LOVE to steal awhile away,
From every cumb'ring care,
And spend the hours of setting day,
In humble, grateful prayer.
- 2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all His promises to plead,
Where none but God can hear.
- 3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.

- 4 I love by faith to take a view
 Of brighter scenes in heav'n;
 The prospect doth my strength renew
 While here by tempests driv'n.
- 5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
 May its departing ray
 Be calm as this impressive hour,
 And lead to endless day.

14. *God is Present, Everywhere.*

- 1 **A**LL who seek a throne of grace
 Find one may, in every place:
 To those who love a life of prayer,
 Our God is present, *everywhere.*
- 2 In pining sickness, or in health;
 In poverty or growing wealth;
 The humble soul delights in prayer,
 And God is present, *everywhere.*
- 3 When Zion mourns and comforts fail,
 And all her foes do scoff and rail,
 'Tis then a time for secret prayer,
 For God is present, *everywhere.*
- 4 When some backslide and others fall,
 And few are found who strive at all,
 The faithful find in secret prayer,
 That God is present, *everywhere.*
- 5 O, then my soul! in every strait,
 To the Almighty come and wait,
 Who sees, and every sigh doth hear,
 And he will answer all true prayer.

15. *The Dying Christian.*

1 **V**ITAL spark of heav'nly flame!

Quit, O! quit this mortal frame:
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying—
O! the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease fond nature—cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life!

2 Hark! they whisper; angels say,

‘Sister spirit, come away:’
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me my soul, can this be death!

3 The world recedes, it disappears!

Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring!
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
‘O grave! where is thy victory!
‘O death where is thy sting!’

16. *Christ our Salvation.*

1 **O**F Him who did Salvation bring,
I could forever think and sing;
Arise, ye needy! He'll relieve!
Arise, ye guilty! He'll forgive!

CHORUS.

*O, glory be to the Lord most high!
Yes! glory be to the Lord most high!
We'll sing his praises till we die,
And after death, shout glory.*

- 2 Ask but his grace and lo! 'tis given;
 Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven.
 Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,
 Jesus! thy balm can make it whole.
- 3 To shame our sins he blush'd in blood,
 He closed his eyes to show us God;
 Let all the world fall down and know,
 That none but God such love can show.
- 4 'Tis thee I love; for thee alone
 I shed my tears and make my moan.
 Where'er I am, where'er I move,
 I meet the object of my love.
- 5 Insatiate to this spring I fly;
 I drink, and yet am ever dry:
 Ah! who against thy charms is proof!
 Ah! who that loves can love enough!

17. *The Blood of Christ.*

- 1 **T**HREE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
 And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
 Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
 That fountain in his day;
 And there would I, though vile as he,
 Wash all my sins away!
- 3 Dear dying Lamb! thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its power,
 Till all the ransom'd church of God
 Be saved to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream

Thy flowing wounds supply,

Redeeming love has been my theme,

And shall be till I die.

5 Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,

I'll sing thy power to save,

When this poor lisping, stammering tongue,

Lies silent in the grave.

18. *Met for Worship.*

1 **B**RETHREN, we are met for worship

And to adore the Lord our God:

Will you pray with all your power,

While I try to preach his word:

All is vain unless the Spirit

Of the Holy One comes down.

Brethren, pray, and holy manna

Will be showered all around.

2 Don't you see, poor careless sinners,

Slumbering on the brink of wo!

Death is coming! hell is moving!

Can you bear to let them go?

See your fathers, and your mothers,

And your children sinking down!

Brethren, pray, with all your power,

And the blessing will come down.

3 Don't you see the poor backsliders,

Who were once near heaven's door!

But they have despised the Savior,

And are worse than e'er before:

Yet the Savior offers pardon
 If they will to him return:
 Brethren, pray, and holy manna
 Will be shower'd all around.

- 4 Sisters, will you join and help us?
 Moses' sisters helped him:
 Will you seek the trembling mourners,
 Who are struggling hard with sin?
 Tell them all about the Savior;
 Tell them that he will be found!
 Sisters, pray, with all your power,
 And the blessing will come down.
- 5 Let us love the Lord supremely,
 Let us love each other too;
 Let us love, and pray for sinners
 Till the Lord makes all things new.
 Soon he'll take us up to heaven;
 At his table we'll sit down:
 Christ will gird himself and serve us
 With pure manna all around.

19. *Peace, be Still.*

- 1 THE bark was frail, the shore was far,
 An angry tempest roused the deep;
 And 'mid the elemental jar,
 The Savior slept, or seem'd to sleep.
- 2 Lord save! they cry; the swelling sea
 And wind, which raged so loud and shrill,
 At once, their Master's voice obey,
 When Jesus whisper'd, 'Peace, be still.'

- 3 O! '*Peace, be still!*' on mortal ear
 Ne'er fell before such sounds of bliss;
 Never, on earth, can sinners hear
 A sentence blest more full than this.
- 4 Words may in after life, have power
 With calmer joy the heart to fill,
 But memory most will prize the hour,
 When mercy's voice said, '*Peace, be still!*'

20. *A Melody on Faith.*

BY REV. J. MARSDEN.

- 1 LOVE brings to Christ a burning heart,
 Where 'living coals' forever glow;
 For he has been at wisdom's mart,
 Who feels this vital flame below.
- 2 REPENTANCE brings a bleeding soul;
 The fountain gushes balmy tears;
 But though the waves of sorrow roll,
 HOPE glimmers through a night of fears.
- 3 OBEDIENCE brings a chain of gold,
 Where links of active labor shine;
 She plows the field, or tends the fold,
 Draws in the yoke, or digs the mine.
- 4 PATIENCE serene, with sweet accord,
 Offers a broad, a willing back,
 To bear the 'burdens of the Lord,'
 And trudge to bliss beneath the pack.

- 5 With eyes of love and wings of flame,
 And willing feet and working hand,
 ZEAL builds a temple to his name,
 Or spreads his truth through every land.
- 6 But **FAITH** *has nothing*,—she is poor,
 With empty hand and speaking eyes,
 A *bankrupt* nearest mercy's door,—
 Yet bold to ask immortal joys.
- 7 She builds a bower in sorrow's vale,
 And makes the promises a base;
 And chants the sweetly pleasing tale,
 ‘I am a sinner saved by grace.’
- 8 She gives the soul a *second sight*,
 And brings the world of spirits nigh,
 Then takes an eagle's soaring flight,
 To read the secrets of the sky.

21. *How Changed!*

- 1 “**UNTHINKING**, idle, wild and young,
 I laugh'd and talk'd, and danced and sung;
 And, proud of health, of freedom vain,
 Dreamt not of sickness, care or pain;
 Concluding, in these hours of glee,
 That all the world was made for me.
- 2 But when the days of trouble came;
 When sickness shook this trembling frame;
 When pleasure's gay pursuits were o'er,
 And I could dance and sing no more;
 It then occur'd how sad 'twould be,
 Were this world *only* made for me.”

22. *Come and See.*

- 1 JESUS, dear name, how sweet the sound!
 Replete with balm for every wound!
 His word declares his grace is free;
 Come, needy sinner, come and see.
- 2 He left the shining courts on high,
 Came to our world to bleed and die:
 Jesus, the God, hung on the tree:
 Come careless sinner, come and see.
- 3 Your sins did pierce his bleeding heart
 Till death had done its dreadful part:
 Yet this dear love still burns to thee;
 Come harden'd sinner, come and see.
- 4 His blood can cleanse the foulest stain,
 And make the filthy leper clean;
 His blood at once avail'd for me,
 Come, guilty sinner, come and see.

23. *On Christmas Day.*

BY REV. J. MARSDEN.

- 1 YE morning stars that sing and shine
 Amid the firmament above;
 Ye living lustres, all divine,
 Like gems around the throne of love;
 Tho' sweet your bliss, tho' soft your light,
 And melting your melodious lay,
 Your purest lustre is but night,
 Before the SUN of heavenly day.

2 Ye prophets, priests, and ancient seers,
 Or strong in youth, or wise with age;
 Lamps of the world in former years,
 Whose record is the sacred page,
 Your feebler, twinkling, glow-worm light,
 Was lost when Christ illumed the ball;
 Ye tapers of a Jewish night
 Vanished—the Sun eclipsed you all.

3 Till he arose the day was night,
 Though stars had twinkled in the gloom;
 Philosophy with glow-worm light,
 The boast of Egypt, Greece and Rome
 But dimly shone:—His purer morn
 On fane and altar brightly blazed,
 The '*Babe of Bethlehem*' was born,
 And Jews adored, and Pagans gazed!

4 Then crown him, crown him Lord of all!
 In earth and heaven, sea and sky,
 Day star of our revolving ball,
 And ocean of eternal joy:—
Joy then ye nations at his birth!
An era pure of light and love,
Sing mortals! 'tis 'good will on earth.'
And 'shout ye morning stars' above!

24. "*I Want to hear the Lord say so.*"

1 **A**M I prepared to die,
 To quit this vale of wo;
 That I may dwell with Christ on high,
 O! will he tell me so?

2 I feel I'm not a saint--
 Shall I to heaven go?
 Yes, yes, *I hope*, but still I want
 To hear the Lord say so.

3 Ah! then I *would* resign
 My all of good below;
 Nor would I murmur or repine
 If Jesus told me so.

4 Yes, then I would rejoice
 To leave this world of wo,
 And join with saints my feeble voice,
 If God would tell me so.

5 Then let me suffer pain
 A little while below,
 "To live is Christ, to die is gain,"
 The Scripture tells me so.

6 My sins are all forgiven,
 I'm ready now to go;
 Tell sister I shall go to heaven,
 The Lord hath told me so.

25. *The Widow's Prayer.*

1 **T**HOUGH faint and sick, and worn away
 With poverty and wo,
 My widowed feet are doomed to stray
 'Mid thorny paths below;

2 Be thou, O Lord, my Savior still—
 My confidence and guide!
 I know that perfect is thy will,
 Whate'er that will decide.

3 I know the soul that trusts in thee
 Thou never wilt forsake:
 And though a bruised reed I be,
 That reed thou wilt not break.

4 Then keep me, Lord, where'er I go—
 Support me on my way;
 Though worn with poverty and wo,
 My sinking footsteps stay!

5 To give my weakness strength, O God,
 Thy staff shall yet avail:
 And though thou chasen with thy rod,
 That staff shall never fail.

26. *On the Death of a Friend.*

1 **T**HOU art gone to the grave!
 But we will not deplore thee,
 Tho' sorrow and darkness
 Encompass the tomb:
 The Saviour has pass'd through
 Its portals before thee,
 And the lamp of his love
 Is thy guide thro' the gloom.

2 Thou art gone to the grave!
 We no longer behold thee,
 Or tread the rough path
 Of the world by thy side;
 But the wide arms of mercy
 Are spread to enfold thee,
 And sinners may hope,
 Since the sinless has died.

3 Thou art gone to the grave!
 And, its mansions forsaking,
 Perhaps thy tried spirit
 In doubt linger'd long;
 But the sunshine of heav'n
 Beam'd bright on thy waking,
 And the song that thou heardst
 Was the seraphim's song.

4 Thou art gone to the grave!
 It were wrong to deplore thee,
 For God was thy ransom,
 Thy guard, and thy guide;
 He gave thee, and took thee,
 And soon will restore thee,
 Where death hath no sting,
 Since the Savior hath died.

27. *Time.*

1 CHIDE not the lingering hours of life,
 Its toils will soon be o'er,
 Its schemes of glory and of strife,
 Its dreams with disappointments rise,
 Will vex the heart no more—
 And yet the very souls that grieve
 A moment's weary track,
 Perhaps in after years would give
 A world to win it back.

2 Chide not the lingering lapse of time,
 Nor count its moments dull:
 For soon the bell, with mournful chime,
 Will waft the spirit to a clime

More bright and beautiful!
 A land where grief will never fling
 Its darkness on the soul;
 Where faith and hope shall gladly wing
 Their path without control.

- 3 Chide not Time's slow and silent hours,
 Though heavy they may seem!
 The past hath sought oblivion's shores—
 The present, which alone is ours,
 Is passing like a dream;
 And they who scarcely heed its track,
 Or wish its course more fast,
 With fruitless prayer may yet call back
 One moment of the past.
- 4 Chide not a moment's weary flight,
 Too soon it speeds away;
 And nearer brings the hour of night—
 And dimmer makes the feeble sight,—
 Then work while yet 'tis day!
 Thus shall life's morning ray depart,
 Without one vain regret,
 And death steal gladly on the heart,
 When life's bright sun has set.

28. *The Communion of Saints.*

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

- 1 **F**REE, yet in chains, the mountains stand,
 The valleys linked run through the land;
 In fellowship the forests thrive,
 And streams from streams their strength derive.

- 2 The cattle graze in flocks and herds,
 In choirs and concerts sing the birds,
 Insects by millions ply the wing,
 And flowers in peaceful armies spring.
- 3 All nature is society,
 All nature's voices harmony,
 All colors blend to form pure light:
 Why, then, should Christians not unite?
- 4 Thus to the Father prayed the Son,
 "One may they be, as we are one,
 That I in them, and thou in me,
 They one with us may ever be."
- 5 Children of God, combine your bands,
 Brethren in charity, join hearts and hands,
 And pray—for so the Father willed—
 That the Son's prayer may be fulfilled.
- 6 Fulfilled in you,—fulfilled in all
 That on the name of Jesus call,
 And every covenant of love
 Ye bind on earth, be bound above.

29. *The Saint's Rest.*

- 1 IN deep suspense I sought to know,
 If on terrestrial ground,
 For man, a pilgrim here below,
 A resting place is found.
- 2 I sought in wealth, and fondly said,
 My hopes shall now be crowned;
 But cheering hope long since has fled:—
 No resting place I found.

- 3 With steps unwearied I pursued
 Gay pleasure's giddy round,
 And though with care I closely viewed,
 No resting place I found.
- 4 O'er friendship's flow'ry plains I ranged,
 Awhile her sky was clear,
 But ah! how soon the scene was changed:--
 No resting place was here.
- 5 I still sought on, (not yet resigned,)
 A resting place to gain,
 Till reason's voice thrilled through my mind,
 And said, "Tis all in vain."
- 6 Disheartened with the fruitless chase,
 I said, "And can it be
 That there is not a resting place,
 For wearied ones like me."
- 7 When lo! a form Divine appeared;
 Her vision glowed with love:
 With accents sweet, my heart she cheered,
 And pointed me above.
- 8 I sought and found a resting place
 In Jesus's pardoning love,
 And now by faith I clearly trace
 A perfect rest above.

30. "*God Bless you.*"

PARTING WORDS OF A FRIEND.

- 1 YEA, if God blesses, I *am* bless'd,
 Though all should frown beside!
 And in his smile of love may rest,
 Whatever ills betide.

2 Yea, if *he* blesses, *who* can curse?

Or if *he* curse, *who* can *bless*?

His frown than even death is worse,

His love doth life possess!

3 Yea, if he blesses, 'venom'd tongues

Their poison spend in vain;

A healing balm for all earth's wrong's

His favor doth contain.

4 Yea, if he blesses, let e'en friends

Suspect the heart they love!

Approving heaven will make amends--

"My record is above!"

5 Yea, if *God* blesses, all is mine

Which his own children share;

And *may* he bless my soul, and *thine*,

Responds my fervent prayer.

31. *The Mother.*

1 **T**HE cold winds swept the mountain height,
And pathless was the dreary wild,
And mid the cheerless hours of night
A mother wander'd with her child--
As through the drifting snow she press'd,
The babe was sleeping on her breast.

2 And colder still the winds did blow,

And darker hours of night came on,

And deeper grew the drifts of snow: [gone,

Her limbs were chill'd, her strength was

O God! she cried, in accents wild,

If I must perish, save my child.

- 3 She stript her mantle from her breast,
 And bared her bosom to the storm,
 And round the child she wrapt the vest,
 And smiled to think the babe was warm;
 With one cold kiss, one tear she shed
 And sank upon a snowy bed.
- 4 At dawn a traveller pass'd by,
 And saw her 'neath a snowy veil:
 'The frost of death was on her eye,
 Her cheek was cold, and hard, and pale:
 He moved the robe from off the child,
 It lived, look'd up, and sweetly smiled.

32. *On Death.*

BY BENJAMIN SCHMOLKE.

- 1 **T**HAT *I shall die*, full well I know;
 All human life is short and frail,
 Fleeting and vain are things below,
 All portion here must quickly fail.
 In mercy, Lord, direct my ways,
 That I in peace may end my days.
- 2 **W**HEN *I shall die*, is all unknown,
 Except to thy omniscient mind:
 Lest then with life my hope be gone,
 May I from thee such favor find,
 That I may always ready be
 For death and for eternity.
- 3 **H**OW *I shall die*, is hidden too;
 Death does his work in varied forms;
 To some, with agonies of wo,

And some sink peaceful in his arms:
Just as Thou wilt;—if, when 'tis past,
 My soul be found with thee at last.

4 WHERE I shall die, too,—I know not,

Nor where my sleeping dust be laid :
 Only be it my happy lot

With saints redeemed to leave the dead,—
 Small care to me the place affords,—
 The earth throughout is all the Lord's.

5 When'er in death I shall recline,

Then let my soul ascend to thee;
 Through Christ's redemption I am thine,
 By faith his glories now I see,—
'Twill all be well,—I little prize,
 When, how, or where, this body lies.

33. Jesus.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

1 HOW hath he loved us?—Ask the star
 That on its wondrous mission sped,
 Hung trembling o'er that manger scene,
 Where He, the Eternal, bowed his head;
 He, who of earth doth seal the doom,
 Found in her lowliest inn—*no room*.

2 Ask of Gethsemane whose dews

Shrunk from that moisture strangely red,
 Which in that unwatched hour of pain
 His agonizing temples shed!
 The scourge, the thorn, whose anguish sore
 Like the unanswering lamb he bore.

3 How hath he loved us?—Ask the cross,
 The Roman spear, the shrouded sky,
 Ask of the shrouded dead, who burst
 Their prisons at his fearful cry—
 O ask no more! but bow thy pride,
 And yield thy heart to him who died.

34. *"A Hundred Years Ago."*

BY J. MONTGOMERY.

- 1 ONE song of praise, one song of prayer,
 Around, above, below;
 Ye winds and waves, the burthen bear,
 "A hundred years ago!"
- 2 "A hundred years ago!"—What then?
 —There rose, the world to bless,
 A little band of faithful men,
 A cloud of witnesses.
- 3 It look'd but like a human hand;
 Few welcomed it, none fear'd;
 Yet, as it open'd o'er the land,
 The hand of God appear'd.
- 4 The Lord made bare his holy arm
 In sight of earth and hell:
 Fiends fled before it with alarm,
 And alien armies fell.
- 5 God gave the word, and great hath been
 The preachers' company;
 What wonders have our fathers seen!
 What signs their children see!

6 One song of praise for mercies past,
 Through all our courts resound;
 One voice of prayer, that to the last,
 Grace may much more abound.

7 All hail "a hundred years ago!"
 —And when our lips are dumb,
 Be millions heard rejoicing so,
 A hundred years to come!

35. "*Jesus of Nazareth Passeth by.*"

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

WATCHER!—Who wakest by the bed of pain,
 While the stars sweep on with their mid-
 night train,
 Stifling thy tear for thy loved one's sake,
 Holding thy breath lest his sleep should break;
 In thy loneliest hour there's a helper nigh,
 "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

2 Stranger!—afar from thy native land,
 Whom no man takes with a brother's hand,
 Table and hearth-stone are glowing free,
 Casements are sparkling, but not for thee;
 There is one who can tell of a home on high,
 "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

3 Sad one, in secret bending low,
 A dart in thy breast that the world may not know,
 Wrestling the favor of God to win,
 His seal of pardon for days of sin;
 Press on, press on, with thy prayerful cry,
 "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

4 Mourner!—who sit'st in the church yard lone,
 Scanning the lines on that marble stone,
 Plucking the weeds from thy children's bed,
 Planting the myrtle and rose instead;
 Look up from the tomb with thy tearful eye,
 “Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.”

5 Fading one, with the hectic streak,
 In thy veins of fire and thy wasted cheek,
 Fear'st thou the shade of the darken'd vale?
 Seek to the guide who can never fail;
 He hath trod it himself, he will hear thy sigh,
 “Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.”

36. *Our Brethren.*

BY JOHN C. MOSSIE.

1 **H**AST thou a brother unreclaimed—
 A sister yet in sin,
 Who, though they listen to the truth,
 Feel not its power within?
 Oh, pray for them!—pray day and night,
 That they may yet discern aright.

2 Thou answerest: All my father's house
 Are servants of the Lord;
 They bless the Father for his Son,
 And reverence the word.
 Are *all* thy father's house, oh youth
 Humble adorers of the truth?

3 Nay—nay—I tell thee they are not,
 “Oh yes they are”—What *all*?
 Whom dost thou, then, thy brethren term,

And whom thy father call?
 God is the sire of *all men* named;
 Say, are thy brethren *all* reclaimed?

37. *The Missionary's Farewell.*

1 YES, my native land I love thee,
 All thy scenes, I love them well;
 Friends, connections, happy country!
 Can I bid you all farewell?
 Can I leave you,
 Far in heathen lands to dwell?

2 *Home!* thy joys are passing lovely;
 Joys no stranger-heart can tell!
 Happy home! indeed I love thee!
 Can I—can I say—*Farewell!*
 Can I leave thee,
 Far in heathen lands to dwell?

3 Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,
 Holy days and Sabbath-bell,
 Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure!
 Can I say a last farewell?
 Can I leave you,
 Far in heathen lands to dwell?

4 Yes! I hasten from you gladly,
 From the scenes I loved so well!
 Far away, ye billows, bear me;
 Lovely, native land, farewell!
 Pleased I leave thee, :
 Far in heathen lands to dwell!

5 In the deserts let me labor;
 On the mountains let me tell,
 How he died—the blessed Savior—
 To redeem a world from hell!

Let me hasten,
 Far in heathen lands to dwell.

6 Bear me on, thou restless ocean!
 Let the winds my canvass swell!
 Heaves my heart with warm emotion,
 While I go far hence to dwell.

Glad I leave thee,
Native land; Farewell! Farewell!

38. *Female Christian.*

1 I ASKED her when in beauty dress'd,
 When youthful hope inspired her breast,
 Where is *he* whom thou lovest best?
 She said,—In heaven.

2 I asked her when she fondly press'd,
 Her smiling infant to her breast,
 Where is *he now* whom thou lovest best?
 She said,—In heaven.

3 I asked her when her bloom was lost,
 When all her earthly hopes were cross'd,
 Where is *he* whom thou lovest best?
 She said,—In heaven.

4 I asked her in her dying groan,
 Who is the brightest, loveliest one?
 'Tis *God*, she cried, *my God alone*,
 And went to heaven.

39. *The Disciple:*

- 1 JESUS! I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despis'd, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've hop'd, or sought, or known;
Yet how rich is my condition!
God and heaven are still my own.
- 2 Let the world despise and leave me;
They have left my Savior too.
Human hearts have oft deceiv'd me;
Thou art not like them untrue.
And whilst thou shall smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love and might!
Foes may hate, and friends disown me;
Show thy face and all is bright.
- 3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure;
Come disaster, scorn and pain;
In thy service pain is pleasure;
With thy favor loss is gain.
I have call'd thee Abba! Father!
I have set my *heart* on *thee*;
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather;
All must work for good to me.
- 4 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me;
Heaven shall bring me sweeter rest.

O 'tis not in grief to harm me,
 While thy love is left to me;
 O 'twere not in joy to charm me,
 Were that joy unmix'd with thee.

5 Soul! then know thy full salvation;
 Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care!
 Joy to find, in every station,
 Something still to do or bear.
 Think what spirit dwells within thee,
 Think, what Father's smiles are thine,
 Think that Jesus died to win thee;
 Child of heaven! canst thou repine?

6 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
 Arm'd by faith and wing'd by prayer;
 Heaven's eternal day 's before thee:
 God's own hand shall guide thee there.
 Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
 Soon shall end thy pilgrim days;
 Hope shall change to glad fruition,
 Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

40. *Christian Communion.*

1 FROM whence doth this union arise,
 That hatred is conquer'd by love!
 It fastens our souls with such ties,
 As nature and time can't remove.

2 It cannot in Eden be found,
 Nor yet in a Paradise lost;
 It grows on Immanuel's ground;
 And Jesus' dear blood it did cost.

3 My friends are so dear unto me,
 Our hearts are united in love;
 Where Jesus is gone we shall be
 In yonder blest mansions above.

4 O why then so loth to depart,
 Since we shall ere long meet again?
 Engraved on Immanuel's heart,
 At distance we cannot remain.

5 And when we shall see that bright day,
 United with angels above,
 No longer confined to our clay,
 O'erwhelmed in the ocean of love.

6 O, then with our Jesus we'll reign,
 And all his bright glory shall see,
 And sing Hallelujah, Amen!
 Amen, even so let it be.

41. *Submission.*

WATTS.

Why should vain mortals tremble at the sight of
 Death and destruction in the field of battle
 Where blood and carnage
 Flows the ground in crimson,
 Sounding in death groans?

2 Death will invade us by the means appointed,
 And we must all bow to the king of terrors!
 Nor am I anxious,
 If I am prepared,
 What shape he comes in.

- 3 Then to the wisdom of my Lord and Master
I will commit all that I have or wish for;
Sweetly as babes sleep
Will I give my life up
When called to yield it.
- 4 Then Death I'll dare thee, clad in all thy horrors,
Christ my Redeemer will be thy destruction,
I shall be raised,
From thy gloomy mansions,
Praising forever.
- 5 Good is Jehovah in bestowing sunshine,
Nor less his goodness in the storm and thunder:
Mercies and judgments
Both proceed from kindness—
Infinite kindness.
- 6 Infinite goodness teaches us submission;
Bids us be quiet under all his dealings;
Never repining,
But forever praising
God our Creator.
- 7 Well may we praise him; all his ways are perfect;
Through a resplendence, infinitely glowing,
Dazzles in glory
All the sight of mortals
Struck blind by lustre?
- 8 O then exult that God forever reigneth;
Clouds, that surround him hinder our perception;
Bind us the stronger
To exalt his name and
Shout louder praises!

42. *I own I'm base.*

1 COME, humble sinner, in whose breast
 A thousand thoughts revolve;
 Come, with your guilt and fears oppress,
 And make this last resolve!

CHORUS.

I own I'm base—I own I'm vile;
But mercy's all my plea:
Remember, Lord, thy dying groans,
And then remember me.

2 'I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
 'Hath like a mountain rose;
 'I know his courts, I'll enter in,
 'Whatever may oppose.

3 Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
 And there my guilt confess:
 I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
 Without his pard'ning grace.

4 'I'll to the gracious King approach,
 'Whose sceptre pardon gives;
 'Perhaps he may command my touch,
 'And then the suppliant lives.

5 'Perhaps he will admit my plea;
 'Perhaps will hear my prayer;
 'But if I perish, I will pray,
 'And perish only there.

6 'I can but perish if I go;
 'I am resolved to try;
 'For if I stay away, I know
 'I shall forever die.'

7 'But should I die with mercy sought,
 'When I the King have tried—
 'I there should die, (delightful thought,)
 'Where ne'er a sinner died.'

43. *The Priceless Pearl.*

1 **T**HREE is a treasure richer far
 Than all the jewels of the earth;
With it the diamond can't compare,
 And coral loses all its worth.

2 The gold of Ophir glowing bright,
 The onyx and the sapphire blue,
The ruby with its rosy light,
 The Ethiopian topaz too.

3 O, these are all but light and mean,
 When weigh'd against this radiant stone;
A favor'd few alone have seen
 This precious pearl of price unknown.

4 Its name is **WISDOM**, but its worth
 The proud and worldly wise condemn;
The meek and lowly of the earth
 Alone secure this heavenly gem.

5 One glorious ray of light Divine
 Will show thee where it sparkling lies;
Then haste and make the treasure thine,
 Delay may rob thee of the prize.

44. *Think O, my Soul.*

- 1 **M**Y days, my weeks, my months, my years,
 Fly rapid like the rolling spheres
 Around the steady pole;
 Time, like the tide, its motion keeps,
 Till I shall launch the boundless deeps,
 Where endless ages roll.
- 2 The grave is near the cradle seen,
 How swift the moments roll between,
 And whisper as they fly;
 “Unthinking man remember this,
 Thou ’midst thy sublunary bliss,
 Must groan, and gasp, and die.
- 3 My soul, attend the solemn call,
 Thine earthly tent must shortly fall,
 And thou must take thy flight
 Beyond the vast expansive blue,
 To love and sing as angels do,
 Or sink in endless night.
- 4 Eternal bliss, eternal wo,
 Hang on this inch of time below,
 On this precarious breath;
 The God of nature only knows,
 Whether another day shall close
 Ere I expire in death.
- 5 Long ere the sun has run its round,
 I may be buried under ground,
 And there in silence rot.

Alas! one hour may change the scene,
And ere twelve months shall roll between,
 My name be quite forgot.

6 But will my soul be then extinct,
Or cease to live or cease to think?
 It cannot—cannot be!
No! my immortal cannot die;
What wilt thou do, or whither fly,
 When death shall set thee free!

7 Will mercy then her arms extend,
Will Jesus be thy gaurdian friend,
 And heaven thy dwelling place?
Or will insulting fiends appear,
To drag thee down to dark despair,
 Beyond the reach of Grace!

8 A heaven or hell, and these alone
Beyond the present life are known,
 There is no middle state:
To-day attend the call divine,
To-morrow may be none of thine,
 Or it may be too late.

9 Then do not pass your life in dream;
Vast is the change howe'er it seem
 To poor unthinking man.
Lord at thy feet I humbly bow,
Bid conscience tell me plainly now
 What it will tell me then.

10 If, in destruction's road I stray,
 Help me to choose the better way
 That leads to joys on high:
 Thy grace impart, my guilt forgive,
 Nor let me ever dare to live
 Such as I dare not die.

45. *David and Goliah.*

- 1 BY whom was David taught
 To aim the dreadful blow,
 When he Goliah fought,
 And laid the Gittite low?
 No sword nor spear the stripling took,
 But chose a pebble from the brook.
- 2 'Twas Israel's God and King,
 That sent him to the fight;
 That gave him strength to sling,
 And skill to aim aright:
 Ye fearful saints! your strength endures
 Because young David's God is yours.
- 3 Who ordered Gideon forth
 To storm th'invader's camp?
 With arms of little worth;
 A pitcher and a lamp?
 The trumpets made his coming known,
 And all the hosts were overthrown.
- 4 O, I have seen the day,
 When, by a single word,
 God helping me to say,

‘My trust is in the Lord,’
 My soul has quell’d a thousand foes;
 Fearless of all that could oppose.

5 But unbelief, self-will,
 Self-righteousness and pride;
 How often do they steal
 My weapons from my side!
 Yet David’s Lord and Gideon’s Friend
 Will help me fight unto the end.

46. *Brother is Dead.*

HARK! what is that note, so mournful and slow,
 That sends on the winds the tidings of wo!
 It sounds like the knell of a spirit that’s fled,
 It tells us, alas! a brother is dead!

2 Yes! gone to the grave is he whom we loved;
 And lifeless that form that so manfully moved!
 The clods of the valley encompass’d his head;
 The marble reminds us a brother is dead!

3 But marble and urns—they never can tell
 The spot where the soul is destined to dwell;
 Ye spirits of air that surrounded his bed,
 O, speak ye, and tell where the spirit is fled!

4 O say! have ye heard in the heav’nly throng
 That voice once with ours commingled in song?
 O, say! to the courts of our God have ye led
 The soul that from earth forever has fled?

5 No voice from the grave, no voice from the sky,
 Discloses the deeds that are doing on high;
 It need not—Jehovah hath said in his word,
 That “Blessed are they who die in the Lord!”

47. *A Youthful Christian.*

1 COME, all ye young people of every nation,
 Come listen awhile, and to you I will tell
 How I was first called to seek for salvation,
 In Jesus' rich blood who redeem'd me from hell.
 I was not past sixteen when first I was called
 To think of my soul and the state I was in.
 I saw myself standing a distance from Jesus;
 Between him and me was a mountain of sin.

2 The Devil perceiving that I was awaken'd,
 He strove to persuade me that I was too young;
 He said I'd get weary before my days ended
 And wish I had never so early begun, [tial,
 Sometimes he'd persuade me that Jesus was par-
 While he was in mercy setting poor sinners free;
 That I was forsaken; an outcast like Esau,
 And there was no mercy at all for poor me.

3 But glory to Jesus! his love's not confined
 To princes or persons of noble degree;
 His love is unbounded—to all it's extended;
 He died for poor sinners when nail'd to the tree!
 Thus while I lay mourning in deep lamentation,
 My soul overwhelmed with sorrow and grief,
 He drew near in mercy, look'd on me in pity;
 He pardon'd my sins, and he gave me relief.

4 So now I've found favor in Jesus my Savior,
And all his commands I'm bound to obey.
I'll follow my Savior in whom I found favor,
'Till he shall see cause to call me away:
So farewell young people, if I can't persuade you
To leave off your follies and go with a friend,
I'll follow my Savior in whom I've found favor;
My days in his service I'm bound for to spend.

48. *What is Life.*

1 **A**H! what is life? I heard one ask,
As his last hour came on;
All nature whisper'd, 'tis a wave,
A bubble broke upon.

2 'Tis but a state of warfare here—
We meet with dangerous foes;
Then speak, O Lord! and let my cares
Be hush'd in calm repose.

3 Oft has the tempter, like a storm,
Assail'd my feeble breast—
Yet, thanks to God, as oft I've found
His grace afford me rest.

4 I'll trust Thee though thy power should rend
This earth on which I dwell;
Omnipotence shall bear me up,
Nor cast me down to hell.

5 Then what is life? Probation's hour,
The Gospel loud proclaims;

Thrice happy is the mortal then,
That lasting peace obtains.

6 Then let me meet the good man's fate—
Let my last moments be
Like summer's calmest sunset hour—
Be set to *all* but Thee.

49. *Come, Enlist.*

1 HARK! brethren, don't you hear the sound
The martial trumpets now are blowing;
Men in ardor 'listing round,
And soldiers to their standard's flowing?
Bounty's offer'd!—joy and peace—
To every soldier this is given;
And when from toil and war we cease,
A mansion bright prepared in heaven.

2 Those who long in debt have laid,
And felt the hand of dire oppression;
All their debts are freely paid:
And they endow'd with large possessions.
Those who're halt, or blind, or lame,
Their maladies are also healed!
Outlaw'd rebels, when they come,
Receive a pardon freely sealed.

3 The battle is not to the strong;
The burden's on our Captain's shoulders;
None so aged, or so young,
But may enlist and be a soldier:
Those who cannot fight or fly,

Beneath his banner find protection!
None, who on his name rely,
Shall be reduced to base subjection.

- 4 Ye need not fear—the cause is good;
Come! who will to the crown aspire?
In this cause the martyrs bled,
Or shouted victory in the fire!
In this cause let's follow on,
And soon we'll tell the pleasing story,
How by faith we've gain'd the crown,
And fought our way to life and glory?
- 5 The battle, brethren, is begun,
Behold the army's now in motion!
Some by faith behold the crown,
And almost grasp a future portion.
Hark! the victors sing aloud!
Immanuel's Chariot wheels are rumbling!
Mourners weeping through the crowd,
And satan's kingdom down is tumbling!
- 6 O, ye rebels, come and 'list!
The officers are now recruiting!
Will you still in sin persist?
Or spend your time in vain disputing?
All your cavils sure are vain;
For if you do not sue for favor,
Down you'll sink to endless pain,
To bear the wrath of God forever!

46. *Friendship.*

- 1 THE reason we love friendship
 I'll deny to no man:
 How shall—how shall—how shall we,
 We, who are form'd for happiness,
 Slight a loving brother,
 Since Jesus—Jesus hath died on the tree,
 For to deliver man
 From violence and treason,
 That we might love each other,
 And seek our souls' salvation.
 'Twas love that moved the mighty God,
 For to redeem the nations,
 That happy—happy we might be.
- 2 On a feast day in ancient times,
 Jesus stood and cried,
 If any—if any—if any thirst,
 Come unto me and freely drink:
 And thus he saved from dying;
 For surely—surely—nothing else can
 Quench the immortal thirst,
 That in your heart is glowing.
 Come then, and drink the streams of grace,
 Which are so freely flowing;
 Saying: Drink my love, my only dove!
 For you it is a flowing:
 Then happy—happy—you shall be,
- 3 Let us who have begun to taste
 The sweets of this salvation,

Follow--follow--follow on;
Believing we shall overcome,
Resisting all temptation;
Since Jesus—Jesus—Jesus the Son,
With out-stretched arms,
And voice so inviting,
To purling streams, and purest joys,
Is thus our souls exciting:
Let us impart to him our hearts,
By faith and love uniting,
Then happy—happy, we shall be.

47. *New Year.*

1 **W**HILE, with ceaseless course, the sun,
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here.
Fix'd in an eternal state,
They have done with all below:
We a little longer wait,
But how little none can know.

2 As the winged arrow flies,
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind;
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream;
Upwards, Lord, our spirits raise,
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive,
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us, henceforth, how to live
With eternity in view;
Bless thy word to young and old,
Fill us with a Savior's love;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with thee above.

48. *A Young Lady's Experience.*

1 IN airy dreams of gay delight,
In fancy's lulling arms,
My miseries were conceal'd from sight,
By strong ideal charms.

2 Held by the magic of that power
Which thousands doth enslave,
Pleasures appear'd in every flower,
Though rooted near the grave.

3 Till sovereign mercy from the skies,
Alarm'd my dreaming mind;
No more delusions blind my eyes,
When wak'd by pow'r divine.

4 Shook from inertness and false dreams,
I saw my dreary state;
And fearing where the fleeting streams
Would land me when too late:

5 In earnest prayer, I cried to God:
Lord, save me! or I die;

Cleanse me from sin, save from despair,
While desp'rate here I lie.

6 My grief and sin the Savior saw,
And flew without delay,
And on the eyeballs of my soul,
He pour'd celestial day.

7 Now new beauties strike my pleasing sight,
And conscience smiles within;
For sorrow, joy: for darkness, light:
And feels no inward pain.

8 Now let my soul dwell near its God,
And like the sun obey,
While faith and love point out the road
That leads to endless day.

49. *Adieu to the World.*

1 FAREWELL, all worldly honors,
I bid you all adieu!
Farewell all worldly pleasures,
I want no more of you!
I want my union grounded
On the eternal soil;
Beyond the power of satan,
Where sin can ne'er defile.

2 I want my name engraven
Among the righteous ones;
Crying Holy, Holy Father,
And wear a glorious crown:
For the sake of so pure riches

I'm willing to pass through
 All earthly tribulations,
 And count them my just due.

3 I'm willing to be purged
 And bear a daily cross;
 I'm willing to be cleansed
 From every kind of dross:
 I see the fiery furnace;
 I feel its piercing flame;
 The fruit of it is holy,
 The gold will still remain.

4 All earthly tribulation
 Is but a moment here;
 O, then if we prove faithful,
 A glorious crown we'll wear;
 We shall be called holy
 And feed on angel's food,
 Rejoicing in bright glory
 Before the throne of God.

50. "*Child, come home.*"

1 BRETHERN, while we sojourn here,
 Fight we must, but need not fear;
 Foes we have, but we've a friend—
 One that loves us to the end.
 Onward, then, with courage go;
 Long we shall not dwell below,
 For soon the joyful news will come;
 'Child, your Father calls—come home!'

- 2 In the world a thousand snares
 Lay to take us unawares;
 Satan with malicious art
 Watches each unguarded heart;
 But from Satan's malice free,
 Saints will all victorious be;
 And soon the joyful news will come;
 'Child, your Father calls—come home!'
- 3 But of all the foes we meet,
 There's none so apt to turn our feet—
 None betrays us into sin,
 Like the foes we have within.
 But let nothing spoil your peace,
 Christ will also conquer these;
 And soon the joyful news will come—
 'Child your Father calls—come home!'

51. *What is Death?*

- 1 **W**HAT is death?—Let mortals say—
 'Tis a dark unfathom'd way,
 'Tis a deep and silent gloom,
 Enter'd by the yawning tomb.
- 2 What is death? 'Tis not a dream
 Where things are not what they seem;
 'Tis not an eternal sleep,
 'Tis not an unfathom'd deep.
- 3 What is death? The fruit of crime,
 Gender'd in the birth of time,
 Punishment of Adam's fall,
 Now the common lot of all.

- 4 What is death? The gate of life
 Leading from this world of strife,
 Closing on a toilsome way,
 Opening on eternal day.
- 5 What is death? The welcome goal
 That awaits the trembling soul,
 Call'd to leave its earthly load,
 Summon'd to the throne of God.
- 6 What is death? Life's awful close,
 All that man by prescience knows;
 All is hidden from his eye
 But that he is born to die.
- 7 'Tis the dark and troubled flood
 Tinctured with a Savior's blood;
 What is death's last agony?
 Ask the cross of Calvary.

52. *The Dying Pilgrim.*

BY REV. H. BINGHAM.

- 1 FAREWELL! beloved companions,
 My precious friends in Christ;
 He sends his welcome summons,
 To call me home to rest:
 I tread the dark, lone valley,
 My Shepherd trod before;
 Through Jordan's flood he leads me
 To heaven's sweet, holy shore.
- 2 Go, pilgrim, to thy Savior—
 On joyful wings ascend;

On his almighty favor,
Let all thy hopes depend:
His all-sufficient merit,
His rich, atoning blood,
Brings sinners to inherit
The kingdom of our God.

- 3 Farewell! I trust my Jesus,
To take my sins away;
Now, on that head, most precious,
My soul her hand would lay;
To that sole hope for sinners,
My Savior, King, and Friend,
Kind angels, lend your pinions,
And help my soul ascend.
- 4 Go, pilgrim, to thy Savior;—
Thy toilsome course is run;
There rest from all thy labors,
And cares, beneath the sun:
No more shall sin molest thee:
The world no more control;—
Go, praise the Lamb who blest thee,
Whose love shall fill thy soul.

- 5 Farewell! dear fellow lab'lers!—
O live for Christ and heaven;
Toil on for this kind Savior,
Whose life for you was given;
Bring back blind, rebel mortals,

Our Sovereign to obey;
 And guide them to the portals
 Of heaven's eternal day.

6 Go, pilgrim, to thy Savior--
 A short, a kind adieu;
 Far holier friends will hail thee,
 Where joys eternal flow:
 By angels kind attended,
 Go, take thy crown, there given,
 And when our toils are ended,
 O may we meet in heaven.

53. *How Sweet the Thought.*

- 1 **H**OW sweet the thought! while here in
 We tread a path uneven; [tears
 Pass but a few more fleeting years,
 And we shall meet in heaven.
- 2 *How sweet the thought!* whene'er by death
 Our friends from us are riven,
 We, too, shall soon resign our breath,
 And live with them in heaven.
- 3 *How sweet the thought!* though Jesus be
 To faith's dim eye here given;
 Death shall remove the veil, and we
 Shall see the Lord in heaven.
- 4 But am I truly one of those
 Whose hearts to God are given?
 Have I found comfort in the cross?
 Shall I find rest in heaven?

5 Lord, I am vile! but thro' thy death
 Be all my sins forgiven;
 Breathe in my soul a living faith,
 And make me fit for heaven.

59. *Thy Will be Done.*

1 MY God, though every earthly hope
 Be ruined; lost—each nerve unstrung!
 And every coming year, but ope
 On buried joys to which I've clung:
 Though all, for which I've fondly prayed,
 Be still withheld; each glorious sun,
 But view some cherish'd comfort fade;—
 Yet, Father, let thy will be done.

2 Though friends, who oft this heart estranged
 From thy pure worship, O my God,
 Should fickle prove; grow cold and changed;
 Still let me kiss the chast'ning rod;
 And make me learn, that when the soul
 Her heavenward race has once begun,
 No idol should her flight control;
 Thus, Father, let thy will be done.

3 In pain and anguish, let thine arm,
 Support me, Lord, in hours of ill.
 Do thou the venom'd shaft disarm,
 And heal my wounded spirit still:
 And, when the last dread hour is nigh,
 When here my weary race is run;
 In Jesus trusting, then may I,
 Departing, say—Thy will be done.

60. *The Preacher's Wife.*

- 1 "MY husband, there are reasons why
That I for you should humbly pray,
That God would, with a watchful eye,
Direct your steps and guard your way.
- 2 "While I have known the weight of care
Which long has fill'd your anxious breast,
I could but ask the Lord, in prayer,
That all your labors might be blest.
- 3 "At midnight I have often known
The feelings which your tears portray;
And while I hear you sigh and groan,
My feeling heart tells me to pray.
- 4 "I see you in the pulpit rise,
To warn the wicked of his way;
With tears fast rolling from your eyes;
By ev'ry tear I'm bid to pray.
- 5 "I see the wicked raise his hand
Against his God and disobey;
And while he sins I understand
It is my duty still to pray.
- 6 "The love of Christ now tells me why
In duty you should not delay;
And while you bid the sinner fly,
The blood of Christ tells me to pray.
- 7 Go publish, then, the sinner's Friend;
With you the ills of life I'll share;
When you the Gospel truths defend,
Remember then your wife's at prayer.

61. "*How old art thou?*"

- 1 COUNT not thy days that have idly flown,
 The years that were vainly spent;
 Nor speak of the hours thou must blush to own,
 When thy spirit stands before the throne,
 To account for the talents lent.
- 2 But number the hours redeem'd from sin,
 The moments employed for heaven—
 Oh, few and evil thy days have been,
 Thy life a toilsome and worthless scene,
 For a nobler purpose given.
- 3 Will the shade go back on thy dial plate?
 Will thy sun stand still on his way?
 Both hasten on, and thy spirit's fate
 Rests on the point of life's little date—
 Then live while 'tis called to-day.
- 4 Life's waning hours, like the sybil's page,
 As they lessen, in value rise,
 Oh, arouse thee and live! nor deem that man's age
 Stands in the length of his pilgrimage,
 But in days that are truly wise.

62. *The Only True Guide.*

BY MONTGOMERY.

- 1 WHAT is the world?—a wildering maze,
 Where sin has track'd ten thousand
 Her victims to ensnare; [ways,
 All broad, and winding, and aslope,
 All tempting with perfidious hope,
 All ending in despair.

2 Millions of pilgrims throng these roads,
 Bearing their baubles or their loads
 Down to eternal night;
 One only path that never bends,
 Narrow, and rough, and steep ascends
 From darkness into light.

3 Is there no guide to show that path?
 The Bible!—He alone who hath
 The Bible need not stray;
 But he who hath, and will not give
 That light of life to all that live,
 Himself shall lose the way.

63. *The Christian Soldier.*

1 **S**OULDIERS of the cross arise,
 Look upon that glorious prize,
 Christ has placed before your eyes,
 If you gain the day.

2 Gird, O gird your armor on,
 You are led by God's own Son,
 Many battles he has won;
 He will gain the day.

3 Draw your sword, present your shield,
 Forward rush, and never yield,
 Till your foes have quit the field,
 Then you'll gain the day.

4 Guard each post both day and night,
 For, a subtle foe you fight,
 And all hell it would delight,
 Should you lose the day.

- 5 Often with your Captain be,
 Oft before him bow the knee,
 Then your foes are sure to flee,
 And you'll gain the day.
- 6 Then you'll lay your armor down,
 And receive a starry crown,
 And all heaven will resound,
 "Christ has gain'd the day."
- 7 There the soldiers all will meet,
 And their old companions greet,
 And the glorious theme repeat,
 "Christ has gain'd the day."
- 8 There your foes assail no more,
 The battle's fought, the battle's o'er,
 You will worship and adore,
 Through an endless day..

64. *?Tis good to Pray.*

- 1 **W**HEN secret sins before us rise,
 In all their dread array,
 And justice frowns on every side,
 To find relief, we pray.
- 2 When sore temptations vex the soul,
 And fill it with dismay;
 The Savior speaks, the storm is hush'd,
 O then 'tis good to pray.
- 3 When light sheds on the soul
 Its bright and cheering ray,

And points it to the Lamb of God,
O then 'tis good to pray.

4 When Christ appears the sinner's hope,
And drives his fears away;
And softly speaks his sins forgiven,
O then how sweet to pray.

5 When pure religion o'er the heart
Holds an unbounded sway;
And hourly lifts the heart to God.
O then 'tis sweet to pray.

6 When friends are taken from our arms,
In the cold grave to lay;
To *Him* who dries the mourner's tears,
'Twill then be good to pray.

7 When to the shining courts above,
The joyful soul is raised;
And wrapt in ecstacy and love,
'Twill then be heaven to praise.

65. *A Brother's Prayer.*

1 O GOD of mercy, grace and truth,
Whose glories heaven and earth declare;
Thou guide and guardian of my youth;
O! hearken to a Brother's prayer.

2 Be thou my Sister's only Guide,
Thro' this life's dangerous, devious way;
Guide her frail bark on ocean's tide,
To one unclouded, endless day.

3 O! may eternal things be sought,
By her with eager, anxious care;
Absorbing every wayward thought—
O! hearken to a Brother's prayer.

4 And thus in seeking may she find,
In a Redeemer's Precious blood,
All that is needful there combined.
—Present her faultless to her God.

5 And O! rejoicing may she see
Herself the object of thy care;
Devote her life, her all to Thee—
O! hearken to a Brother's prayer.

6 Be her's Thy grace so rich, so free,
Her will to bend—her acts to move;
And may she ever worship Thee
In spirit, truth, and purest love.

7 May she the world—an idle toy,
Forsake; undaunted by its glare,
Seek Thee—the source of purest joy—
O! hearken to a brother's prayer.

8 O! be my Sister's Guard and Guide,
Lest from Thy path she e'er should stray;
And grace sufficient, O provide;
Thy gracious precepts to obey;

9 And ne'er forsake Thee, O my God;
But meekly all afflictions bear:
To tread the path her Savior trod—
O! hearken to a Brother's prayer.

66. *Judah's Lion.*

THE Great God of Love hath shown us the way

And marked out the impartial road:

The Spirit is come, the work is now begun,

And the gentiles are coming to God.

2 The Represser of sin has mark'd out the road;

The Comforter leads the bright throng;

The Book is now unseal'd; Judah's Lion takes the field,

And conducts the grand armies along.

3 United in one, the race we will run,

Press forward in love without fear,

The glory pursue which the world never knew;

Never will, till the gospel they hear.

4 Salvation we see, to all men is free;

The children of Christ join in one;

We will march uniform; with courage face the storm.

In the battle the Savior began.

5 No lion or bear shall ever devour

Or prey on those innocent lambs,

The shepherd of the sheep in his bosom will keep

And the lambs he will bear in his arms.

6 Then ye saints sing his praise, your voices high

raise,

And loud sound the song of his name:

Hallelujah now sing to Immanuel our King,

And conclude the grand theme with Amen!

67. *Christian Consolation.*

- 1 COME and taste along with me,
The weary pilgrim's consolation;
Boundless mercy running free,
The earnest of complete salvation;
Joy and peace in Christ, I find;
My heart to him is all resigned:
The fulness of his power I prove
And all my soul dissolves in love.
Jesus is the Pilgrim's portion:
Love is boundless as the ocean.
- 2 When I'm in the house of prayer,
I find him in the congregation,
Music sweet unto my ear,
Is the full sound of free salvation.
My heart exults; my spirits flow;
I love my God and brethren so
I join and shout and sing aloud,
And disregard the gazing crowd.
Glorious theme of exultation,
Jesus Christ is my salvation.
- 3 When the world or flesh would rise
And strive to draw me from my Savior;
Strangers slight or foes despise
I then more highly prize his favor.
Friends, believe me when I tell
If Christ is present all is well;
The world and flesh in vain may rise,
I all their efforts can despise.

In the world, I've tribulation,
But in Christ sweet consolation.

- 4 Worldlings hold me in disdain
Because I slight their carnal pleasure,
All in this that gives me pain,
Is, that they slight a noble treasure.
But among them, bless the Lord,
There's some that tremble at his word,
And this doth joy to me impart,
To think the Lord has reach'd their heart:
O, the praise to God be given,
Peace on earth and crowns in heaven.

- 5 Why should I regard the frowns
Of those who mock, deride or slight me?
Soon I'll lie beneath the ground,
Beyond the reach of those who hate me;
Toil and pain and suffering o'er,
I'll gain that blissful, happy shore,
And with the shining host above
I'll sing and shout redeeming love.
Pleasures there beyond expression
Ever flow in sweet succession.

- 6 Sinners, you may mock and scorn,
Your moments past will be lamented;
That awful day is hastening on,
When you will wish you had repented;
For death in its embraces cold,
Will soon your mortal bodies hold;
Your pleasures then will take their flight,

And down you'll sink to endless night.
While you're of that guilty number,
Your damnation doth not slumber.

7 Come, poor sinners, go with me;
My heart's enlarged to receive you;
Slight not mercy offer'd free,
But venture on him, he'll relieve you;
But if you offer'd grace refuse,
And still the way of folly choose;
Unhappy souls, your guilt and blood,
Will rest on your defenceless heads.
Darkness, grief, and pain and sorrow,
May be yours before to-morrow.

68. *The King of Terrors.*

1 **D**EATH, he is the king of terrors,
And a terror to all kings;
Oft he fills the mind with horrors,
Telling us of frightful things;
Lands of darkness, shades of silence,
Gloomy vaults where pris'ners lie:
Many thousands have been conquer'd;
We alas! must shortly die!

2 See, frail man, how unexpected,
In my chariot I do ride!
Fierce convulsions, pains, and fevers,
Are the weapons by my side:
Kingdoms, countries, or their cities,
Kings, their councils, or their slaves,

None of these mine eyes have pitied,
Soon I'll bring them to their graves.

- 3 There they lie without distinction!
Thus I boast my thousands slain;
Nor can they, without permission,
Ever hope to rise again.
Stop, O, Death! don't boast of vict'ry;
Hark, and hear what faith can say
Of one Jesus, who on Calvary
Died and in the grave did lay.

- 4 See him rising! hear him crying!
"I, O Death! have conquer'd you;
Though your looks are so dismaying,
Yet my saints, I'll bring through.
This gives cause for all believers
To rejoice in Christ their king:
Death's no more than a dark curtain,
Drawn to let the saints pass in.

- 5 "There the wicked cease from troubling,
There the weary are at rest;
There the saints sing Hallelujah,
There they are divinely blest;
Free from sin, and free from sorrow,
Free from sickness, care and pain;
No dread thoughts of gloom or horror
E'er shall frighten them again."

- 6 There the saints in holy triumph
Will rejoice in Christ their King,

Ask the grave, "Where now's thy victory?
Boasting monster! where's thy sting?"
Saved and pardon'd through the Savior,
Though the grave my flesh annoy,
Death's but the gate to endless glory,
Road to everlasting joy.

69. *The Last Day.*

- 1 **T**HE great tremendous day 's approaching;
The awful scene is drawing nigh,
So long foretold by ancient prophets,
Decreed from all eternity.
- 2 Then O, my soul, reflect and wonder,
That awful scene is drawing near,
And thou must see the great transaction
When Christ in judgment shall appear.
- 3 See nature stand all in amazement,
To hear the last loud trumpet sound!
Arise ye dead and come to judgment,
Ye nations of the world around.
- 4 Loud thunders rumbling through the concave!
Bright forked lightnings part the skies!
The heaven 's shaking, the earth is quaking;
The gloomy sight attracts mine eyes.
- 5 The orbit lamps, all veil'd in sackcloth,
No more their shining circuits run;
The wheels of time stop in a moment!
Eternal things are now begun!

- 6 Huge massy rocks, and tow'ring mountains,
Over their tumbling basis roar!
The raging ocean, all in commotion,
Is hovering round her frightened shore!
- 7 Green, turf'y grave-yards, and tombs of marble,
Give up their dead, both small and great!
See the whole world, both saints and sinners,
Are coming to the judgment seat!
- 8 See Jesus, on the throne of justice,
Come thundering down the parted skies,
With countless armies of shining angels,
With Hallelujahs, shout for joy.
- 9 Bright shining streams from out his presence,
His face ten thousand suns outshine:
Behold him coming in power and glory;
To meet him, all his saints combine.
- 10 O, come, ye blessed of my Father,
The purchase of my dying love,
Receive the crowns of life and glory
Which are laid up for you above.
- 11 For your dear souls, which have continued
With me, and my temptations bore,
I have reserved for you a kingdom,
To reign with me forevermore.
- 12 See justice now with indignation
Calling aloud for sinners' blood;
Those who have slighted offered mercy,
And crucified the Son of God.

13 Depart from me ye cursed sinners!

My face you never more shall see!

Be banished from my peaceful presence,
To dreadful wo and misery!

14 Now, sinners! here's a faithful warning!

Return to Jesus while you may,
For now he's waiting to receive you;
Or else you must depart away!

70. *The Contrast.*

1 IN what confusion earth appears!

God's dearest children bath'd in tears,
While they who heaven itself deride,
Riot in luxury and pride.

2 But patient let my soul attend,

And ere I censure, view the end.

That end how different; who can tell
The wide extremes of heaven and hell?

3 See the red flames around him twine,

Who did in gold and purple shine,

Nor can his tongue one drop obtain
To allay the scorching of his pain.

4 While round the saints, so poor below,

Full rivers of salvation flow;

On Abram's breast he leans his head
And banquets on celestial bread.

5 Jesus, my Savior! let me share

The meanest of thy servant's fare:

May I at last approach to taste

The blessings of thy marriage feast?

71. *Missionary Hymn.*

BY BISHOP HEBER.

- 1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.
- 2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's Isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile,
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.
- 3 Shall we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we, to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! Oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name!
- 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till like a sea of glory

It spreads from pole to pole;
 Till o'er our ransom'd nature
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign.

72. *Palestine.*

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

BLEST land of Judea! thrice hallowed of song,
 Where the holiest of memories pilgrim-like
 throng:
 In the shade of thy palms, by the shores of thy sea,
 On the hills of thy beauty, my heart is with thee.

2 With the eye of a spirit I look on that shore,
 Where pilgrim and prophet have lingered before;
 With the glide of a spirit I traverse the sod
 Made bright by the steps of the angels of God.

3 Blue sea of the hills! in my spirit I hear
 Thy waters, Genesaret, chime on my ear;
 Where the Lowly and Just with the people sat
 down,
 And thy spray on the dust of his sandals was
 thrown.

4 Beyond are Bethulia's mountains of green,
 And the desolate hills of the wild Gadarene;
 And I pause on the goat-crags of Tabor to see
 The gleam of thy waters, oh dark Gallilee!

5 Hark, a sound in the valleys! where, swollen
 and strong,

Thy river, oh Kishon, is sweeping along;
Where the Canaanite strove with Jehovah in vain,
And thy torrent grew dark with the blood of the
slain.

6 There, down from his mountains stern Zebulon
came,

And Naphthali's stag with his eye-balls of flame,
And the chariots of Jabin rolled harmlessly on,
For the arm of the Lord was Abinoam's son!

7 There sleep the still rocks and the caverns
which rang

To the song which the beautiful Prophetess sang;
When the Princes of Issachar stood by her side,
And the shout of a host in its triumph replied.

8 Lo, Bethlehem's hill-site before me is seen,
With the mountains around, and the valleys be-
tween;

There rested the shepherds of Judah, and there
The song of the angels rose sweet on the air.

9 And Bethany's palm trees in beauty still throw
Their shadows at noon on the ruins below,
But where are the sisters who hastened to greet
The lowly Redeemer, and sit at his feet?

10 I tread where the TWELVE in their way-faring
trod;

I stand where they stood with the CHOSEN of God;
Where his blessing was heard, and his lessons
were taught,

Where the blind were restored, and the healing
was wrought.

11 Oh, here with his flock the sad wanderer came,
These hills he toiled over in grief are the same—
The founts where he drank by the way-side still
flow,

And the same airs are blowing which breathed on
his brow.

12 And throned on her hill sits Jerusalem yet,
But with dust on her forehead, and chains on her
feet:

For the crown of her pride to the mocker hath
gone,

And the holy Shechina is dark where it shone!

13 But wherefore this dream of the earthly abode
Of Humanity clothed in the brightness of God!
Were my spirit but turned from the outward and
dim,

It could gaze, even now, on the presence of Him!

14 Not in clouds and in terrors, but gentle as
when

In love and in meekness he moved among men;
And the voice which breathed peace to the waves
of the sea,

In the hush of my spirit, would whisper to me.

15 And what if my feet may not tread where He
stood,

Nor my ears hear the dashing of Gallilee's flood,

Nor my eyes see the cross which He bowed him
to bear,
Nor my knees press Gethsemane's garden of
prayer.

16 Yet, Loved of the Father, thy spirit is near
To the meek, and the lowly, and penitent here;
And the voice of thy love is the same even now,
As at Bethany's tomb, or on Olivet's brow.

17 Oh, the outward hath gone!—but in glory and
power,
The **SPIRIT** surviveth the things of an hour,
Unchanged, undecaying, its Pentecost flame
On the heart's secret altar is burning the same!

73. I am God alone.

1 **T**HUS saith the Lord of Glory,
I'd have the world to know me,
For they must stand before me
To account for all they've done;
I am the God of Heaven;
Eternally I'm living;
All things are my creation,
For I am God alone.

2 Now, sinners, will you hear me?
Then come now and draw near me;
For you cannot deceive me,
All things to me are known.
Yourselves you are deceiving;

My words, by disbelieving,
Destruction you're receiving,
For I am God alone.

3 Oh, will you be reformed,
And to my ways transformed?
My ransom is provided,
O, sinner—sinner, come!
But if you do refuse me,
I never will excuse you,
Because you do abuse me
And I am God alone.

4 How can you stand my judgment,
When you shall in a moment
Hear the loud thund'ring trumpet
That bids you all to come?
I then shall fix your station
In hopeless desperation
For slighting my salvation!
For I am God alone.

5 Draw near to me, my Zion,
For I am Judah's Lion,
I, oft times, hear you crying,
I listen to your moan.
I ever will protect you,
I never will forsake you,
No evil shall o'ertake you,
For I am God alone.

6 And if you lack for pleasure,
Or if you lack for treasure,

Love me, and love no other;
 All things to me belong.
 I am the God of pleasure,
 I am the God of treasure,
 And there is none that's higher,
 For I am God alone.

74. *Hymn for Prayer Meeting.*

- 1 **W**HERE two or three together meet,
 My love and mercy to repeat,
 And tell what I have done,
 There will I be, saith God, to bless,
 And ev'ry burden'd soul redress,
 Who worship at my throne.

- 2 Make one in this assembly, Lord;
 Speak to each heart some cheering word,
 To set the spirit free;
 Impart a kind celestial shower,
 And grant that we may spend an hour
 In fellowship with thee.

75. *God is Love.*

- 1 **T**HE lightning's bright flash
 Through the ether above,
 The deep ocean's dash,
 All say—*God is love.*

- 2 The glittering stars,
 While shining so bright,
 All say—*God is love,*
 In the stillness of night.

3 The bold eagle's flight,

The coo of the dove,

The king of the light,

All say—*God is love.*

4 The top of the mountain,

Where in loneliness I rove,

And the gurgling fountain,

All say—*God is love.*

5 *God is love*, sigh the winds,

As they whistle along:

God is love, say the shepherds,

With flute and with song.

6 From the mouth of the Ganges

They shout—*God is love;*

From the top of the Andes

It re-echoes above.

76. *Hail to the Son of David.*

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

1 **H**AIL to the Lord's anointed!

Great David's greater Son;

Hail in the time appointed,

His reign on earth begun!

He comes to break oppression,

To set the captive free;

To take away transgression,

And reign in equity.

2 He comes, with succor speedy,

To those who suffer wrong;

To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls in misery dying,
Were precious in his sight.

3 By such shall he be feared,
While sun and moon endure:
Beloved, adored, revered,
For he shall judge the poor,
Through changing generations,
With justice, mercy, truth;
While stars maintain their stations
And moons renew their youth.

4 He shall come down, like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And joy and hope, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth;
Before him on the mountains,
Shall peace the herald go,
And righteousness in fountains
From hill to valley flow.

5 Arabia's desert ranger
To Him shall bow the knee;
The Ethiopian stranger
His glory come to see;
With offerings of devotion
Ships from the isles shall meet

To pour the wealth of ocean,
In tribute at his feet.

6 Kings shall fall down before Him,
And gold and incense bring,
All nations shall adore Him;
His praise all people sing,
For he shall have dominion,
O'er river, sea and shore,
Far, as the eagle's pinion
Or dove's light wing can soar.

7 For Him shall pray'r unceasing,
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end:
The mountain dews shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish
And shake like Lebanon.

8 O'er every foe victorious,
He, on his throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All blessing and all blest:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove,
His name shall stand forever,
His name—what is it?—Love.

77. *Crown Him Prince of Peace.*
1 COME, warm my heart, celestial fire,
Let earth-born passions cease;

Come tune my heaven-devoted lyre
To sing the Prince of Peace.

- 2 Let saints on earth their anthems raise,
Who taste the Savior's grace;
Let saints in heaven proclaim his praise,
And crown him Prince of Peace.
- 3 Ye martyrs who in glory sit,
Reclining at your ease;
Cast your bright crowns at Jesus' feet,
And hail him Prince of Peace.
- 4 Angels, though robed in splendor bright,
Unveil'd, ye dare not gaze
On Jesus' beauties—peerless sight!
O crown him Prince of Peace.
- 5 Kings, princes, potentates, and powers,
Rise from your ancient place;
His kingdom evermore endures,
Then crown him Prince of Peace.
- 6 Ye warriors, lay your weapons down,
For wars and strife shall cease;
Bow down to the eternal Son,
And crown him Prince of Peace.
- 7 Your glitt'ring swords to ploughshares beat,
And sound the grand release;
For Mars resigns his ancient seat
To Christ, the Prince of Peace.
- 8 Victorious over sin and hell,
His kingdom must increase;

This precious stone the earth shall fill,
And reign the Prince of Peace.

- 9 E'en now sweet hallelujahs roll,
Far on the stormy seas;
Old ocean's sons unite in soul,
To crown the Prince of Peace.
- 10 Mahomet's crescent's on the wane,
Its glory fades apace;
And anti-christ shall soon be slain,
By the great Prince of Peace.
- 11 Ye islands of the sea, rejoice,
Behold your near release!
Make to the Lord a joyful noise,
And crown him Prince of Peace.
- 12 Ye Indians of America,
Your glad hosannas raise,
Unite with injured Africa,
And crown him Prince of Peace.

78. *Flat Heads inquiring the way to Heaven.*

- 1 "FROM o'er the Rocky Mountains,
Where prairies wide are spread,
Where streams from forest fountains
Flow west to ocean's bed;
- 2 See savage men descending
To Mississippi's vale,
Their eager eyes still bending,
An eastern light to hail.

- 3 For they had heard a story
 Of God's most holy book,
 All full of light and glory,
 On which their eyes would look;
- 4 And they like eastern sages,
 Who journey'd from afar,
 Have travell'd weary stages,
 To find the Savior's star.
- 5 Have you that book from Heaven?
 These western wise men say:
 To us shall it be given
 To guide us on our way?
- 6 We're wand'rers—all our nation,
 Deep lost in gloomy night,
 O! let us seek salvation,
 O! give us heavenly light.
- 7 Yes! red men! here forth beaming,
 God's word shines strong and free,
 And soon its radiance gleaming,
 Shall shine o'er earth and sea.
- 8 To you we'll send his gospel,
 Which God to us has given;
 So 'faith may come by hearing,'
 And you be led to Heaven."

79. *The Sweeter Thought.*

- 1 **S**WEET is the early breath of morn,
 And sweet the dawn of day,
 When linnets throng the bending thorn,

And blackbirds pour the lay.
 But there's a sweeter thought I know,
 Than morn or eve can e'er bestow.

- 2 Sweet is the genial time of spring,
 And sweet the summer's view;
 What sweetness cannot autumn bring,
 And hoary winter too.
 But there's a sweeter thought I know,
 Than all the seasons can bestow.
- 3 Sweet is retirement's friendly shade,
 When meditation draws.
 And O how sweet is converse made
 When friendship forms its laws.
 But there's a sweeter thought I know,
 Which none of these can e'er bestow.
- 4 Dear thought!—O, be thou dearer still!
 And ever on my heart;
 And when I feel a transient thrill,
 Do thou that joy impart.
 Sweet source of energy divine.
Delightful thought THAT GOD IS MINE.

80. *The Latest Tear.*

- 1 WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
 And days are dark and friends are few,
 On Him I lean, who, not in vain,
 Experienced every human pain.
 He sees my wants, allays my fears,
 And counts and treasures up my tears.

2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To flee the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do:
Still He who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

3 If wounded love my bosom swell,
Despised by those I prized too well;
He shall His pitying aid bestow,
Who felt on earth severer wo:
At once betrayed, denied, or fled,
By those who shared His daily bread.

4 When vexing thoughts within me rise,
And, sore dismayed, my spirit dies,
Yet He, who once vouchsafed to bear
The sickening anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

5 When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers all that was a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me for a little while,
My Savior marks the tears I shed;
For "Jesus wept" o'er Lazarus dead.

6 And oh, when I have safely passed
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, Lord! unchanging, watch beside
My dying bed, for thou hast died:
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

81. *Millennium's Dawn*

- 1 **W**ITH courage bold, the watchmen stand
On Zion's sacred wall;
They raise their voice at God's command,
And cry aloud to all.
- 2 The heralds fly o'er land and sea,
Proclaiming God's free grace;
They preach eternal liberty
To Adam's fetter'd race.
- 3 The love that tunes the seraph's lyre,
Is streaming from the skies;
Poor mortals catch the hallowed fire,
And taste immortal joys.
- 4 Lo! in the desert, drear and waste,
A stream of mercy flows;
And in the barren wilderness,
Blooms Sharon's beauteous Rose.
- 5 The raging lion changed by grace,
Grows peaceful, mild and calm;
While near the asp the suckling plays;
The wolf dwells with the lamb.
- 6 Soon universal peace shall reign,
And righteousness abound;
A brother's blood, in battle slain,
No more shall drench the ground.
- 7 O glorious truth! that happy day
Is swiftly rolling on:
"Thy kingdom come," O Lord, we pray,
"Thy will on earth be done."

82. *The Land of Rest.*

"There remaineth therefore a rest for the people of God."—[HEB. 4: 9.]

1 O LAND of rest, we look to thee
 When darkness round our pathway lies,
 When tempests blow,
 And waters flow,
 Sweeping the lovely from our eyes,
 No storm thou knowest, or treach'rous sea;
 And therefore do we look to thee.

2 O, land of rest, we look to thee
 When by the bed of death we stand,
 Watching until
 The Master's will
 Shall to his bar the soul command;
 Thy sons fade not at death's decree,
 And therefore do we look to thee.

3 O, land of rest, we look to thee
 Whene'er iniquities prevail,
 When all within
 Is dark with sin,
 And Satan's wiles our peace assail;
 Where thou art, naught impure shall be,
 And therefore do we look to thee.

4 O, land of rest, we look to thee
 As exiles homeward bound may turn,
 Where to their eyes
 The cliffs arise

Of the dear land for which they yearn;
 Our home *thou* art, and exiles *we*,
 And therefore do we look to thee.

- 5 O, land of rest, we look to thee
 For brighter suns than light us here,
 For purer balm,
 And truer calm,
 And holy love, unblent with fear;
 Thy clime hath all our eye would see
 And therefore do we look to thee.
- 6 Yet O, thou land of heavenly rest!
 End of our hopes, we prize thee more,
 That we shall sit
 At Jesus' feet
 Soon as we reach thy happy shore;
 And walk with him—the glad! the free!
 And therefore do we look to thee.

83. *Christ the Beloved.*

- 1 WHEN strangers stand, and hear me tell
 What beauties in my Savior dwell,
 Where he is gone, they fain would know,
 That they may seek and love him too.
- 2 My best Beloved keeps his throne,
 On hills of light, in worlds unknown;
 But he descends and shows his face
 In the young gardens of his grace.
- 3 In vineyards planted by his hand,
 Where fruitful trees in order stand;

He feeds among the spicy beds,
Where lilies show their spotless heads.

4 He has engross'd my warmest love,
No earthly charms my soul can move:
I have a mansion in his heart,
Nor death nor hell shall make us part.

5 He takes my soul ere I'm aware,
And shows me where his glories are;
No chariot of Aminadab
The heav'ly rapture can describe.

6 O may my spirit daily rise
On wings of faith above the skies,
Till death shall make my last remove
To dwell forever with my love.

84. *The Soul.*

BY J. MONTGOMERY.

1 **W**HAT is the thing of highest price
The whole creation round?
That which was lost in paradise—
That which in Christ was found—
The soul of man—Jehovah's breath,
That keeps two worlds at strife;
Hell moves beneath to work its death,
Heaven stoops to give it life.

2 God to reclaim it did not spare
His well beloved Son;
Jesus to save it deigned to bear
The sins of all in one;

The Holy Spirit seal'd the plan
 And pledged the blood divine,
 To ransom every soul of man;
 That price was paid for mine!

3 And is this treasure borne below,
 In earthen vessels frail?
 Can none its utmost value know,
 'Till flesh and spirit fail?
 Then let us gather round the cross,
 That knowledge to obtain,
 Not by the soul's eternal loss,
 But everlasting gain.

85. *Trust in Heaven.*

- 1 **T**RUST in Heaven!—when o'er thy path
 Clouds and tempests come in wrath;
 When thy grief oppresseth thee,
 When obscured thy prospects be,
 When around thee mists are driven,
 Heed them not—but trust in Heaven!
- 2 Trust in Heaven!—when one by one
 Sweet the waves of hope glide on,
 Leaving thee a wreck at last
 On the shore from whence they pass'd;
 Though thy heart be wrung and riven,
 Still forever trust in heaven!
- 3 Trust in Heaven!—when from its way
 Those thou lovest go astray;
 Strive, still strive to bring them back

To its strait and thornless track;
 And that truth may soon be given
 To thy spirits, trust in Heaven!

4 Trust in Heaven!—it shall not fail,
 When the darkest griefs prevail;
 And when death at length shall come,
 When around thee spreads his gloom,
 Pray that thou may'st be forgiven--
 Place thy dearest trust in Heaven!

86. *Asleep in Jesus.*

1 **A** SLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep!
 From which none ever wakes to weep;
 A calm and undisturb'd repose,
 Unbroken by the last of foes!

2 Asleep in Jesus! oh! how sweet
 To be for such a slumber meet!
 With holy confidence to sing
 That death has lost his venom'd sting!

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
 Whose waking is supremely blest:
 No fear—no wo shall dim that hour,
 That manifests the Savior's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me
 May such a blissful refuge be:
 Securely shall my ashes lie,
 Waiting the summons from on high.

5 Asleep in Jesus! time nor space
 Debars this precious "hiding place:"

On Indian plains or Lapland snows,
Believers find the same repose.

6 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be:
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

87. *Who is my Neighbor?*

1 **T**HY neighbor? It is he whom thou
Hast power to aid and bless;
Whose aching heart or burning brow,
Thy soothing hand may press.

2 Thy neighbor? 'Tis the fainting poor,
Whose eye with want is dim;
Whom hunger sends from door to door;
Go thou, and succor him.

3 Thy neighbor? 'Tis that weary man
Whose years are at their brim,
Bent low with sickness, cares and pain;
Go thou, and comfort him.

4 Thy neighbor? 'Tis the heart bereft
Of every earthly gem—
Widow and orphan helpless left;
Go thou and shelter them.

5 Thy neighbor? Yonder toiling slave,
Fetter'd in thought and limb,
Whose hopes are all beyond the grave;
Go thou and ransom him.

- 6 Whene'er thou meet'st a human form
 Less favor'd than thine own,
 Remember 'tis thy neighbor worm,
 Thy brother, or thy son.
- 7 Oh! pass not, pass not heedless by;
 Perhaps thou canst redeem
 The breaking heart from misery;
 Go, share thy lot with him.

88. *Hope.*

- 1 O H, what is man of hope deprived!
 Poor, wretched, and forlorn!
 Far better had he never lived,
 If Hope had ne'er been born.
- 2 Oh, glorious Hope, without thy grace
 'Twere death on earth to dwell,
 And man would need no change of place,
 To find his destined hell.
- 3 In every scene of trial here,
 And misery's darkest night,
 No cheering gleams of joy appear
 Where Hope gives not her light.
- 4 And sin would make one general sweep,
 And line her coast with souls,
 If Hope's strong anchor did not keep
 From driving on her shoals.
- 5 And 'mid the darkness of that night,
 When death and hell combine,

No other beacon shows a light;—
But Hope's will brighter shine.

6 But Hope itself will fail and die;
The hour of sight must come,
Where all is clear reality,
Eternal joy or gloom.

7 There shall the saints desire no more,
. Nor Hope increase their bliss;
Nor can she force hell's prison door
To light that dark abyss.

8 If only while on earth we stay
Hope's joys to man are given,
Oh, Savior, take not mine away
Until I enter Heaven.

89. *Advice to Professors.*

1 RAISE the Christian standard higher,
Higher be the Christian's aim,
And to nobler things aspire
Than a mere professor's name.
Always be an humble Christian,
Never be a lifeless one,—
Imitate the bright example
Of Jehovah's only Son,

2 Let your piety be active,
And your love so pure and strong,
Your deportment so attractive
As to draw the world along.
For the inconsistent Christian,

One whose practice and whose creed
 Form but a remote connexion,
 Is a stumbling stone indeed.

3 Almost Christians never flourish--

But the saint in word and deed
 God's own promises will nourish,
 And their willing footsteps lead.
 Those who idle in his vineyard,
 Those who seek the world's applause,
 Never shall be counted faithful
 To our great Redeemer's cause.

89. *The Prodigal.*

1 **W**HEN the Prodigal return'd
 From his state of ruin,
 His spirit did begin to burn
 To think what he'd been doing.
 Lo! his heart is fit to break
 At the recollection
 And he resolv'd to tell the worst
 And humbly seek protection.

2 The son appear'd a great way off,
 All in his tatter'd garments;
 As tears flow down, his heart is soft,
 Now mixed with fearful torment,
 The Father listening to his cries,
 Then runs to meet his youngest;
 Directed by his longing eyes,
 Meeting with love the strongest.

3 The Father's come, now hear the son

"Say, Father! I have sinned!
I have, by sin, myself undone,

And thy displeasure gained!
I do not say that I'm thy child,

But if thou canst believe me—
To my poor soul be reconciled,

A servant's place now give me."

4 Now leaning on his Father's breast,

And glad he was arriven,

Freely now his sins confess,

And has them all forgiven.

Around his neck the Father throws

His arms and hands most tender;

A kiss, again—again bestows;

"Saying, Son, I'm thy defender."

5 Swift to the skies the news arise,

Of the returning stranger!

The dead's alive! the lost is found!

Rejoice, ye shining angels!

The song, it rolls throughout the whole,

In bursting joys of glory!

We'll join the song and pass along,

O, Holy, Holy, Holy!

90. *Sick Bed Reflection.*

LISTEN ye sprightly, and attend ye vain ones,

Pause in your mirth, adversity consid'ring:

Learn from a friend's pen, sentimental, painful,

Sick bed reflection.

2 Healthful and gay, like you I spent my moments,
Fondly my heart said, joy would last forever;
But I'd forgotten, man had no enjoyment
But by permission.

3 Sudden and awful, from the height of pleasure,
By pain and sickness, thrown upon this down-bed,
Vain is its softness to assuage the pain of
Raging disorder.

4 Kindest attention of my friends, most humane,
With the profound skill of a kind Physician;
All skill is baffled, while distress and anguish
Tortures my whole frame.

5 Vain are my groanings, all complaints are fruit-
less:
Changing my place cannot abate my fever,
Here, like a reptile, on a bed of embers,
Tortured! I languish.

6 Hopes of recovery my fond heart indulged,
Till my Physician, to my great amazement,
Kindly inform'd me that my case was desperate,
Death swift approaching!

7 Wonder on wonder to my view now open'd,
Life is receding, to the grave I'm hast'ning;
Am I prepared!—this dread moment must I
Meet my Creator!

8 Twenty-five years I've spent without consid'ring
Man as a mortal, dependent on a moment;
Life was a shadow, time a flying arrow,
Quick to dispel it.

91. *The Christian Soldier.*

- 1 I'M on my way to Canaan,
And bid the world farewell!
Come on, my fellow travelers,
In spite of earth or hell!
Though Satan's army rages,

And all his hosts combine,
The Scripture doth engage us
The strength of love divine.

2 I'll blow the silver trumpet
And on the nations call;
For Christ has me commission'd
To say he died for all.
Come, try his grace, and prove him,
You shall the gift obtain,
He will not send you empty,
Nor let you seek in vain.

3 And if you want a witness,
We have one just at hand,
Who lately has experienced
The blessings of that land;
It comes in copious showers
Our bodies can't contain:
It fills our ransom'd powers
And soon we'll drink again.

4 The glories of that Kingdom
My soul can ne'er describe.
I feel it is within me;
The blood so free applied.
O, Come unto my Savior's arms
And you shall feel his love.
'Tis sweeter than all earthly things;
Just coming from above.

5 The glories of that heavenly place,
I've oft times felt before.

But what I feel is just a taste,
And makes me long for more.

Had I the pinions of a dove,
I'd fly and be at rest,

Then would I soar to worlds above,
And dwell among the blest.

6 My soul looks up and sees Him smile;
He now the blessing sends,

And I am thinking all the while,
When will my sorrows end?

I contemplate it won't be long
Till He will come again,

Then shall I join the heavenly throng,
And in his kingdom reign.

7 O, could I join the heavenly throng,
And ne'er return again,

I should not think the season long,
That I have suffered pain.

The sons of Zion, marching home,
Along the heavenly street,

Then would I join them as they come,
And fall at Jesus' feet.

8 Says Faith, look yonder! see my crown,
Laid up in heaven above!

Says Hope, it shortly shall be mine.
I long to wear it says Love:

Desire says, is that my crown?

Then to that world I'll flee!
 I cannot bear a longer stay;
 My rest I fain would see.

9 But stay, says Patience, wait awhile;
 The crown's for those that fight;
 The prize for those that run the race
 By faith and not by sight;
 Thus Faith doth take a pleasing view;
 Hope waits, Love sits and sings,
 Desire flutters to be gone,
 But Patience clips her wings.

92. *Youthful Minister's Farewell!*

1 FAREWELL, my brethren in the Lord,
 The gospel sounds a jubilee;
 My stamm'ring tongue shall sound aloud
 From land to land, from sea to sea;
 And as I preach from place to place,
 I'll trust alone in God's free grace.

2 Farewell in bonds and union dear, 16
 Like cords you twine about my heart;
 I humbly beg your fervent prayer,
 Till we shall meet no more to part,
 Till we do meet in worlds above,
 Encircled in eternal love.

3 Farewell, my earthly friends below,
 Though all so kind and dear to me;
 My Jesus calls, and I must go,
 To sound the gospel jubilee:

To sound the joys, and bear the news;
To Gentile worlds and royal Jews.

4 Farewell, young people, one and all,
While God shall give me breath to breathe,
I'll pray to the Eternal All,
That your dear souls in Christ may live:
That your dear souls prepar'd may be
To reign in bliss eternally.

5 Farewell to all below the sun:
And as I pass in tears below,
The path is straight, my feet shall run;
And God will keep me as I go:
My God will keep me in his hand,
And bring me to the promis'd land.

6 Farewell, farewell! I look above—
Jesus, my friend, to thee I call;
My joy, my hope, my only love,
My safeguard hence, my heavenly all;
My theme to preach, my song to sing,
My only hope in death, Amen!

93. *Bower of Prayer.*

1 **T**O leave my dear friends and with neighbors
to part,
And go from my home, it affects not my heart—
Like the thoughts of absenting myself for a day,
From that bless'd retreat where I'd chosen to
pray.

2 Sweet bower, where the pine and the poplar
hath spread,

And woven their branches, a roof o'er my head;
How oft have I knelt on the evergreen there,
And pour'd out my soul to my Savior in prayer.

3 The early shrill notes of the lov'd Nightingale,
As it dwelt on my bower, I observed as my bell,
To call me to duty, while birds of the air
Sung anthems of praises as I went to prayer.

4 How sweet were the zephyrs perfum'd with the
pine,

The ivy, the olive, the wild eglantine--
But sweeter; Oh! sweeter, superlative, were
The joys which I tasted, in answer to prayer.

5 Sweet bower, I must leave thee, and bid thee
adieu,

And pay my devotion in parts that are new--
Well knowing my Savior resides ev'ry where,
And can in all places give answer to prayer.

94. *Trust in God.*

1 WHY, O, my soul! why thus depress'd,
And why these anxious fears?

Let former favors fix thy trust,
And check thy rising tears;

When sorrow and affliction roar'd
And press'd on every side,

Did not the Lord sustain thy steps?
And was not God thy guide?

- 2 Affliction is a stormy deep,
 Where wave resounds to wave;
 Though o'er my head the billows roll,
 I know the Lord can save.
 Perhaps before the rising dawn
 He'll reinstate thy peace;
 For he that bade the trumpet roar,
 Can bid the trumpet cease.

- 3 In the dark watches of the night
 I'll count his mercies o'er;
 I'll praise him for ten thousand past,
 And humbly sue for more:
 Here will I rest and build my hope,
 Nor murmur at his rod,
 He's more than all the world to me;
 My life, my health, my God.

95. *Passage of the Red Sea.*

- 1 O N they pressed mid hope and fear.
 For an army's tread was near;
 While the monarch's voice of cheer
 Rang through the parted flood.
 "Lords of Egypt! there's the slave,
 Heed ye not the mountain wave;
 Who's the God, the wretch to save,
 When I ask for blood?"

- 2 Deeper grew the gloom of night;
 Fearful rose the water's height;
 But the gleaming pillar bright
 Marked out Edom's coast.

Swifter sped the exile band,
 Till the last had gained the strand;
 Stretched the prophet then his hand
 Toward the royal host.

3 Now for strength, and now for speed,
 Now King Pharoah is thy need;
 Warrior! urge for once thy steed;
 Israel hath not bowed.

Hark! the floods are coming—fly!
 Ah! See there!—some awful eye
 Looking at us—God—we die;
 God is in the cloud.

4 From the axles drop the wheels,
 Steed beneath his rider reels,
 Dark and wild the thunder peals,
 Through that ocean bed.

Backward roll the mighty waves,
 Gurgling to their ancient caves,
 There they roar above the graves,
 Where sleep Egypt's dead.

96. *The Christian Graces.*

1 DANIEL'S wisdom may I know,
 Stephen's faith and patience show,
 John's divine communion feel,
 Moses' meekness, Joshua's zeal;
 Run, like the unwearied Paul,
 Win the race, and conquer all.

2 Mary's love may I possess,
 Lydia's tender heartedness,
 Peter's fervent spirit feel,

James' faith by works reveal;
 Like young Timothy may I
 Ev'ry sinful passion fly.

3 Job's submission would I know,
 David's pure devotion show,
 Samuel's call, O may I hear,
 Lazarus' happy portion share;
 Let Isaiah's hallowed fire,
 All my new-born soul inspire.

4 Mine be Jacob's wrestling prayer,
 Gideon's valiant steadfast care,
 Joseph's purity impart,
 Isaac's meditative heart;
 Abraham's friendship let me prove,
 Faithful to the God of love.

5 Most of all may I pursue
 The example Jesus drew;
 In my life and conduct show
 How he lived and walked below:
 Day by day, through grace bestow'd,
 Imitate my perfect Lord.

97. *The Parting Hand.*

1 **M**Y dearest friends in bonds of love,
 Whose hearts in sweetest union move,
 Your friendship's like a drawing band,
 Yet we must take the parting hand;
 Your comp'ny's sweet, your union dear,

Your words delightful to my ear,
And when I see that we must part,
You draw like cords about my heart.

2 How sweet the hours have roll'd away,
When we have met to sing and pray;
How loth we've been to leave the place
Where Jesus shows his smiling face;
O could I stay with friends so kind,
How would it cheer my crooping mind,
But duty makes me understand
That we must take the parting hand.

3 Well, since it is God's holy will,
We must be parted for a while,
In sweet submission all as one,
We'll say our Father's will be done;
How oft I've seen your flowing tears,
And heard you tell your hopes and fears;
Your hearts with love, oft seem'd to flame,
This makes me hope we'll meet again.

4 Ye mourning souls in sad surprise,
Who seek for mansions in the skies,
O, trust his grace, in all that land
We'll no more take the parting hand.
Dear Christian friends, both old and young,
I hope in Christ you'll still go on,
And if on earth we meet no more,
O, may we meet on Canaan's shore.

5 I hope you'll all remember me,
 If you on earth no more I see;
 An interest in your prayers I crave,
 That we may meet beyond the grave.
 O glorious day! O blessed hope,
 My heart leaps forward at the thought
 That, on that happy, happy land,
 We'll no more take the parting hand.

98. *Rise my Soul.*

- 1 **R**ISE my soul, and stretch thy wings,
 Thy better portion trace;
 Rise from transitory things,
 Towards Heaven, thy native place.
 Sun and moon, and stars decay,
 Time will soon this earth remove;
 Rise my soul and haste away,
 To seats prepar'd above.
- 2 Rivers to the ocean run,
 Nor stay in all their course;
 Fire ascending, seeks the sun,
 Both speed them to their source,
 So a soul that's born of God,
 Pants to see his glorious face;
 Upward tends to his abode,
 To rest in his embrace.
- 3 Fly me riches, fly me cares,
 While I, thy coast explore,
 Flattering world with all thy snares,

Solicit me no more.

Pilgrims fix not here your home,

Strangers tarry but a night,

When the last bright morn shall come,

We'll rise to joyful light.

4 Then cease ye Pilgrims, cease to mourn,

Press onward to the prize ;

Soon the Savior will return

Triumphant in the skies.

Yet a season and you know,

Happy entrance will be given ;

All our sorrows left below,

And earth exchang'd for Heaven.

99. *The Jews in Captivity.*

1 WHEN we our weary limbs to rest,

Sat down by proud Euphrates' stream,

We wept with doleful thoughts oppress'd,

And Zion was our mournful theme.

Our harps, that when with joy we sung,

Were wont their tuneful parts to bear,

With silent strings neglected hung,

On willow trees that withered there.

2 Then they that led us captive said,

Come sing us one of Zion's songs,

And of our grief derision made,

Nor Jacob's God redress'd our wrongs.

How can we sing on Babel's shore,

Where songs profane offend the ear ;

Where strangers idol god's adore,
And hated images appear.

3 If I forget Jerusalem,
Although she now in ruin lies—
Let every object cease to charm,
And cleave my tongue and close my eyes ;
O, could I see the house of God,
Whose sacred ashes bleach the plains—
Once more my brethren's blest abode,
There would I dwell while life remains.

4 Then O, my soul arise and sing,
And strive to gain the heavenly land,
Where all the saints their honors bring,
And crown with joy Jerusalem.
There glory, glory, we shall sing.
When all our gloomy doubts are o'er,
And join to praise our conquering King,
On Canaan's peaceful, happy shore.

100. *Christ in the Garden.*

1 WHILE nature was sinking in stillness to rest,
The last beams of day-light shone dim in the west,
O'er fields, by the moonlight, my wandering feet
Sought in quiet meditation some lonely retreat.
2 While passing a garden, I paused for to hear
A voice faint and plaintive from one that was
there ;
The voice of the sufferer affected my heart,
While in agony pleading the poor sinner's part.

3 In offering to Heaven his pitying prayer,
 He spoke of the torments the sinner must bear;
 His life as a ransom he offered to give,
 That sinners, redeemed, in glory might live.

4 I listened a moment, then turned me to see
 What man of compassion this stranger could be!
 I saw him, low, kneeling, upon the cold ground,
 The loveliest Being that ever was found!

5 His mantle was wet with the dews of the night;
 His locks by pale moon-beams were glist'ning
 and bright;
 His eyes, bright as diamonds, to heaven were
 raised;
 While angels in wonder stood round him amazed!

6 So deep were his sorrows, so fervent his prayers
 That down o'er his bosom rolled sweat, blood, and
 tears!

I wept to behold him! I asked him his name,
 He answered, " 'Tis JESUS! from heaven I came!"

7 I am thy Redeemer! For thee I must die:
 The cup is most bitter; but cannot pass by!
 Thy sins, like a mountain, are laid upon me:
 And all this deep anguish I suffer for thee!"

8 I heard with deep sorrow the tale of his woe;
 While tears like a fountain of waters did flow!
 The cause of his sorrows, to hear him repeat,
 Affected my heart--and I fell at his feet!

9 I trembled with horror; and loudly did cry,
 "Lord! save a poor sinner! O save, or I die!"
 He smiled when he saw me; and said to me, "live;
 Thy sins, which are many, I freely forgive!"

10 How sweet was that moment he bade me rejoice!
 His smile, O how pleasant! How cheering his voice!

I flew from the garden to spread it abroad,
 I shouted, Salvation! and glory to God!

11 I'm now on my journey to mansions above;
 My soul's full of glory, of light, peace, and love!
 I think of the garden, the prayer, and the tears
 Of that loving Stranger, who banished my fears!

12 The day of bright glory is rolling around,
 When Gabriel descending the trumpet shall sound;
 My soul then in raptures of glory shall rise
 To gaze on the Stranger, with unclouded eyes!

101. *Memento to the departed Bishop Emory.*
 "Know ye not that a prince and a great man
 this day is fallen in Israel?"

1 **A** WARRIOR fallen! a warrior fallen!
 But why the fearful wail
 That strikes o'er Israel's hills and hosts,
 Her mightiest heroes pale?
 Firm to the last! While battle pour'd
 Her showering death shots, calm;

He now ungirds the champion's sword,
To bear the conqueror's palm.

2 A light is quench'd! a light is quench'd!
But why the gloom that palls
Our temple's golden candlesticks?
The sadness in our halls?—
Bright to the last!—a radiance given,
Along our sky he shone;
A light on earth, a star in heaven,
A lamp before the throne.

102. *There's no place like Home.*

1 **Y**ES, there's one place like home, 'tis at
God's holy shrine,
Where high thoughts are kindled, and feelings
divine:
Where the anthems of praise so melodious roll,
There's the home of devotion—the home of the
soul.

2 As weary and sad, through this lone "vale of
tears,"
Our steps we pursue, fill'd with doubts and with
fears;
How the spirit's sweet breathings calm peace can
impart,
In this home of devotion—this home of the heart.

3 Though darkness and gloom overshadow our
path,
And the world's blighting tempest comes on in
its wrath;

Yet on Jesus' kind breast we repose all our care,
In this home of devotion--this sweet home of
prayer.

4 As the Sabbath's calm hours we delightfully
spend,

In holding high converse with Jesus, our friend;
Though often our thoughts to our absent friends
roam,

Yet we feel that God's house is the Christian's
own home.

5 And trusting in Jesus, almighty to save,
We rob death of its sting--of its vict'ry the grave;
All honor, and glory, and praise shall be given,
While we swell the full song in that better home
--heaven.

103. *What is Prayer?*

BY J. MONTGOMERY.

1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Utter'd or unexpress'd--
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles on the breast.

2 Prayer is the burthen of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of the eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech,
That infant lips can try;

Prayer the sublimest strains that reach,
The majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air--
His watch-word at the gate of death--
He enters heaven by prayer.

5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways--
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And say, behold he prays.

6 O thou by whom we come to God,
The Light, the Truth, the way--
The path of prayer thyself hast trod--
Lord, teach us how to pray.

104. *The Saint entering Paradise.*

BY REV. S. MATTISON.

1 **H**AIL ye hosts of seraphs bright!
I come to join your symphony,
Forever here to feel delight,
In your melodious company.
My cares have ceas'd, my pangs are o'er--
I now have reach'd the blissful shore,
And floods of light begin to roll,
And burst upon my ravish'd soul.

Chorus.

O sound his praise, ye heavenly choir,
Who pluck'd me from the flaming fire.

2 Now ye fading things of time,
 No more your false attraction,
 Shall move this peaceful heart of mine—
 My joys are everlasting.
 Long, I withstood the powers of hell,
 And Jesus was my glorious shield—
 Now I've got through the wilderness,
 And glory to my Great High Priest.

Chorus.

3 Jesus looks with smiles of love,
 And angels bid me welcome ;
 The patriarchs and prophets old,
 Reach out the hand of friendship.
 My Christian neighbors here I find,
 My kindred and my dearest friends—
 The song of Moses, now I join,
 And heaven and glory, all are mine.

Chorus.

4 Now I see my God and King,
 With grateful admiration ;
 His ways, his works, his name I sing,
 In flaming adoration.
 His everlasting glories shine,
 Infusing love, and joy sublime ;
 To millions in those happy climes,
 And heaven and glory, all are mine.

Chorus.

5 Its through the boundless fields of light,
 My mind is lost to ponder ;

I sail through seas of glory bright,
 O, glorious scenes, O wonder!
 Angelic notes in highest strains,
 And holy saints his love proclaims ;
 Loud acclamations to his name,
 Are thunder'd over the heavenly plains.

Chorus.

105. *The Gospel's Beauties.*

1 **W**ELL? blessed Savior, call'st thou me,
 To preach thy glorious gospel,
 O, what beauties now I see,
 In the glorious gospel.
 Food for the hungry, drink for the dry,
 Mansions for us to dwell on high,
 Without the gospel, souls must die.
 O how sweet is the gospel.

2 Well, blessed master, I will go,
 And preach thy glorious gospel ;
 Nothing but Jesus will I know,
 In the glorious gospel.
 In the gospel we behold,
 Mansions of love more pure than gold—
 Glories above it does unfold,
 O how sweet is the gospel.

3 Riches unto the poor we find,
 Are given by the gospel ;
 Honor and pleasures of the mind,
 Are treasures of the gospel.

The gospel exalts the Lord on high,
The gospel prepares us all to die;
Those that believe it dwell on high,
O how sweet is the gospel.

4 Health for the sick is given free,
By the gracious gospel;
Naked souls may clothed be,
By the glorious gospel,
By faith in Jesus crucified,
Souls with love are well supplied.
The Holy Ghost becomes our guide:
O how sweet is the gospel.

5 For the soul there's a hiding place,
In the glorious gospel;
And the Savior shows his face;
In the glorious gospel.
Smiling upon the needy soul,
The broken hearted he'll make whole;
Saints sound the news from pole to pole,
O how sweet is the gospel.

6 There's bounty for soldier's armor bright,
Given by the gospel;
Those that believe it all must fight,
Valiantly for the gospel.
Then glorious crowns we shall receive,
Forever in Christ's Kingdom live—
Oh, dying sinners come, believe,
And prove how sweet is the gospel.

106. *Battle Lament for the Rev. Dr. Fisk,*
President of the Wesleyan University, Middle-
town, Conn.

BY JOHN N. MAFFIT.

1 **F**ALENN—on Zion's battle hill;
A soldier of renown,
Armed in the panoply of God,
In conflict cloven down;
His helmet on, his armor bright,
His cheek unblenched with fear—
While round his head there gleamed a light
His dying hour to cheer.

2 Fallen—while cheering with his voice
The sacramental host,
With banner floating on the air—
Death found him at his post;
In life's high prime his warfare closed;
But not ingloriously,
He fell beyond the outer wall,
And shouted victory!

3 Fallen—a holy man of God,
An Israelite indeed,
A standard-bearer of the cross,
Mighty in word and deed—
A master-spirit of the age,
A bright and burning light,
Whose beams across the firmament
Scattered the clouds of night.

4 Fallen—as sets the sun at eve
 To rise in splendor where
 His kindred luminaries shine,
 Their heaven of bliss to share;
 Beyond the stormy battle-field
 He reigns and triumphs now,
 Sweeping a harp of wondrous song
 With glory on his brow!

107. *The Stranger and his Friend.*

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.—*Matt. xxv, 35—40.*

1 **A** POOR wayfaring man of grief
 Hath often crossed me on my way,
 Who sued so humbly for relief
 That I could never answer *nay*:
 I had not power to ask his name,
 Whither he went, or whence he came,
 Yet there was something in his eye
 That won my love—I know not why.

2 Once when my scanty meal was spread,
 He enter'd, not a word he spake;
 Just perishing for want of bread:
 I gave him all; he bless'd it, brake,
 And ate, but gave me part again:
 Mine was an angel's portion then,
 And while I fed with eager haste,
 The crust was manna to my taste.

3 I spied him where a fountain burst
 Clear from the rock, his strength was gone;
 The heedless water mock'd his thirst,

He heard it, saw it hurrying on:
I ran and raised the sufferer up,
Thrice from the stream he drained my cup,
Dipt, and returned it running o'er,
I drank, and never thirsted more.

4 'Twas night, the floods were out, it blew
A winter hurricane aloof;
I heard his voice abroad, and flew
To bid him welcome to my roof;
I warm'd, I cloth'd, I cheer'd my guest,
I laid him on my couch to rest,
Then made the earth my bed, and seemed
In Eden's garden while I dream'd.

5 Stript, wounded, beaten nigh to death,
I found him by the highway side;
I rous'd his pulse, brought back his breath,
Reviv'd his spirit, and supplied
Wine, oil, refreshment; he was heal'd;
—I had, myself, a wound conceal'd,
But from that hour forgot the smart,
And peace bound up my broken heart.

6 In prison I saw him next--condemn'd
To meet a traitor's doom at morn:
The tide of lying tongues I stemm'd,
And honor'd him 'midst shame and scorn.
My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
He ask'd—if I for him would die?
The flesh was weak, my blood run chill,
But the free spirit cried, "I will."

7 Then in a moment, to my view,
 The stran̄ger darted from disguise:
 The tokens in his hands I knew;
 My SAVIOUR stood before mine eyes!
 He spake, and my poor name he nam'd—
 “Of me thou hast not been asham'd;
 These deeds shall thy memorial be;
 Fear not, thou didst them unto me.”

108. *A Thought suggested by the New Year.*

BY CAMPBELL.

1 THE more we live, more brief appear
 Our life's succeeding stages:
 A day to childhood seems a year,
 And years like passing ages.

2 The gladsome current of our youth,
 Ere passion yet disorders,
 Steals ling'ring, like a river smooth
 Along its grassy borders.

3 But, as the care-worn cheek grows wan,
 And sorrow's shafts fly thicker,
 Ye stars that measure life to man!
 Why seem your courses quicker?

4 When joys have lost their bloom and breath,
 And life itself is vapid,
 Why, as we reach the Falls of Death,
 Feel we its tide more rapid?

5 It may be strange—yet who would change
Time's course to slower speeding?

When one by one our friends have gone,
And left our bosoms bleeding.

6 Heav'n gives our years of fading strength
Indemnifying fleetness;
And those of youth, a *seeming length*
Proportioned to their sweetness.

109. *Jerusalem.*

BY BISHOP HEBER.

1 JERUSALEM, Jerusalem! enthroned once
on high,
Thou favored home of God on earth, thou heav-
en below the sky!
Now brought to bondage with thy sons, a curse
and grief to see,
Jerusalem, Jerusalem! our tears shall flow for
thee.

2 Oh! hadst thou known thy day of grace, and
flocked beneath the wing
Of him who called thee lovingly—thine own
anointed King,
Then had the tribes of all the world gone up thy
pomp to see,
And glory dwelt within thy gates, and all thy
sons be free!

3 "And who art thou that mournest me?" replied
the ruin gray,

“And fear’st not rather that thyself may prove a cast away?

I am a dried and abject branch, my place is given to thee;
But wo to every barren graft of thy wild olive tree!

4 “Our day of grace is sunk in night, our time of mercy spent,

For heavy was my children’s crime, and strange their punishment;

Yet gaze not idly on our fall, but sinner, warned be,

Who spared not his chosen seed, may send his wrath on thee!

5 “Our day of grace is sunk in night, thy noon is in its prime;

Oh! turn and seek thy Saviour’s face in this accepted time!

So, Gentile, may Jerusalem a lesson prove to thee,

And in the New Jerusalem thy home forever be!”

110. *Art thou a Christian?*

1 **A**RT thou a Christian? Dost thou say thou art?

High is thy destination, O, act well thy part;
To be *Christ-like*, to follow thy great head,
In all things hear his voice, and by that voice be led;

Though at its requisitions shrinking nature tremble,

Still follow on, in ALL things Christ resemble.

2 Art thou a Christian? Is the moving cause,
The spring of all thy actions, love? Does its
pure laws

Constrain thy every power, thy heart, strength,
mind?

Does its o'erflowings reach to all mankind,
And sit upon thy lip, and in thy bosom tremble?
In burning *love* to souls, thy Christ resemble.

3 Art thou a Christian? Does joy light thine
eye?

Has faith's bright day-star lit thy once dark
sky?

And does thy hidden life thus brought to light,
Wake transports of unspeakable delight?

Joy on in hope, its beams still o'er thee tremble;
"Let thy light shine," and thus thy Christ re-
semble:

4 Art thou a Christian? Does peace soothe thy
breast?

Where once disquiet dwelt, is all at rest?

At peace with God, through Jesus justified?

At peace with all for whom thy Saviour died?

O! spread its influence, till dire discord tremble;
In fruitfulness of *peace* thy Christ resemble.

5 Art thou a Christian? Is thy spirit vex'd
By sin's unhallow'd wiles? tired and perplex'd

Do seeming friends unite with angry foes,
And powers of darkness join to discompose?
Retain thy quiet--yet thou need'st not tremble;
Be firm, thy *all long-suffering* Christ resemble.

6 Art thou a Christian? Does a luring spell;
A concentrated halo, round thee dwell?
Where all the *Christ-like* graces so combine,
As speaks thy high relationship divine?
That as a holy charm bids wandering gazers
tremble?
Gentle, and good, and meek, thy Christ resem-
ble.

7 Art thou a Christian? then thy noble birth
Secures thy rest, beyond the scenes of earth;
Faith points thy lifted gaze beyond the skies;
Where thy inheritance in splendor lies;
And when on homeward wing, thou need'st not
tremble;
Christ has gone upward, thus thy Christ resem-
ble.

8 Art thou a Christian? Glorious, blissful state,
Eye hath not seen, ear heard, or thought con-
ceived how great
The bliss of those who bear the seal impress'd,
The imprint of the heavenly on their breast;
What they *shall* be on mortal lip ne'er trembled,
When made* like Him whom they on earth re-
sembled.

111. *The Hope—the Star—the Voice.*

- 1 **T**HREE is a hope—a blessed hope—
 More precious and more bright,
 Than all the joyless mockery
 The world esteems delight.
- 2 There is a star—a lovely star—
 That lights the darkest gloom,
 And sheds a peaceful radiance o'er
 The prospects of the tomb.
- 3 There is a voice—a cheering voice;
 That lifts the soul above,
 Dispels distrustful, anxious doubt;
 And whispers—“God is love!”
- 4 That voice is heard from Calvary's height;
 And speaks the soul forgiven—
 That star is revelation's light—
 That hope, the hope of heaven.

112. *Freedom of Will.*

- 1 **K**NOW then that every soul is free;
 To chase his life and what he'll be;
 For this eternal truth hath given,
 That God will force no man to heaven.
- 2 He'll draw, persuade, direct him right,
 Bless him with wisdom, love and light;
 In nameless ways be good and kind,
 But never force the human mind.
- 3 Freedom and reason makes us men;
 Take these away, what are we then?

Mere animals, and just as well
 The beasts may think of heaven or hell.

4 'Tis my free will for to believe;
 'Tis God's free will me to receive,
 To stubborn willers, this I'll tell,
 'Tis all free grace, and all free will.

5 Those who despise, grow harder still;
 Those who adhere, he turns their will,
 And thus despisers sink to hell,
 While those who hear in glory dwell.

113. *Joseph and his Brethren.*

1 **W**HEN Joseph his brethren beheld
 Afflicted and trembling with fear,
 His heart with compassion was filled,
 From weeping he could not forbear.
 Awhile, his behavior was rough,
 To bring their past sin to their mind;
 But when they were humbled enough,
 He hasten'd to show himself kind.

2 How little they thought it was he
 Whom they had ill treated and sold:
 How great their confusion must be,
 As soon as his name he had told.
 I am Joseph, your brother, he said;
 And still to my heart you are dear:
 You sold me, and thought I was dead,
 But God for your sakes sent me here.

3 Though greatly distressed before,
When charged with purloining the cup,
They now were confounded much more,
Not one of them durst to look up.
Can Joseph, whom we would have slain,
Forgive us the evil we did?
And will he our household maintain?
Oh, this is a brother indeed!

4 Thus dragg'd by my conscience, I came
All loaded with guilt, to the Lord,
Surrounded with terror and shame,
Unable to utter a word.
At first, he looked stern and severe;
What anguish then pierc'd my heart,
Expecting each moment to hear
The sentence, "Thou cursed, depart."

5 But ah, what surprise when he spoke,
While tenderness beam'd in his face,
My heart then to pieces was broke,
O'erwhelmed and confounded by grace.
Poor sinner, I know thee full well,
By thee I was sold and was slain;
But I died to redeem thee from hell,
And raise thee in glory to reign.

6 I am Jesus, whom thou hast blasphem'd,
And crucified often afresh;
But let me henceforth be esteem'd
Thy brother, thy bone, and thy flesh.

My pardon I freely bestow,
 Thy wants I will fully supply,
 I'll guide thee and guard thee below,
 And soon will remove thee on high.

- 7 Now publish to sinners around,
 That they may be willing to come,
 The mercy which now you have found,
 And tell that still there is room.
 Oh sinner, the message obey,
 No more vain excuses pretend,
 But come without further delay
 To Jesus, our brother and friend.

114. *Glory to Immanuel.*

- 1 **H**AIL! God the Father, glorious light,
 Hail! God the Son, my soul's delight.
 Hail! Holy Ghost, Eternal Three,
 One God to all eternity.
 Ye glittering orbs around the skies,
 Who speak his glories in disguise,
 Your silent language ne'er can tell
 The glories of Immanuel.
 Tall mountains that becloud the skies,
 With all the hills that round you rise,
 While time endures, you ne'er can tell
 The glories of Immanuel.

- 2 Ye trembling seas with dismal roar,
 Whose billows roll from shore to shore,
 Your thund'ring language ne'er can tell

The power of Immanuel.

Ye worlds on worlds, with all your throng,
Through every clime extend the song;
He saved us from a gaping hell,
Yes, glory to Immanuel.

Behold him leave the Father's throne,
Behold him bleeding, hear him groan;
Death's iron chain would fail to tell
The strength of King Immanuel.

3 Behold him take his ancient seat
With millions bowing at his feet;
He's conquered all the hosts of hell,
Yes, glory to Immanuel.

His fame shall spread from pole to pole,
While glory rolls from soul to soul,
The gospel word goes far to tell
The love of King Immanuel.

While I am singing of his name,
My soul begins to feel the flame,
I'm full, I'm full, but ne'er can tell
The glory of Immanuel.

4 I soon shall hear the trumpet sound,
And see his glories blaze around,
Then will I shout, and sing, and tell
Redemption through Immanuel.

Ten thousand, thousand, in a throng,
Ten thousand, thousand, join the song,
He saved us from a gaping hell,
O! glory to Immanuel.

My soul's transported with his charms,
 I long to lie in Jesus' arms:
 My loving brethren, all farewell,
 I go to meet Immanuel.

115. *Fellowship with God.*

- 1 FROM all that's mortal, all that's vain,
 And from this earthly clod,
 Arise my soul, and strive to gain,
 Sweet fellowship with God.
- 2 Say what is there beneath the skies,
 In all the paths thou'st trod,
 Can suit thy wishes or thy joys,
 Like fellowship with God.
- 3 Not life, nor all the toys of art,
 Nor pleasure's flow'ry road,
 Can to my soul such bliss impart,
 As fellowship with God.
- 4 When I am made in love to bear
 Affliction's needful rod,
 Light—sweet and kind the strokes appear,
 Through fellowship with God.
- 5 In fierce temptation's fiery blasts,
 When dangerous is the road,
 I'm happy if I can but taste
 Sweet fellowship with God.
- 6 So when the icy hand of death,
 Shall chill my flowing blood,
 With joy I'll yield my latest breath,
 Through fellowship with God.

116. *Experience.*

- 1 YE brave and bold, ye brisk and dull,
 Come listen to my story;
I'll tell you things that I have seen,
 Surpassing all vain glory:
When I was young and brisk and gay,
 My heart was set on pleasure,
And in the wandering paths of youth,
 I thought to find a treasure.
- 2 But One that dwelt above the sky,
 Told me I was mistaken;
And if by him in whom I lived,
 I once should be forsaken,
No pleasure more I'd ever know,
 But soon would be neglected
By all my earthly friends below,
 By heaven I'd be rejected.
- 3 God's law, a bold demand did make,
 Which I as firm refused,
Declaring if I must comply,
 I grossly was abused.
No men I've kill'd, no life destroyed,
 Or any widow robbed;
But still I gloomy felt within,
 My spirit sighed and sobbed.
- 4 I was brought up before the bar,
 My sins were all arraigned,
Then they were all made plain to me,

My countenance was changed.
 Hell was my lot, I plainly saw,
 If I had not remission,
 And just 'twould be if God should leave
 Me in this sad condition.

5 Then he reveal'd his love to me,
 Sweeter than Sampson's honey,
 I had my fill both night and day,
 For neither price nor money.
 Sure then, said I, if such a wretch
 Has in the Lord found favor,
 Surely there's room for all mankind,
 In my capacious Saviour.

117. *Seeing God.*

1 **T**HROUGH all the world below,
 God we see, all around;
 Search hills and vallies through,
 There he's found.
 The growing of the corn,
 The lilly and the thorn,
 The pleasant and forlorn
 All declare, God is there;
 In rivers drest in green,
 There he's seen.

2 See springing waters rise,
 Fountains flow, rivers run,
 The mist beclouds the skies,
 Hides the sun:

Then down the rain doth pour,
 The ocean, it doth roar,
 And beat upon the shore,
 All to praise, in their lays,
 A God who ne'er declines
 His designs.

3 The sun, with all his rays,
 Speaks of God as he flies,
 The comet, with her blaze,
 God, she cries.
 The shining of the stars,
 The moon, when it appears,
 His dreadful name declares,
 As they fly through the sky,
 While shades of silent sound
 Join the round.

4 Then let my station be
 Here in life, where I see
 The Sacred One in Three
 All agree.
 In all the works he's made,
 The forest and the glade,
 Nor let me be afraid,
 Though I dwell in a hell;
 Since nature's works declare
 God is there.

Second Part.

1 When God did Moses show
 Glories more than Peru,

His face alone withdrew
From his view.

Mount Sinai is the place
Where God did show his grace,
While Moses sang his praise;
See him rise through the skies,
And view old Canaan's ground
All around.

2 Elijah's servant hears
From the hill, and declares
A little cloud appears;
Dry your tears;
Our Lord transfigured is,
With the two saints of his,
As say the witnesses,
See him shine, all divine,
While Olive's mount is blest,
With the rest.

3 Not India full of gold,
With Peru, we are told,
Nor seraphs strong and bold,
Can unfold
The mountain Calvary,
Where Christ our Lord did die;
Hark, hear the God-man cry;
Mountains quake, heavens shake,
While God, their author's ghost
Left the coast.

4 And now on Calvary
 We may stand, and espy
 Beyond this lower sky,
 Far on high,
 Mount Sion's spicy hill,
 Where saints and angels dwell,
 And hear them sing, and tell
 Of their Lord, with accord,
 And join in Moses' song,
 Heart and tongue.

5 Since hills are honor'd thus
 By our Lord, in his course,
 Let them not be by us
 Call'd accurs'd:
 Forbid it, mighty King;
 But rather let us sing
 Till hills and vallies ring,
 Echo fly, through the sky,
 And heaven hear the sound
 From the ground.

118. *Christian Aspiration.*

- 1 **A**H, give me, Lord, my sins to mourn,
 My sins which have thy body torn;
 Give me with broken heart to see
 Thy last tremendous agony.
- 2 O, could I gain the mountain's height,
 And gaze upon that wondrous sight;
 O, that like Salem's daughters I
 Could stand and see my Saviour die.

3 I'd smite upon my breast, and mourn,
 And never from his cross return;
 I'd weep o'er an expiring God,
 And mix my tears with Jesus' blood.

4 One precious draft, Lord Jesus grant,
 One precious drop is all I want;
 One precious drop of thy rich blood,
 Will make me cry, my Lord, my God.

5 Then Lord, deny me what thou wilt,
 If thou would'st ease me of my guilt,
 Good Lord, in mercy hear my cry,
 And give me Jesus, or I die.

119. *Remember now thy Creator.*

1 **R**EMEMBER, sinful youth,
 You must die; you must die:
 Remember, sinful youth, you must die.
 Remember, sinful youth,
 Who hate the ways of truth,
 And in your follies boast,
 You must die; you must die:
 And in your follies boast,
 You must die!

2 Uncertain are your days
 Here below, here below:
 Uncertain are your days here below.
 Uncertain are your days,
 For God has many ways

To bring you to your graves,
 Here below, here below:
 To bring you to your graves,
 Here below.

3 To a dreadful judgment day,
 You are bound, you are bound:
 To a dreadful judgment day, you are bound.
 To a dreadful judgment day,
 Be your thoughts whate'er they may,
 Nor can you it delay,
 You are bound, you are bound;
 Nor can you it delay,
 You are bound.

4 The God who built the skies,
 Great I Am, Great I Am;
 The God who built the skies, Great I Am.
 The God who built the skies,
 Has said, and cannot lie,
 Impenitents must die
 And be damn'd, and be damn'd;
 Impenitents must die
 And be damn'd.

5 Then, Oh, my friends, don't you,
 I entreat, I entreat;
 Then, Oh, my friends, don't you, I entreat;
 Then, Oh, my friends, don't you
 Your carnal ways pursue,
 Your precious souls undo,

I entreat, I entreat:
 Your precious souls undo,
 I entreat.

6 Unto the Saviour flee,
 'Scape for life, 'scape for life;
 Unto the Saviour flee, 'scape for life:
 Unto the Savior flee,
 Lest death eternal, be
 Your final destiny;
 'Scape for life, 'scape for life;
 Your final destiny;
 'Scape for life.

120. *Pray for your Minister.*

- 1** **J**ESUS, in truth and pow'r divine,
 Send forth this messenger of thine;
 His soul incline, his heart inspire,
 And touch his lips with holy fire.
- 2** Be thou his mouth and wisdom, Lord,
 And through him speak the sov'reign word,
 That careless sinners may awake,
 Their danger see, their sins forsake.
- 3** To those who feel their wretched case,
 Aid him to preach the word of grace;
 Sweetly their yielding bosoms move,
 And meet them with the fire of love.
- 3** Let all with thankful hearts confess
 Thy welcome messenger of peace;
 Thy pow'r in his report be found,
 And let thy feet behind him sound.

121. *A Friend Indeed.*

1 **O**NE there is, above all others,
 Who deserves the name of friend:
 His is love beyond a brother's,
 Costly, free, and knows no end.
 Those who do his kindness prove,
 Find it everlasting love.

2 Which, of earthly friends, to save us,
 Could or would have shed his blood?
 But, Messiah died to save us,
 And to reconcile to God.
 This is boundless love, indeed,
 Jesus is a friend in need.

3 When he lived on earth, abased,
 Friend of sinners, was his name:
 Now, above all creatures raised,
 Now, as yesterday, the same.
 Still he calls, Come unto me;
 And to all his grace is free.

122. *My Hope—My All.*

1 **M**Y hope, my all, my Savior there,
 To thee, lo! now my soul I bow;
 I feel the bliss thy wounds impart,
 I find the Savior in my heart.

2 Be thou my strength, be thou my way,
 Protect me through my life's short day;
 In all my acts may wisdom guide,
 And keep my Savior near thy side.

- 3 Correct, reprove, and comfort me,
 As I have need; my Savior be—
 And if I would from thee depart,
 Then clasp me, Savior, to thy heart.
- 4 In fierce temptation's darkest hour,
 Save me from sin, and Satan's power;
 Tear every idol from thy throne,
 And reign, my Savior, reign alone.
- 5 My suff'ring time will soon be o'er,
 Then shall I sigh, and weep no more;
 My ransom'd soul shall soar away,
 To sing thy praise in endless day.

123. *Give to Jesus, Glory.*

- 1 **A** FEW more days of pain and wo,
 A few more suff'ring scenes below,
 And then, to Jesus we shall go,
 Where everlasting pleasures flow;
 And there we'll give him glory.
- 2 That awful trumpet soon will sound,
 And shake the vast creation round,
 To call the nations from the ground:
 While all the saints, in glory crown'd,
 Shall give to Jesus, glory.
- 3 Ten thousand thunders then will roll,
 And rend the globe from pole to pole;
 How dreadful to the guilty soul—
 Yet nothing shall the saints control,
 They'll give to Jesus, glory.

- 4 There tears shall all be wiped away,
 And Christians never go astray;
 When we are freed from cumb'rous clay,
 We'll praise the Lord in endless day,
 And give to Jesus, glory.
- 5 Come parents, children, bond or free,
 Come, will you go to heaven with me,
 That glorious land of rest to see,
 And shout with me eternally,
 And give to Jesus glory?
- 6 My soul feels happy, while I sing;
 I feel that I am on the wing;
 I'll shout salvation to my King,
 Till I to heaven my trophies bring,
 And there we'll give him glory.

124. *Ho, Every one that Thirsts.*

- 1 JESUS came into the world,
 And suffer'd to redeem us;
 Then ascended up on high,
 And sent his grace to save us.

CHORUS.

*Ho! every one that thirsts,
 Come ye to the waters;
 Freely drink and quench your thirsts,
 With Zion's sons and daughters.*

- 2 Come, all ye mourning, weeping souls,
 Who long to be forgiven;
 We bring glad tidings unto you,
 From the high court of heaven.

3 There is a fountain open wide,
 For sin and all uncleanness;
 Streaming from the Saviour's side,
 It flows in Gospel freeness.

4 O, seek the circumcising grace,
 Be wise, and don't refuse it;
 For if you seek your lives to save,
 You may be sure to lose them.

5 The cross of Christ you must take up,
 Fearless of persecution;
 Or groan, you must, when time shall end,
 In darkness and confusion.

6 Shall unbelief debar you from
 The knowledge of the Saviour?
 Believe, and you'll be justified;
 Believe, and live forever.

125. *Hastening to Dust.*

1 WE are hastening on, we are hastening on,
 To the sleep of the years, that are van-
 ish'd and gone;
 To the voiceless chambers that lie beneath,
 To the silent halls of darkness and death,
 Through life's chequer'd mazes of joy and wo,
 Through the grief and the gloom of this vale below
 With the fair, and the brave, and the proud and
 the just,
 We are hastening to dust, we are hastening to
 dust,

2 Ye beautiful throng of the bright and fair,
With your locks of glossy and golden hair;
With your sparkling eyes, and their rays divine,
That languishing beam, or brilliantly shine,
With your forms that before and around us sweep,
Like the phantoms that float in the realms of
sleep,
Midst hope and joy, and faith and trust;
Ye are hastening to dust, ye are hastening to dust.

3 Ye plum'd band of the strong and the brave,
With your burnished swords, and plumes that
wave;
With your banners that stream on the breezes
unfurled,
And your shouts that frighten the trembling world
With your bared arms, and your lifted lance,
And your blacken'd brow, and your fearful glance,
Midst the sabre's stroke, and the dagger's thrust,
Ye are hastening to dust, ye are hastening to dust.

4 Ye scoffing tribes of the rich and the proud,
With your necks unburnt, and your knees un-
bowed;
With your minion train of the mean and vile,
That crouch before you, and fawn and smile;
With your spurning foot and your threatening
eye,
That stagger the poor as you pass them by;
With all your pomp and power and trust,
Ye are hastening to dust, ye are hastening to dust.

5 Ye lovely train of the humble and meek,
 Who wipe the tear from the aged cheek;
 With your smiles that bind up the broken in heart,
 And pour in the balm on the poison'd dart,
 With your prayers that rise to the throne above,
 And bring down the blessings of peace and love;
 With the fair, and the brave, and the proud and
 the just,
 Ye are hastening to dust, ye are hastening to dust.

126. *Daniel in the Lion's Den.*

1 A MONG the Hebrew captives,
 One Daniel there was found,
 Whose unexampled piety
 Astonished all around.
 They saw him very pious,
 And faithful to the Lord;
 Three times a day he bowed
 To supplicate his God.

2 Among the king's high princes
 This Daniel was the first;
 The king preferr'd the spirit
 That Daniel did possess:
 His unexampled piety
 Sustain'd their jealousy;
 The princes sought his ruin;
 Obtain'd a firm Decree:

3 Should any man or woman,
 A supplication bring,
 For thirty days ensuing,

But unto thee, O, King;
To any lord or master,
Or any other man,
They shall, without distinction,
Fall in the lion's den.

4 But now, when Daniel heard it,
Unto his house he went,
To beg his God's protection,
It was his whole intent:
His windows being open,
Before the Lord he bow'd:
The princes were assembled,
And saw him worship God.

5 They came to king Darius,
And spake of his decree;
Saying, "This Hebrew, Daniel,
Doth nothing care for thee;
Before his God he boweth
Three times in every day,
With all his windows open,
And we have heard him pray."

6 Now when Darius heard it,
His heart did sore lament,
He set his heart on Daniel,
The sentence to prevent.
The princes then assembled,
And to the king they said;
"Remember your great honor,
Likewise the law you made."

7 Darius then commanded,
That Daniel should be brought
And cast into the lion's den,
Because the Lord he sought.
The king then said to Daniel;
"The God whom you adore
Will save you from the lions
And bless you evermore."

8 The king went to his palace
And fasted all the night:
He neither ate nor drank, nor
In music took delight.
So, early the next morning
He hasted on the way,
And came unto the lions' den,
Where this bold Hebrew lay.

9 There, with a voice of mourning,
To Daniel cried aloud,
Saying, "O, Daniel, Daniel!
Thou servant of the Lord!
Is not thy God sufficient
For to deliver thee?
The God in whom thou trustest;
And serve continually?"

10 "My God hath sent his angels
And shut the lions' jaw,
So that they have not hurt me;
My innocence they saw."

Then straight the king commanded
 To take him out the den,
 Because in God he trusted,
 No harm was found in him.

11 See how this faithful Daniel.
 Fear'd not the face of clay;
 Not all the king's commandments
 Could make him cease to pray.
 He knew that God was with him,
 To save his soul from death;
 He trusted in Jehovah,
 And prayed at every breath.

Second Part.

1 Darius then commanded
 Those wretches to be brought,
 Who had, with so much boldness,
 The life of Daniel sought.
 On women, men and children,
 The sentence being pass'd,
 Among the angry lions
 Those wretches then were cast.

2 The lions rushed with vengeance
 Upon those guilty men, -
 And tore them all in pieces
 Ere to the bottom came.
 Thus God will save his children,
 Who put their trust in him,
 And punish their offenders
 With agonies extreme!

3 Then a new proclamation
Darius issued forth,
Commanding all the people
That dwelt upon the earth,
To fear the God of Daniel;
For he's the living God,
Whose kingdom is forever,
And cannot be destroyed.

4 He worketh signs and wonders
In heaven and in earth,
Who hath delivered Daniel
And shut the lions' mouth;
Who saved the Hebrew children
When cast into the flames;
Who is the God of heaven,
And spreads his wide domain.

5 This Daniel's God is gracious
To all his children dear,
He gives them consolation,
And tells them not to fear;
He's promis'd to support them
And bring them safe to dwell
Eternally in heaven;
But dooms his foes to hell.

6 Now sinners, hear the Gospel;
It says to you, repent:
Come, try a bleeding Saviour;
For you his blood was spilt,

Who died to purchase pardon,
 That we might by his power
 Escape the roaring lions,
 Who seek us to devour.

- 7 O, will you be persuaded
 By one that loves you well,
 To turn and seek salvation,
 With Christ in heaven to dwell?
 Come, serve the God of Daniel;
 'Tis Jesus bids you come,
 You'll find a hearty welcome
 In Christ, the bleeding Lamb.
- 8 Glory to God; O, glory
 For his redeeming love;
 Religion makes us happy here,
 And will in heaven above.
 We'll sing loud hallelujahs,
 And join the holy song
 With Moses, Job and Daniel,
 And all the heav'nly throng.

127. *The worn-out Itinerant.*

- 1 O HEAVENLY Muse! my breast inspire
 With glowing, bright, poetic flame;
 Thy choice assistance I require
 To sing of him I now will name.
- 2 The vet'ran soldier of the cross,
 Worn out contending long with sin,
 Has gladly counted all things loss,
 So he might souls and glory win.

- 3 He's travell'd through the western wilds
 When roads and turnpikes were unknown;
 By stars and trees he's travell'd miles
 Fatigued, and hungry, and alone.
- 4 The cold damp ground was oft his bed,
 While hungry wolves were prowling round;
 With saddle bags beneath his head,
 (His *heart* was light) he slept profound.
- 5 The sacred blessings we enjoy
 Were purchased by his arduous toils;
 Sore conflicts did *his* powers destroy,
 But *we* sit down and share the spoils.
- 6 Behold him now o'ercast with gloom,
 Afflicted and infirm with age;
 He served the Church in youthful bloom,
 The Church should now his griefs assuage.
- 7 O God! shall hoary hairs go down
 With sorrow to the silent grave?
 Is *grief* the laurel that shall crown
 The good, the faithful, and the brave?
- 8 No! there's a glorious crown above,
 Adorn'd with many a precious gem;
 Look up, dear vet'ran, Christ in love
 Holds out that sparkling diadem!

128. *Spiritual Gardens.*

- 1 WHILE within my garden roving,
 And my senses all are fed:
 Rising from these lov'd attractions,

I'm to nobler subjects led:
Other gardens,
Here, in musings, oft I tread.

2 First, I enter Eden's garden,
Yielding pain and profit too;
Adam, here, while sinless standing,
Nought of fear, or sorrow knew:
But what changes
Did from his offence ensue!

3 Then with hope and joy reviving,
To Gethsemane I go:
And approach, in that dread garden,
Jesus bearing all my wo:
From his anguish,
All my ease and safety flow.

4 In the garden where they laid him,
With the Marys, there I sit;
Weeping, till I see him rising,
And embrace his pierced feet:
King of terrors,
Now I can thy frowning meet.

5 In the Church, the Savior's garden—
Trees, and plants, and flowers I see;
Guarded, water'd, train'd, and cherished,
Blooming immortality:
All, O Calvary!
All derived alone from thee.

6 But, above all gardens precious,
 See the heavenly paradise,
 There the tree of life is bearing;
 There the springs of glory rise:
 And the richness
 Every want and wish supplies.

7 There, the foot no thorn e'er pierces,
 There the heart ne'er heaves a sigh;
 There, in white, we walk with Jesus;
 All our loved connections by :
 And to reach it,
 'Tis a privilege to die!

129. *The Crucified.*

BY CHARLOTTE.

1 LONG time I bow'd at folly's shrine,
 To earth my foolish heart was tied,
 Despised the calls of grace divine,
 Nor once thought of the Crucified.

2 Pleasure with sweet enticing voice,
 Too strongly urged to be denied;
 I made her flow'ry paths my choice,
 And thought not of the Crucified.

3 She told me every earthly joy
 Was ever blooming by her side,
 And bid me not my peace annoy,
 By thinking of the Crucified.

4 I follow'd on with eager haste,
 Buoyant with hope, and puff'd with pride;

Nor would I one short moment waste,
By thinking of the Crucified.

5 But soon—ah! very soon I found
Beneath her roses thorns could hide;
That false was pleasure's airy round,
Yet thought not of the Crucified.

6 Then troubled, pained, and ill at rest,
Hope's flowers faded, withered, died;
There cross'd my aching, troubled breast,
A thought—'twas of the Crucified.

7 Then sorrow came with sadden'd face,
And deep reflection by her side;
But still, methought, 'twill be disgrace,
Now to seek for the Crucified.

8 Sickness next shook my trembling frame,
And death approach'd with rapid stride;
Then came the thought—with pow'r it came,
Of the neglected Crucified.

9 My soul, now plung'd in deep distress,
No longer could its sorrows hide,
But gladly did I now confess
My need of the bless'd Crucified.

10 But ah! this hard, this carnal heart,
So long had mercy's voice defied,
It seem'd as with life's blood to part,
To yield all for the Crucified.

- 11 And less than all would not suffice;
 Down, down must come my stubborn pride,
 Cut off right hands, pluck out right eyes,
 Or ne'er behold the Crucified.
- 12 The sacrifice at length was made,
 And bless His name, who for me died,
 He heard me when I trembling prayed,
 And yielded to the Crucified.
- 13 Since then, his gifts—peace, joy and love
 Have flow'd like rivers by my side,
 And I would shout, where'er I rove,
 The Crucified, the Crucified.

130. *Religion.*

- 1 **L**IKE snow that falls where waters glide,
 Earth's pleasures vanish fast;
 They melt in time's destroying tide,
 And cold are while they last.
- 2 But joys that from religion flow,
 Like stars that gild the night,
 Amid the darkest gloom of wo,
 Shine forth with sweetest light.
- 3 Religion's ray, no clouds obscure,
 But o'er the Christian's soul,
 It sheds a radiance calm and pure,
 Though tempests round him roll.
- 4 His heart may break 'neath sorrow's stroke,
 But to its latest thrill,
 Like diamonds shining when they're broke,
 That ray will light it still.

131. *Sweet Prayer.*

BY MISS ANN LUTTON, MOIRA, IRELAND.

WHEN torn is the bosom by sorrow or care,
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like
prayer;

It eases, soothes, softens, subdues, yet sustains,
Gives vigor to hope, and puts passion in chains.

Prayer, prayer, O sweet prayer,
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer

2 When far from the friends we hold dearest to part
What fond recollections still cling to my heart,
Past scenes and past converse, past enjoyments
are there,

O how hurtfully pleasing till hallowed by prayer.

Prayer, prayer, O sweet prayer,
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer.

3 When pleasure would woo us from piety's arms,
The siren sings sweetly, or silently charms,
We listen, love, loiter, are caught in the snare,
On looking to Jesus we conquer by prayer.

Prayer, prayer, O sweet prayer,
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer,

4 While strangers to prayer we are strangers to
bliss,
Heaven pours its full streams through no medium
but this;
And till we the Seraphim's ecstasy share,
Our chalice of joy must be guarded by prayer.

Prayer, prayer, O sweet prayer,
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer.

132. *The Barren Fig Tree.*

BY REV. DR. RAFFLES.—Luke xiii, 6.

1.—“**B**ARREN still this tree is found,
Lo, it cumbers still the ground:—

Culture it has had for years,
But as yet no fruit appears..
Cut it down—why all this toil?
It no more shall curse the soil!”

2 But the Dresser cries, “Forbear—
Let it stand another year;
Still it shall my care employ,
Then, if fruit appear, with joy
At thy feet it shall be laid,
And my toil be well repaid.”

3 Lord, this parable’s for me:
I’m that dead and fruitless tree.
I within the vineyard stand,
Planted by thy gracious hand;
Yet, with all the Dresser’s care,
Scanty is the fruit I bear.

4 I have peaceful sabbath days,
I have hours of prayer and praise;
Faithful sermons, they are mine,
Threatenings, promises divine;
All that wisdom could devise,
Sent, in mercy, from the skies.

5 Yet my heart is cold and dead,
Like a branch that’s withered:

Yet my hands inactive prove,
To promote the cause I love:
Blessed Jesus, can there be
Life in such a barren tree?

6 But, another year is given,
Granted by indulgent Heaven;
Sabbaths, sermons, hours of prayer;
Granted for another year:
Still deserved wrath delays;
Mercy lengthens out my days.

7 O for grace this year to be
All that God delights to see—
O for wisdom, from above,
Every moment to improve:
And, when time is past away;
O for mercy in THAT day.

133. "Ye must be born Again."

1 WHEN Jesus dwelt on earth below
Among the sons of men,
He spared no pains to let them know
They must be born again.

2 We all have broke Jehovah's laws
And guilty must remain,
Condemned to all the pains of hell
Till we are born again.

3 By nature we are prone to sin,
And all our thoughts are vain;

Eternal life you ne'er can win
Till you are born again.

- 4 In vain we seek for bliss below
While sin doth in us reign;
True happiness we ne'er can know
Till we are born again.
- 5 Alas! whate'er good works we do,
His favor to obtain,
They can't our sinful hearts renew;
We must be born again.
- 6 Were we baptized a thousand times
It would be all in vain;
This cannot wash our crime away,
We must be born again.
- 7 No sacrament, no outward form,
Can save from endless pain;
We must be of the Spirit born;
We must be born again.
- 8 The word of God is firm and sure,
And always will remain;
Eternal wrath we must endure
Unless we're born again.
- 9 This is Jehovah's great decree;
He always will maintain
That sinners—such as you and me—
Must all be born again.

10 Sinners, we ne'er can enter heaven,
 Or life eternal gain,
 Until we know our sins forgiven,
 And feel we're born again.

134. "*My God, Remember Me.*"

NEHEMIAH xiii, 31.

1 WHEN persecution rears its head,
 And stalks from sea to sea;
 When o'er the land its horrors spread,
 "My God, remember me."

2 When foes and enemies increase,
 When friends forsake and flee;
 When tumult's noise disturbs my peace,
 "My God, remember me."

3 "Think on me, O my God, for good,"
 When indigence I see;
 Nor let me lack that daily food,
 Which comes alone from thee.

4 In times of great and sore distress,
 When none can help but thee;
 When guilty fears my soul oppress,
 "My God, remember me."

5 In times of outward war and strife—
 In perils on the sea;
 "Through all the changing scenes of life,"
 "My God, remember me."

- 6 While yet I hold this fleeting breath,
 Thy goodness let me see;
 And in the gloomy vale of death,
 "My God, remember me."
- 7 And in that dreadful day of doom,
 When sinners fain would flee;
 When thou shalt call the righteous home,
 "My God, remember me."

135. *The Missionary's Bride.*

- 1 WHO'D be a missionary's bride?
 Who, that is young and fair,
 Would leave the world and all beside,
 Its pomp—its vanity and pride,
 Her Saviour's cross to bear?
- 2 Who would leave the glittering hall,
 Where beauteous fashion reigns;
 To share her life—her joys—her all,
 With one who heeds not fashion's call,
 And will not wear her chains?
- 3 Who would leave the festive throng,
 And admiration's gaze?
 And to a "little flock" belong,
 Who love to swell the humble song,
 To their Redeemer's praise?
- 4 Who could leave her father's dome,
 And her mother's fire side?
 Among our western wilds to roam,

Sometimes, perhaps, without a home,
A missionary's bride?

5 None--save she whose bosom feels
The emptiness of earth;
Who loves the home that faith reveals,
And oft at Jesus' table kneels,
To prove her heavenly birth.

6 None--save she who has that love,
Which "seeketh not her own,"
Who, mild and peaceful as the dove,
Pursues the joys which are above,
Around her Father's throne.

7 None--save she whose bosom glows
With feeling for the poor;
Whose willing footstep ever knows
To find the lowly hut of those
Who silently endure.

8 None--save she whose heart is meek,
Who feels another's pain,
And loves to wipe from sorrow's cheek
The trickling tear--and accents speak
That soothe the soul again.

9 She who feels for them that need
The "precious bread of life,"
And longs the Savior's lambs to feed,
O, such a one, would make, indeed,
A missionary's wife!

136. *A Voice from the Heathen.*

"Come and help us."

1 **H**ARK! with each passing breeze I hear
A murmur faint and low:

It comes like death groans on my ear,
I start, and list'ning ask with fear,
What is it echoes so?

2 From Asia and from Africa,

From Europe comes the cry;
From North and South America,
And from the islands of the sea;

"Come help us ere we die."

3 "Our souls are famishing for food--

Dark, dark the moral night;
Think, Christians, on our solitude
Un'lightened by the word of God,
Which shines on you so bright."

4 "While you enjoy the Gospel sun

And live in luxury;
We ask, has not the time now come,
That knowledge of the Lord should run,
And deluge like the sea?"

5 O God, my heart cannot withstand

These dying groans and cries;
Here's all I have, with cheerful hand
I give Thee all, at thy command
I make the sacrifice.

6 What wouldest thou have me, Lord, to do,
These precious souls to save?

"Go preach my word creation through,
To all the world, Gentile and Jew,
Bid them in me believe."

7 Surely my God, I cannot go,

I am not qualified;
No gifts on me didst thou bestow,
Or powers of mind that I could do
The dying heathen good.

8 But unto those thou'st call'd to go,

I'll give my substance, Lord,
I'll every luxury forego,
And all I can, I'll gladly do,
To spread thy holy word.

137. *My Years Roll On.*

BY LEGH RICHMOND.

1 **M**Y years roll on in silent course,
Impell'd by a resistless force;
Awake my soul, awake and sing
How good thy God, how great thy King.

2 My years roll on: then let me know
The great design for which they flow:
And as the ship floats o'er the wave,
Thy vessel, Lord, in mercy save.

My years roll on: the tide of time
Bears me through many a changing clime:

I've winters, summers; heat and cold,
Winds, calms, and tempests ten times told.

4 My years roll on; but here's my hope,
And this my everlasting prop:
Though seasons change, and I change too,
My God's the same, forever true.

5 My years roll on; and as they roll,
O, may they waft my ransom'd soul
Safe through life's ocean, to yon shore
Where sins and sorrows grieve no more.

6 My years roll on; and with them flows
That mercy which no limit knows:
'Tis mercy's current made me glide,
In hope of safety, down the tide.

7 My years roll on; my soul be still
Guided by love, thy course fulfil;
And when life's anxious voyage is past,
My refuge be with Christ at last.

138. *To a Bee, deceived by an artificial Flower on the bonnet of a professed Christian.*

1 **A**LAS! alas! poor little thing,
By that deceptive flower attracted,
To it thou flew'st with hasty wing,
In hope that sweets might be extracted;
But thou wilt search each cup in vain,
No lucious food doth it contain.

- 2 But I to thee attach no blame;
 Thou wast deceived by false appearance:
 By her who bears the Christian name,
 Thou hast, poor bee, bought thy experience;
 For, had not she display'd that flower,
 Thou hadst not known deception's power.
- 3 This surely ought not so to be,
 In truth, it is an aberration;
 Instead of pride, humility
 Should be the Christian's decoration:
 Those who to better things pretend,
 To folly ne'er should prove a friend.
- 4 But from this disappointment, learn
 A lesson for thy future profit;
 When on a head-dress you discern
 A tempting flower, think nothing of it,
 But turn away thy running eye,
 Nor be allured by vanity.
- 5 Now for thy consolation know,
 That I like thee have been mistaken,
 Deceived by glittering, painted show,
 For sterling gold, I dross have taken:
 Now quit that art-form'd, empty thing,
 And nectar draw from nature's spring.

139. *Not Affrighted.*

- 1 WHY should we be affrighted at pestilence
 and war?
 The fiercer is the tempest, the sooner 'twill be o'er;
 With Jesus in the vessel, the billows roll in vain,

They only will convey us to the elysian plains,
With glory in our souls.

2 Although my flesh is mortal, immortal is my
hope;

I'll try, like holy Moses, to gain the mountain top;
There, at Jehovah's bidding, with cheerfulness
I'll die,

And then away to Jesus on wings of love I'll fly,
With glory in my soul.

3 Though sinners do despise me, and laugh at
what I say,

I find a little number walks with me in the way;
Come on, come on my brethren, they laughed at
Jesus, too;

The prize, it lies before us, and heaven's in our
view,

And glory in our souls.

4 I feel that Jesus loves me, but why, I do not
know,

To him I'm so unfaithful in what I have to do;
I often see my failings, yet he doth all forgive,
This makes me love him more, and by faith in
him I live,

With glory in my soul.

5 We soon shall reach fair Canaan, and on that
happy shore,

Beyond the reach of Satan, we'll tell our suffer-
ings o'er.

We'll walk the golden pavements, and blood-washed garments wear,
 And to complete our pleasure, our Jesus will be there,
 And glory in our souls.

6 My song I must conclude, though it is against my will,
 I want to have the power to feel what I do sing;
 I long to see the day when immortalized I'll be,
 And shout and praise my Jesus ~~to~~ all eternity,
 With glory in my soul.

140 *Something New.*

1 SINCE man by sin has lost his God,
 He seeks creation through,
 And vainly hopes for solid bliss,
 In trying something new.

2 The new possessed, like fading flowers
 Soon loses its gay hue,
 The bubble now no longer takes,
 The mind wants something new.

3 Could we once call all Europe ours,
 With India and Peru,
 The soul would feel an aching void,
 And still want something new.

4 But when we know a Savior's love,
 All good in him we view,
 The soul forsakes its vain pursuits,
 In Christ, finds something new.

5 The joys the dear Redeemer gives,
 Will bear a strict review,
 Nor need we ever change again,
 For Christ is always new.

6 But soon a change awaits us all,
 Before the grand review,
 And at his feet with rapture fall,
 And heaven bring something new.

141. *Star of Bethlehem.*

BY H. K. WHITE.

1 WHILE marshall'd on the nightly plains,
 The glittering host bestud the sky,
 One star alone of all the train,
 Can fix the wand'ring sinner's eye.

2 Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
 From every host, from every gem;
 But one alone the Savior speaks,
 It is the star of Bethlehem.

3 Once on the raging seas I rode,
 The storm was loud, the night was dark,
 The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
 The wind that tossed my foundering bark.

4 Deep horror then my vitals froze,
 Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem,
 When suddenly a star arose,
 It was the star of Bethlehem.

5 It was my light, my guide, my all,
 It bade my dark forebodings cease,
 And through the storm, and dangerous thrall,
 It led me to the port of peace.

6 Now safely moored, my perils o'er,
 I'll sing first in night's diadem,
 Forever and forever more,
 The star, the star of Bethlehem.

142. *A Call to Sinners.*

1 O H, careless sinner, come,
 Pray now attend,
 This world is not your home,
 It soon will end;

Jehovah calls aloud, forsake the thoughtless crowd
 Pursue the road to God, and happy be.

2 No happiness you'll find
 While thus you go,
 No peace unto your mind,
 But fear and wo

Attend you every day, while far from God you
 stray;

Oh, sinners, come away, and happy live.

3 Nor do I call alone,
 The Savior too
 E'en with his dying groans,
 Cries bid adieu

To sin and folly now, and to his sceptre bow,
 And he will tell you how to live anew.

4 But if you still refuse,
 Down, down you'll go,
 And with the wicked Jews,
 The road to wo:

Alas, how can you slight the rays of Gospel light,
 And sink in endless night, where silence reigns.

5 I bid you all farewell
 With aching heart,
 And in deep sorrow tell
 That we must part;

While on to heaven we go, and you are bound
 to wo,
 Alas, it must be so, if you rebel.

6 I look on you again,
 And hoping say,
 Why wont you leave your sins,
 And come away

From Satan's cruel power, and live forever more,
 And bless the joyful hour when life begun.

7 All hail, we welcome then
 Your happy flight
 From Kedar's tents of sin,
 To glory bright:

We'll travel on with you, and bid the world adieu,
 And endless joys pursue till all is ours.

8 Then we will range around
 The peaceful plains,
 Where pleasure hath no bounds,
 Where glory reigns;

We'll fall at Jesus' feet where joys are all complete,
And in sweet raptures meet to part no more.

143. *Mary's Tears.*

- 1 WHEN the repentant Mary came,
And knelt at Jesus' feet,
Weighed down by sorrow, sin and shame,
And poured the precious sweet,
- 2 The tears of penitence bedew'd
The humble mourner's eye,
Her contrite grief her Maker viewed,
And registered on high.
- 3 She at her Savior's footstool bent,
And humbly knelt to pray;
God saw her heart, forgiveness sent;
And wiped her sins away.
- 4 Ye who by sin, have been misled
From the bright way to heaven,
And would again its pathway tread,
And wish to be forgiven;
- 5 Do not upon the sacred shrine
Your glittering offererings heap,
As if your gems were things divine,
But, like the suppliant, weep.
- 6 O may the storms of sorrow raise
Your wandering thoughts to heaven;
May you like Mary, kneel and weep,
Like Mary, be forgiven.

144. *Lines addressed to J. F. W.*

By Mrs. Caroline M. Thayer, the honored instrument by whom she was reclaimed from her wanderings, and again restored to the bosom of the Church.

- 1 **W**HEN tossed on error's stormy tide,
From doubt to darkness driven,
'Twas thine, my wandering thoughts to guide,
And bid the world no more divide
My erring heart from heaven.
- 2 No more to fancy's wildering song,
That heart's applause was given;
To charm it from the joyless throng,
Thy warning seemed to breathe along
The holy lyre of heaven.
- 3 But though the warning voice was sweet
As the last sigh of even,
My soul within its dark retreat,
Reluctant shrunk and feared to meet
A messenger from heaven.
- 4 Yet soon the chain that bound my soul,
By mercy's hand was riven;
I saw the clouds asunder roll,
And truth, unerring as the pole,
Allured me back to heaven.
- 5 My grateful heart must ever glow,
While life and strength are given,
With feelings, those alone can know
Whom thou hast led to seek below,
The blissful hope of heaven.

145. *Zion's Complaint.*

1 SAVIOR, we have long been sighing

For some token of thy care;

All our hopes and joys are dying,

We are sinking in despair:

Kind Redeemer,

Cheer, O, cheer our drooping souls.

2 Sorrow, poverty, and coldness,

Press us with a heavy load,

Gone our love, and zeal, and boldness

In the service of our God;

God of mercy,

Shall we cry to thee in vain?

3 All around is full of sadness,

Sinners rage, and Christians sleep,

Zion has forgot her gladness,

And sits down in dust to weep:

Precious Savior,

Shall we tune our harps no more?

4 Oft the gentle spring assuages

Nature's cold and sullen gloom,

But with us, dread winter rages,

And forbids our hopes to bloom;

Barren fig-tree,

In the vineyard do we stand.

5 Oft we see the showers of heaven

Sweetly fall upon the earth,

But to us no rains are given
 To assuage our raging dearth:
 All is dreary,
 Dead are Zion's tender plants.

6 Must we, Lord, forever languish?
 Must our tears forever flow?
 Wilt thou not relieve our anguish,
 And thy tender mercy show?
 Smile upon us,
 And our broken spirits heal.

7 Still thy grace we will rely on,
 Still, thy promises we'll trust;
 Thou wilt yet revisit Zion,
 And revive her sleeping dust:
 Thou art faithful,
 Thou wilt hear thy people cry.

8 Shall we then indulge in sadness?
 Shall we doubt, or disbelieve?
 Let our hearts be filled with gladness,
 Thou wilt all our wants relieve.
 God is coming,
 Lo, he comes to bless our souls.

146. *Watch and Pray.*

BY MISS MARY ANN BROWN.

1 **S**AW ye where the Savior kept
 Watch, while his disciples slept?
 Did ye hear that Savior speak,
 While the sweat bedew'd his cheek?

Did ye listen to the Lord,
And receive the hallow'd word?
Heard ye your Redeemer say,
To his followers,—“Watch and Pray.”

2 Not to them alone, that call—
It was given alike for all;
All in pleasure, all in pain;
They that serve and they that reign—
All alike are mortal dust:
Vain is every earthly trust;
None can see how soon they may
Be as nothing—“Watch and Pray.”

3 Rich men, in your palaces,
Where ye live in plenteous ease,
Glorying in your golden store,
Know ye not 'twill soon be o'er?
Have none told you what must be,
That so careless still are ye?
Hear it now; the voice obey!
Ye are mortal,—“Watch and Pray.”

4 Maiden! in thy beauty's pride,
With life's bitterness untried;
Know'st thou, tho' in life's young bloom
Thou may'st perish in the tomb?
There the fairest flowers must wither;
Thou like them art hast'ning thither:
Beauty soon will pass away,
Oh! whilst lovely,—“Watch and Pray.”

- 5 Peasant! in thy lowly cot,
 Murm'ring at thy humble lot,
 While thy children round thee strive,
 Asking bread thou canst not give;
 Wait with patience on the Lord;
 He will not forget his word.
 Dark temptations strew thy way—
 'Gainst their power—“Watch and Pray.”
- 6 Earthly wealth will not endure,
 None 'gainst time can be secure;
 Rich and poor, and king and slave,
 All must moulder in the grave;
 But a day of wrath shall come!
 All again must quit the tomb;
 See, it cometh!—Bless'd be they
 Who while here, will “Watch and Pray.”

147. *Marching to Glory.*

- 1 COME ye that love the Lord indeed,
 Who are from sin and bondage freed,
 Submit to all the ways of God,
 And walk the narrow happy road.

CHORUS.

*We're marching, we're marching,
 We're marching home to glory.*

- 2 Great tribulation you shall meet,
 But soon shall walk the golden street,
 Though hell may rage and vent her spite,
 Yet Christ will save his heart's delight.

- 3 Behold the righteous marching home;
 The angels smile and bid them come,
 While Christ the Judge their joy proclaims,
 "Here come my saints, I own their names."
- 4 Ye everlasting gates fly wide,
 Make ready to receive my bride;
 Ye harps of heaven, come sound aloud,
 "Here comes the purchase of my blood."
- 5 In grandeur see the royal line
 Whose glittering robes the sun outshine,
 While saints and angels join in one,
 And march in splendor to the throne.
- 6 They stand in wonder and look on;
 They join in one eternal song,
 Their great Redeemer to admire,
 While rapture sets their souls on fire.

148. *Hail, ye Missionary Band!*

- 1 **H**AIL, ye missionary bands,
 Bound for every nation,
 Christianize the heathen lands,
 Preach a free salvation,
 Loud proclaim the Savior God.
 Teach them how to read his word;
 Point to the Redeeming blood
 For their emancipation.
- 2 From idolatry, and war,
 And heathen superstition;

The crush of their triumphant car
 Where Hindoos seek remission.
 Come take a view of Afric's shore,
 And see what idols they adore:
 Lift up your hearts and Heaven implore
 Mercy for their condition.

3 While the Macedonian cry
 Is rolling o'er the ocean,
 Hear the Western wiles reply;
 "Come, give our tribes a portion;
 Bring the precious word of life,
 And we'll cease from war and strife;
 Ground the tomahawk and knife,
 And join the sweet devotion."

4 "Fire-waters we'll reject,
 Reforming our behavior,
 Missionaries now respect,
 And hope we shall forever.
 Wyandotts, are on the wing,
 Cherokees their offerings bring,
 Messessaugers sweetly sing,
 And Choctaws praise the Savior.

149. *The Rose of Sharon.*

Addressed to a Young Lady, by C. V. A:

1 SAY, Eliza! have you seen
 Flowrets wither on the green?
 Lilies blooming to decay;
 Blushing beauties, die away?
 All was sad, and all was drear,
 Save the Rose of Sharon near.

- 2 Say, Eliza! have you known
Where those bitter tears were sown--
Those that wet the bud of hope
Till the lurid spell was broke?
Who could comfort--what could cheer
Save the Rose of Sharon near?
- 3 Say, Eliza! have you felt
Keen, remorseless pangs of guilt,
Like the gentle Mary knew,
When to Jesus' feet she flew?
Who could save from sin and fear
Save the Rose of Sharon near?
- 4 Say, Eliza! who can save
Youth and beauty from the grave--
Shed an ever-during bloom--
Scatter odors on the tomb--
Make our virtues all appear,
Save the Rose of Sharon near?
- 5 Say, Eliza! where's the Friend
Who shall love thee to the end?
Watch thee till thy latest breath,
Then receive thy soul in death?
He that bled, and wept a tear,
Plants the Rose of Sharon near.
- 6 Say, Eliza! what shall bloom
O'er the margin of the tomb?
Shall the Cypress or the Yew
Spread their sable leaves for you?
Or shall Sharon's Rose appear;
Bud and blossom ever near?

150. *The Pharisee and the Publican.*

“STAND by!” cried the Pharisee; “dare not to
mar!

Holy prayers, with thy sin-chequer’d vow.”
The Publican heard, and retreated afar
From the scowl of the hypocrite’s brow.
The one through the temple with majesty swept,
With his hundreds admiring around;
The other retired to a corner and wept
As he bent his meek eyes to the ground.

2 “I thank thee O, God,” said the former, “that I
Have not here for my sins to atone;
From fraud and extortion and lewdness I fly,
Nor was e’er as a publican known.
Still twice in the week I’m careful to fast;
All my tithes I as faithfully pay,
And thus have good hope, that in heaven at last
I shall all my bright glories display.”

3 Meanwhile had the publican frequently sigh’d,
And as had often smote on his breast;
“Have mercy, O God,” he at intervals cried;
“Upon me, a poor sinner confess’d,
Have mercy, O God, for polluted and vile,
In myself no perfection I see:
But deign on thy creature one instant to smile,
And thy Spirit shall change even me.”

4 And what was the judgment the Savior pro-
nounced,

As he told of this singular pair,
 And thus to his list'ning disciples announced
 Both the nature and object of prayer?
 Half worshipp'd, the one, 'midst his followers
 stalk'd
 To his home with his guilt unforgiven:
 The other, lone in his penitence walk'd;
 But at peace with himself and with Heaven.

151. *The Indian's Experience.*

1 **I**N de dark wood, no Indian nigh,
 Den me look, heaben and send up cry;

 Upon my kneés so low;
 Dat God on high, in shining place,
 See me in night, wid teary face;
 De preacher tell me so.

2 God send his angel, take me care;
 He come himself, he hear my prayer;
 If inside heart do pray;
 He see me now, he know me here,
 He say poor Indian, neber fear,
 Me wid you night and day.

3 Now me lobe God, wid Indian heart,
 He fight for me, he take my part;
 He save um life before;
 God lobe poor Indian in de wood,
 So me lobe God, and dat be good,
 Me pray him two times more.

152. *Immanuel Reigns.*

BY THE WESTERN BARD.

- 1 **I**MMANUEL reigns: the long foretold,
 Of sages, prophets, seers of old,
 On whom the faith of Abraham hung,
 Of whom the Bard of Israel sung;
 O'er Palestina's sacred plains,
 The Savior comes, Immanuel reigns.
- 2 Immanuel reigns: he visits earth,
 All heaven rejoices at his birth;
 He comes to sit on David's throne,
 He comes to make the world his own:
 And angels sing on Bethlehem's plains,
 Good will to men, Immanuel reigns.
- 3 Immanuel reigns: ye princes bend,
 And own Him as your general friend.
 He comes to bid contentions cease,
 The Lord of Lords and Prince of peace.
 He comes to break the captives' chains,
 Rejoice, O earth, Immanuel reigns.
- 4 Immanuel reigns: let incense rise
 In grateful odors to the skies.
 He comes the wounds of sin to heal,
 And words of life and peace reveal.
 He bears our woes, He feels our pains,
 The Savior friend, Immanuel reigns.
- 5 Immanuel reigns, the cross he bore,
 And death and hell he triumph'd o'er.

He burst the tomb, he breaks its night,
 He brings immortal life to light.
 Soars to his native skies again;
 Sing heaven and earth, Immanuel reigns.

6 Immanuel reigns: ye nations sing,
 And hail him prophet, priest and king.
 He reigns o'er all, let all obey,
 And bless the Savior's natal day.
 Tune every heart in grateful strains,
 And sing, Immanuel ever reigns.

7 Immanuel reigns: join sea and earth
 With sun and moon to hail his birth.
 Ye countless silver lamps of night,
 Ye hovering clouds and fields of light,
 All nature strike the lofty strains,
 Till echo rings, Immanuel reigns.

153. *The Sun-Bright Clime.*

BY MRS. HEMANS.

1 HAVE ye heard, have ye heard of that sun-bright clime,
 Unstain'd by sorrow, unhurt by time;
 Where age hath no pow'r o'er the fadeless frame,
 Where the eye is fire, and the heart is flame,
 Have ye heard of that sun-bright clime?

2 There are rivers of water gushing there,
 Mid blossoms of beauty, strangely fair:
 And a thousand wings are hovering o'er
 The dazzling wave, and the golden shore,
 They are found in that sun-bright clime.

3 There is the city, whose name is Light,
 With the diamond's ray, and the ruby bright;
 And ensigns are waving and banners unfurl,
 Over walls of brass, and gates of pearl,
 That are fixed in that sun-bright clime.

4 There are myriads of forms arrayed in white,
 Beings of beauty, clothed in light;
 They dwell in their own immortal bowers,
 Mid the fadeless hues of countless flowers,
 That spring in that sun-bright clime.

5 Ear hath not heard, nor eye hath seen,
 Its swelling songs, or its changeless sheen;
 For the vest of light, and harps of gold,
 And crowns of glory wax not old,
 Or fade in that sun-bright clime.

6 But far away is this sinless clime,
 Unstain'd by sorrow, unhurt by time—
 Where amid all things fair, is given
 The home of the just, and its name is Heaven,
 The name of that sun-bright clime.

154 *The Bell of Prayer,*

MAT. xviii, 20.

1 **H**ARK! it is the bell of prayer,
 Swelling on the evening air;
 Bearing on its pleasant sound,
 Notes of worship all around.

- 2 Busy feet, with solemn tread,
Loving hearts by goodness led—
Humble minds are willing now,
In the house of prayer to bow.
- 3 Gather'd round the mercy seat,
Heart meets heart, where christians meet—
Two or three assembled there,
In the sacred place of prayer.
- 4 Oh, how solemn is the hour,
Consecrate to Jesus' power—
Oh how sure his word shall be,
To that faithful—two or three.
- 5 Precious Jesus, let thy grace,
Lighten up thy servant's face—
Loving Savior, let thy voice
Make the hearts of all rejoice.

155. *To Thee, my God, to Thee.*

- 1 **O** LÖRD thy heavenly grace impart,
And fix my frail inconstant heart;
Henceforth, my chief desire shall be,
To dedicate myself to thee;
To thee, my God, to thee.
- 2 Whate'er pursuits my time employ,
One thought shall fill my soul with joy;
That silent, secret thought shall be,
That all my hopes are fixed on thee;
On thee, my God, on thee.

- 3 Thy glorious eye pervadeth space,
 Thou'rt present, Lord, in every place,
 And wheresoe'er my lot may be,
 Still, shall my spirit cleave to thee.
 To thee, my God, to thee;
- 4 Renouncing every worldly thing,
 Safe 'neath the covet of thy wing,
 My sweetest thought henceforth shall be
 That all I want, I find in thee:
 In thee, my God, in thee.

156. *Jesus My All.*

- 1 **R**OCK of ages cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee:
 Let the water and the blood,
 From thy side a healing flood,
 Be of sin the double cure,
 Save from wrath and make me pure.
- 2 Should my tears forever flow,
 Should my zeal no languor know—
 This for sin could not atone,
 Thou must save, and thou alone:
 In my hand no price I bring,
 Simply to thy cross I cling.
- 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When mine eye-lids close in death—
 When I rise to worlds unknown,
 And behold thee on thy throne,
 Rock of ages cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee.

157. *Messiah's come to Reign.*

1 **O** HOW charming!--O, how charming
 Is the radiant band of
 Music, music, music, music!
 O, how charming is the radiant band
 Of music playing through the air!
 Angelic armies tune their harps,
 Angelic armies tune their harps;
 Enraptured seraphs play their part;
 Angelic armies tune their harps;
 Shout, shout, shout!
 The great Redeemer's born to day.

2 Gabriel descending, Gabriel descending
 Brings the joyful news!

O, joyful, joyful, joyful, joyful!
 Brings the joyful news of our Redeemer's birth!
 The great Messiah's come to earth!
 Good will to man I now proclaim,
 Good will to man I now proclaim;
 The Savior's born in Bethlehem;
 Good will to man I now proclaim;
 Shout, shout, shout!

The great Messiah's come to reign!

3 See his star arising! see his star arising
 In the eastern sky!

Now rising, rising, rising, rising!
 See his star arising in the eastern sky;
 The day-spring opening from on high;
 The types and shadows flee away;

The types and shadows flee away,
And now begins the gospel day!
The types and shadows flee away,
Shout, shout, shout!
The King of Glory is born to day!

4 Shepherds adore him, wise men have found him,
Glory be to God;
O glory, glory, glory, glory;
Wise men have found him by the rising star;
And come to worship from afar;
Their golden gifts they now present,
Their golden gifts they now present;
And spices of the sweetest scent,
Their golden gifts they now present,
Shout, shout, shout,
The great Messiah's come to reign.

5 Jews and Gentiles, join in concert,
Praise the infant King;
O praise him, praise him, praise him;
Jews and Gentiles praise the infant King,
And loud hosannas sweetly sing,
With Gabriel and the shining host,
With Gabriel and the shining host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
With Gabriel, and the shining host;
Shout, shout, shout,
The King of glory is come to reign.

6 I am happy, I am happy!
 Glory be to God!
 I'm happy, happy, happy, happy!
 I'm happy, glory be to God!
 My soul's on flame for the realms above!
 I feel the bliss his wounds impart;
 I find the Savior in my heart;
 I feel the bliss his wounds impart;
 Shout, shout, shout!
 The great Messiah's come to reign!

158. *Mercy's Free.*

- 1 **B**Y faith I view my Saviour dying
 On the tree, on the tree;
 To every nation he is crying,
 Look to me, look to me;—
 He bids the guilty now draw near,
 Repent, believe, dismiss their fear.
 Hark! hark! what precious words I hear,
 Mercy's free, mercy's free.
- 2 Did Christ, when I was sin pursuing,
 Pity me, pity me?
 And did he snatch my soul from ruin,
 Can it be, can it be?
 O yes, he did salvation bring,
 He is my Prophet, Priest, and King;
 And now my happy soul can sing
 Mercy's free, mercy's free.
- 3 Jesus, the mighty God, hath spoken
 Peace to me, peace to me;

Now all my chains of sin are broken,
 I am free, I am free.
 Soon as I in his name believed,
 The Holy Spirit I received;
 And Christ from death my soul retrieved.
 Mercy's free, mercy's free.

4 Jesus my weary soul refreshes—

Mercy's free, mercy's free—
 And every moment Christ is precious
 Unto me, unto me.
 None can describe the bliss I prove,
 While through this wilderness I rove;
 All may enjoy the Saviour's love—
 Mercy's free, mercy's free.

5 This precious truth, ye sinners hear it,

Mercy's free, mercy's free,—
 Ye ministers of God declare it,—
 Mercy's free, mercy's free.
 Visit the heathen's dark abode,
 Proclaim to all the love of God,
 And spread the glorious news abroad,—
 Mercy's free, mercy's free.

6 Long as I live I'll still be crying,

Mercy's free, mercy's free;
 And this shall be my theme when dying,—
 Mercy's free, mercy's free;
 And when the vale of death I've passed,
 When lodged above the stormy blast,
 I'll sing while endless ages last,—
 Mercy's free, mercy's free.

159. "To be with Christ is Better Far."

1 **T**HIS world is beautiful and bright,
 O, scarce one cloud has dimm'd my sky;
 And yet no gloomy shades of night
 Are gath'ring round me tho' I die.
 Yet, there's a lovelier land of light,
 Illum'd by Bethlehem's beaming star,
 E'en now it bursts upon my sight,
 "To be with Christ is better far."

2 Yes, yes I leave ye all behind,
 My husband, children, it is best;
 A mother's heart hath e'en resign'd
 The smiling infant at her breast.
 How much it cost I may not say,
 Nor O, how very dear ye are;
 The pang is o'er—I must away,
 "To be with Christ is better far."

3 True, life is sweet, and friends are dear,
 And youth, and health, are pleasant things;
 Yet leave I all, without a tear,
 No sad regret my bosom wrings;
 The ties of earth are broken all;
 My chainless soul above yon star,
 Shall wing its way beyond recall,
 "To be with Christ is better far."

4 And this is death—my soul is calm,
 No sting is here—the strife is done;
 Glory to God and to the Lamb!

Sweet triumph! I have won! I've won
 A crown immortal—robes of white
 For me, for me, in waiting are,
 Array'd in glory--cloth'd in light—
 “To be with Christ is better far.”

- 5 To be with Christ, with angel bands,
 The new Jerusalem my home;
 And there “my house not made with hands,”
 Where I may welcome ye to come;
 Beloved ones of earth, no care
 In that blest home our peace shall mar;
 O heaven! sweet heaven! I'd fain be there,
 “To be with Christ is better far.”

160. *The Poor Man's Hymn.*

- 1 **A**S much have I of worldly good
 As e'er my Master had:
 I diet on as dainty food,
 And am as richly clad,
 Though plain my garb, tho' scant my board,
 As Mary's Son, and nature's Lord.
- 2 The manger was his infant bed,
 His home, the mountain-cave,
 He had not where to lay his head,
 He borrowed e'en his grave.
 Earth yielded him no resting spot,—
 Her Maker, but she knew him not.
- 3 As much the world's good will I bear,
 Its favorites and applause,

As He whose blessed name I wear,—
 Hated without a cause,
 Despised, rejected, mock'd by pride,
 Betray'd, forsaken, crucified.

- 4 Why should I court my Master's foe?
 Why should I fear its frown?
 Why should I seek for rest below,
 Or sigh for brief renown?
 A pilgrim to a better land,
 An heir of joys at God's right hand.

161. *The Stream of Death.*

- 1 THERE is a stream whose narrow tide
 The known and unknown worlds divide,
 Where all must go;
 Its waveless waters, dark and deep,
 Mid sullen silence, downward sweep
 With moanless flow.
- 2 I saw where, at that dreary flood,
 A smiling infant prattling stood,
 Whose hour was come;
 Untaught of ill, it neared the tide,
 Sunk, as to cradled rest, and died
 Like going home.
- 3 Followed with languid eye anon,
 A youth, diseased, and pale, and wan;
 And there alone
 He gazed upon the leaden stream,
 And feared to plunge—I heard a scream,
 And he was gone.

162. *O Praise the Lord.*

- 1 PRAISE, praise the Lord, ho! all the earth!
O, praise the Lord, who gave you birth;
Praise, nature all! his holy name,
Who wrought your vast and mighty frame.

- 2 Praise him, ye hills—ye mountains tall!
Who lets you stand, or bids you fall;
Ye mighty streams! of depth untold,
Praise him as to the sea you roll.
- 3 Praise him, ye beasts that tread the plain!
Ye finny tribes that swim the main!
Ye wand'lers through the fields of air,
O, praise the Lord, who holds you there.
- 4 Praise him, ye twinkling orbs of light,
That dance upon the brow of night;
And thou fair moon--resplendent queen!
That ridest midst that host serene.
- 5 And him, thou blazing king of day!
Praise him with every kindling ray,
Ye clouds, that heaven's blue concave throng,
O, praise him as ye sail along.
- 6 And thou, unfathom'd, boundless sea!
Sound high your deep-toned minstrelsy;
Praise him, who rules the mighty deep,
And bids it roll, or bids it sleep.
- 7 And you, ye thunders, dreadful—loud!
Borne swift upon the blacken'd cloud:
Raise high, your awful voices raise,
And speak your mighty Maker's praise.
- 8 And thou, ungrateful—sinful man!
Praise him, nor try his ways to scan;
Whose life hangs on a single word,
Praise, praise, vain man! O praise the Lord!

163. *Star of Hope.*

BY MRS. CAROLINE M. THAYER.

- 1 **T**HREE is a Star whose heavenly light
Dispels the gathering shades of night,
And sheds a bright benignant ray,
To gild the lonely wand'rer's way.
- 2 This Star is Hope: its lambent glow
Illumes the hovering clouds of wo;
Subdues and checks the rising sigh,
And drives the tear from mis'ry's eye.
- 3 'Tis this that cheers the lowly cot,
Where all deserted and forgot,
Like gems concealed in ocean's bed,
Neglected virtue hides her head.
- 4 'Tis hope of God—'tis hope of heaven,
The dearest boon to suffering given:
It lights e'en death's imperious gloom,
And gilds the horrors of the tomb.
- 5 O, Star of Hope, forever shed
Thy cheering light around my head:
Still let me hail thee from afar,
And claim thee for my guiding Star.
- 6 So when at last the hour shall come
That calls my exiled spirit home,
Thy beams shall light the dreary road
That leads to heaven—that leads to God.

164. *Precious Bible.*

1 **P**RECIOUS Bible! what a treasure

Does the word of God afford;

All I want for joy or pleasure,

Food or medicine, shield or sword;

Let the world account me poor—

Having this, I want no more.

2 Food to which the world's a stranger,

Here my hungry soul enjoys;

Of excess there is no danger,

Though it fills, it never cloys;

On a dying Christ I feed,

He is meet and drink indeed.

3 In the hour of dark temptation,

Satan cannot make me yield;

For the word of consolation

Is to me a mighty shield;

While the Scripture truth is sure,

From his malice I'm secure.

4 Vain his threats to overcome me,

When I take the Spirit's sword;

Then with ease I drive him from me,

Satan trembles at his word—

'Tis a sword for conquest made,

Keen the edge, and strong the blade.

5 Shall I envy then the miser,

Doating on his golden store?

Sure I am, or should be wiser,

I am rich—'tis he is poor—
 Jesus gives me in his word,
 Food and medicine, shield and sword.

165. *Heaven is all.*

BY REV. C. GILES.

1 THE fading world promiscuous flows,
 Enwrap'd in fancy's vision;

Allur'd by charms, beguil'd by show

And empty dreams, nor scarcely know,

There is a brighter *Heaven*.

2 Fine gold will change, and diamonds fade,

Swift wings to wealth are given;

All varying time our forms invade,

The seasons roll, light sinks in shade,

There's nothing last but *Heaven*.

3 Creation's mighty fabric, all

Will be to atoms riven;

The sky consum'd, the planets fall,

Convulsions wreck this earthly ball:

There's nothing firm but *Heaven*.

4 Empires decay, and nations die,

Our hopes to winds are given;

The vernal blooms in ruin lie,

Death reigns o'er earth, and sea, and sky,

There's nothing lives but *Heaven*.

5 The world is poor from shore to shore,

And like a baseless vision,

Its lofty domes and brilliant ore,
And gems and crowns, are vain and poor;
There's nothing rich but *Heaven*.

6 A stranger, lonely, here I roam
From place to place I'm driven;
My friends are gone, and I'm in gloom,
The world is all a dreary tomb,
I have no home but *Heaven*.

7 The clouds disperse, the light appears,
My sins are all forgiven;
Triumphant grace has quell'd my fears,
Roll on ye suns, fly swift ye years,
I'm on my way to *Heaven*.

8 Adieu to all below, adieu,
Let life's dull chains be riven;
The charms of Christ have caught my view,
To worlds of light, I will pursue,
To live with him in *Heaven*.

166. *Why dost thou doubt?*

1 'TIS a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought;
Do I love the Lord, or no;
Am I his, or am I not?

2 If I love, why am I thus?
Why this dull and lifeless frame?
Surely they can scarce be worse,
Who have never heard his name.

3 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
 Find my sin a grief and thrall;
 Should I grieve for what I feel,
 If I did not love at all?

4 Lord, decide the doubtful case,
 Thou who art thy people's sun;
 Shine upon the work of grace,
 If indeed it be begun.

5 Let me love thee more and more,
 If I ever lov'd, I pray;
 If I have not loved before,
 Help me to begin to-day.

167. *The Superannuated Itinerant.*

1 FLEET as the arrow through the air
 Have forty seasons pass'd away;
 Yet, short and transient as they are,
 They've seen my manhood's strength decay:
 Although my locks unbleach'd appear,
 Yet age is now already here.

2 But dost thou ask me, if a sigh
 Oft from my bosom does not steal,
 When round the heart that once beat high,
 The touch of chill disease I feel;
 If, when I think of labors past,
 I sigh that e'er I met the blast?

3 Ah! well I might if wealth, or fame,
 Or empire, or applause of man,
 Had smother'd thus the vital flame,

Enkindled by my Maker's hand.

'Twas not *their* mandate to obey,
That thus I gave my life away.

4 But 'twas at Heaven's command I rose,

And spurn'd each grovelling thought aside,

A wanderer's cheerless portion chose,

To preach a Savior crucified:

For this my life I counted loss,

And nail'd it to my Master's cross.

5 Yes, 'twas the glorious tale to tell,

That Christ expired in tears and blood,

And rose, and vanquish'd death and hell,

To bring the wanderer back to God;

For this I many a tempest bore,

And vale and mountain wander'd o'er.

6 I burn'd my Savior's love to bear,

And tell the prodigal of *home*;

Nor sigh'd that suffering was my share,

While Gospel news to spread I roam'd.

Ah! such a life my Master led,

Nor place had he to rest his head.

7 Nor do I grieve those toils to trace

That made my journey shorter through;

But glory that, from place to place,

I thus the Gospel trumpet blew;

And even now my years are more

Than those my Savior pass'd of yore.

- 8 Ah! if around the pensive heart
 I've kindled hopes that ne'er will fail,
 That blunt the monster's piercing dart,
 And light up glory in *his* vale;
 If I have spread Immanuel's name,
 All loss I reckon more than gain.
-
168. *The Storm and the Judgment.*
 BY DR. WATTS.
- 1 WHEN the fierce north wind,
 With its airy forces,
 Rears up the Baltic to a foaming fury;
 And the red lightning,
 With a storm of hail comes
 Rushing amain down,
- 2 How the poor sailors
 Stand amazed and tremble,
 While the hoarse thunder like a bloody trumpet
 Roars a loud onset
 To the gaping waters,
 Quick to devour them.
- 3 Such shall the noise be,
 And the wild disorder--
 If things eternal may be like these earthly,
 Such the dire terror,
 When the great archangel
 Shakes the creation,
- 4 Tears the strong pillars
 Of the vault of heaven,
 Breaks up old marble, the repose of princes--

See the graves open,
And the bones arising
 Flames all around 'em.

5 Hark! the shrill outcry
 Of the guilty wretches;
Lively bright horror and amazing anguish
 Stare through their eyelids,
While the living worm lies
 Gnawing within them.

6 Thoughts, like old vultures,
 Prey upon their heart strings,
And the smart twinges, when the eye beholds the
 Lofty Judge frowning,
And a flood of vengeance
 Rolling before him.

7 Hopeless immortals!
 How they scream and shiver,
While devils push them to the pit wide yawning,
 Hideous and gloomy,
To receive them headlong
 Down to the centre.

8 Stop here, my fancy!
 All away, ye horrid,
Doleful ideas! Come, arise to Jesus—
 How he sits God-like,
And the saints around him,
 Throned, yet adoring.

9 O, may I sit there,
 When he comes triumphant,
 Dooming the nations--then ascend to glory,
 While our hosannahs
 All along the passage
 Shout the Redeemer.

169. *The Prevalence of Prayer.*

1 **W**HAT various hindrances we meet,
 In coming to the mercy seat;
 But who that knows the worth of prayer,
 But wishes to be often there.

CHORUS.

*Then pray on brethren, sisters, too,
 The heavenly land keep still in view.*

2 Prayer makes the darkest clouds withdraw;
 Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw:
 Gives exercise to faith and love,
 Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer we cease to fight;
 Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright:
 And Satan trembles when he sees
 The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 Have you no words? ah, think again--
 Words flow apace when you complain,
 And fill your fellow-creatures' ears,
 With the sad tale of all your cares.

5 Were half the time that's vainly spent,
 To heaven in supplication sent,
 Our cheerful songs would oft'ner be,
 Hear what the Lord has done for me.

170. *The Beggar.*

1 **E**NCOURAGED by thy word

Of promise to the poor,

Behold a beggar, Lord,

Waits at thy mercy's door;

No hand, no heart, O Lord, but thine,

Can help, or pity wants like mine.

2 The beggar's usual plea,

Relief from men to gain,

If offer'd unto thee,

I know thou wouldest disdain.

But those which move thy gracious ear,

Are such as men would scorn to hear.

3 I have no right to say,

That though I now am poor,

Yet once there was a day

When I possessed more.

Thou knowest from my very birth

I've been the poorest wretch on earth.

4 Nor dare I to profess,

As beggars often do;

Though great is my distress,

My faults have been but few;

If thou should'st leave my soul to starve,

It would be what I well deserve.

5 Nor dare I to pretend

I never begged before;

Or if thou now befriend

I'll trouble thee no more.

Thou often hast relieved my pain,
And often I must come again.

6 Though crumbs are much too good
For such a wretch as I,
No less than children's food
My soul can satisfy.

Oh, do not frown and bid me go;
I must have all thou canst bestow.

7 Nor can I willing be
Thy bounties to conceal
From others, who like me,
Their wants and hunger feel.

I'll tell them of thy mercies' store,
And try to send ten thousand more.

8 Thy ways, Thou only Wise,
Our ways and thoughts transcend,
Far as the arched skies
Above this earth extend.

Such pleas as mine, men would not hear;
But God receives the Beggar's Prayer.

171. *Naaman the Leper.*

1 BEFORE Elisha's gate
The Syrian leper stood,
But could not brook to wait;
He deem'd himself too good:
He thought the Prophet would attend,
And not to him a message send,

2 Have I this journey come,
And will he not be seen?
I were as well at home,
Would washing make me clean:
Why must I wash in Jordan's flood?
Damascus' rivers are as good.

3 Thus by his foolish pride
He almost miss'd a cure;
But yet at length he tried,
And found the method sure.
Soon as his pride was brought to yield,
His leprosy was quickly healed.

4 Leprous and proud as he,
To Jesus thus I came,
From sin to set me free.
When first I heard his fame,
Surely thought I, my pompous train
Of vows and tears will notice gain.

5 My heart devised the way
Which I supposed he'd take;
And when I found delay,
Was ready to go back.
Had he some painful task enjoin'd,
I to peformance seem'd inclined.

6 When by his word he spake,
That fountain open'd--see,
'Twas open'd for thy sake;
Go wash, and thou art free:

Oh, how did my proud heart gainsay:
I feared to trust this simple way.

- 7 At length, I trial made,
When I had much endured;
The message I obey'd:
I wash'd, and I was cured:
Sinners, this healing fountain try,
Which cleansed a wretch so vile as I.

172. *Give thyself to Prayer.*

- 1 JESUS, my pattern and my Guide!
O, let me at thy feet abide,
And on thee cast my every care
And daily give myself to Prayer.
- 2 While I'm sojourning here below,
Where, blessed Lord—where can I go,
But to thy throne, and worship there,
And daily give myself to Prayer?
- 3 Yes, at thy footstool, Lord, I'll wait,
And tell thee all my mournful state;
My sins and wants, and fears declare,
And daily give myself to Prayer.
- 4 Though Satan rages at my soul,
And thund'ring tempests o'er me roll,
To seek the Lord I'll not forbear;
But daily give myself to Prayer.
- 5 Still in the strength of sovereign grace,
I'll wait and seek my Savior's face;

And soon a glorious crown I'll wear;
'Till then I'll give myself to Prayer.

173. *Nought like Religion.*

- 1 JESUS to every willing mind,
 Opens a heavenly treasure;
In him the sons of sorrow find
 Sources of real pleasure.
See what employments men pursue,
Then you will own my words are true;
Jesus alone unfolds to view
 Sources of real pleasure.
- 2 Poor are the joys that fools esteem;
 Fading and transitory;
Mirth is as fleeting as a dream,
 Or a delusive story;
Luxury leaves a sting behind,
Wounding the body and the mind:
Only in Jesus can we find
 Pleasure and solid glory.
- 3 Learning, that boasting, glittering thing,
 Scarcely is worth possessing;
Riches, forever on the wing,
 Scarce can be call'd a blessing;
Fame like a shadow flies away;
Titles and dignities decay;
Nought but religion can display
 Joys that are freed from trouble.

4 Beauty, with all its gaudy show,
 Is but a painted bubble:
 Short are the triumphs wit bestows;
 Full of deceit and trouble:
 Sensual pleasures swell desire
 Just as the fuel feeds the fire.
 Religion can real bliss inspire;
 Bliss that is worth possessing.

174. *The Jubilee.*

1 **W**HAT heavenly music do I hear?
 Salvation sounding free!

Ye souls in bondage, lend an ear;
 This is the jubilee!

2 How sweetly doth the tidings roll
 Around from sea to sea;

From land to land; from pole to pole;
 This is the jubilee!

3 Good news, good news to Adam's race!
 Let Christians all agree,

To sing redeeming love and grace;
 This is the jubilee!

4 The gospel sounds a sweet release
 To all in misery,

And bids them welcome home in peace;
 This is the jubilee!

5 Jesus is on the mercy seat;
 Before him bend the knee:

Let heaven and earth his praise repeat,
This is the jubilee!

6. Sinners, be wise, return and come;

Unto the Savior flee;

The spirit bids you welcome home:

This is the jubilee!

7 Come, ye redeem'd! your tribute bring,

With songs of harmony;

While on the road to Canaan sing;

This is the jubilee!

175. *The Christian Soldier.*

1 **A** SOLDIER, Lord, thou hast me made,
Thou art my Captain, King and Head;
And under thee I mean to fight
The fight of faith with all my might.
The Cross, all stain'd with hallow'd blood,
The ensign of our conquering Lord,
The Christian soldier's standard is,
And I will fight for King Jesus.

2 Thou art my Guard; keep me I pray,
That I may walk the narrow way;
Nor from my duty e'er depart,
But live to Christ with all my heart;
Help me to keep my guardian dress
And march to the right in holiness.
O, make me pure and spotless too,
And fit to pass the grand review,

- 3 Grant me the arrows of thy word,
 The Spirit's powerful two-edg'd sword,
 To slay my foes where'er they be,
 And own the victory won by thee;
 That I a dutious child may be,
 To stand and fight the enemy,
 And when the alarm's to call, the Lord
 May pass the word unto the guard.
- 4 And when our General he shall come,
 With sound of trumpet, not with drum,
 And when our well-dress'd ranks shall stand,
 In full review at God's right hand,
 And when the enemy gets the route,
 Are wheel'd by him to the left about,
 There we'll march up the heavenly street,
 And ground our arms at Jesus' feet.
- 5 Then war 'll be o'er, and we'll be free
 To join the blood-wash'd company;
 Our wages shall be crowns of Gold
 And joys of heaven that can't be told.
 Then like our glorious Lord we'll shine,
 In heavenly concert we shall join,
 And praises on the highest key
 Shall be our theme eternally.

176. *The Saints' Sweet Home.*

- 1 **M**ID scenes of confusion, and creature com-
 plaints,
 How sweet to my soul, is communion with
 saints;

To find at the banquet of mercy, there's room,
And feel in the presence of Jesus, at home.

CHORUS.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home;

Prepare me, dear Savior, for heaven, my home;

2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of
peace,

And thrice precious Jesus, whose love cannot
cease:

Tho' oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,
I long to behold thee in glory, at home:

3 Farewell, vain amusements, my follies adieu,
While Jesus and heaven, and glory I view;
I feast on the pleasures that flow from his
throne;

The foretaste of heaven—sweet heaven, my
home.

4 The days of my exile are passing away,
The time is approaching, when Jesus will say
“Well done, faithful servant, sit down on my
throne,

And dwell in my presence forever at home.”

5 Affliction and sorrow and death shall be o'er,
The saints shall unite to be parted no more;
Their loud hallelujahs fill heaven's high dome,
They dwell with the Savior, forever at home.

CHORUS.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home;

Prepare me, dear Savior, for heaven, my home.

177. *Spread of the Gospel.*

- 1 **H**EAR the Gospel trumpet sounding
Louder than the ocean's roar;
Hear it from the hills resounding,
Break in music on the shore:
Hear it, mourner,
Let thy sorrows flow no more.
- 2 **W**here the Gothic altars solemn,
Fed a feeble flickering flame,
Wesley, leaning on a column,
Call'd on God—his Savior's name:
Then from heaven
Fires of living glory came.
- 3 **BEarth grew sweet with Sharon's rose;
Songs like those of Eden flowing,
Broke the rubric's dull repose:
Then in power,
Banner—star, and cross, arose.**
- 4 **S**ee another angel flying
O'er the broad Atlantic wave,
As he lifts his trumpet, crying
Jesus came a world to save.
Happy tidings,
Millions in the fountain lave.
- 5 **O**'er the silver lake Simcoe,
Hear the Indian chorus swell,

Softly blending with night's echo—
 All these strains of Jesus tell:
 Precious music—
 Like the gush of Elim's well.

6 Blessed Jesus, reign forever,
 Seated high on victory's car;
 Bend the nations to thy sceptre,
 Wave thine ensigns from afar:
 Hallelujah,
 Thou art Christ—the Morning Star.

178. *The hour of Prayer.*

BY MRS. HEMANS.

1 CHILD, amidst the flowers at play,
 While the red light fades away—
 Mother, with thine earnest eye
 Ever foll'wing silently—
 Father, by the breeze of eve,
 Call'd thy harvest work to leave—
 Pray, e'er yet the dark hours be,
 Lift the heart and bend the knee.

2 Traveller, in the stranger's land,
 Far from thine own household band—
 Mourner, haunted by the tone
 Of a voice from this world gone—
 Captive, in whose narrow cell
 Sunshine hath not leave to dwell—
 Sailor, on the dark'ning sea,
 Lift the heart, and bend the knee.

3 Warrior, that from battle won,
 Breathest now at set of sun--
 Woman, o'er the lowly slain,
 Weeping on his burial plain--
 Ye that triumph—ye that sigh,
 Kindred by one holy tie--
 Heaven's first Star alike ye see,
 Lift the heart, and bend the knee.

179. *Loving Kindness.*

- 1 **A** WAKE my soul in joyous lays,
 And sing the great Redeemer's praise:
 He justly claims a song from thee,
 His loving kindness, O how free.
- 2 He saw me ruin'd by the fall,
 Yet loved me, notwithstanding all:
 He saved me from my lost estate,
 His loving kindness, O how great.
- 3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
 Though earth and hell my way oppose,
 He safely leads my soul along;
 His loving kindness, O how strong.
- 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
 Has gathered thick, and thunders loud,
 He near my soul has always stood,
 His loving kindness, O how good.
- 5 Often I feel my sinful heart,
 Prone from my Jesus to depart;

But though I have him oft forgot,
His loving kindness changes not.

- 6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers shall fail;
O, may my last expiring breath
His loving kindness sing in death.
- 7 Then let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day,
And sing with rapture and surprise,
His loving kindness, in the skies.

180. *The Worth of Truth.*

- 1 **T**HE worth of truth, no tongue can tell;
'Twill do to buy, but not to sell;
A large estate that soul has got,
Who buys the truth, and sells it not.
- 2 Truth, like a diamond, shines most fair,
More rich than pearls and rubies are;
More worth than gold or silver coin,
O, may it always in us shine.
- 3 'Tis truth that binds, and truth makes free;
It sets the soul at liberty
From sin and Satan's heavy chain,
And then within the heart doth reign.
- 4 They have a freedom then indeed,
That doth all freedom else exceed;
Freedom from guilt, freedom from wo,
And never more need bondage know.

- 5 O, happy they, who in their youth
 Are brought to know and love the truth;
 For none but those whom truth makes free,
 Can e'er enjoy true liberty.
- 6 Truth, like a girdle, let us wear,
 And always keep it clean and fair;
 And never let it once be told,
 That truth by us was ever sold.

181. *In Me ye shall have Peace.*

- 1 YE Saints attend the Savior's voice,
 Spoke in his word of grace:
 He says—and in it, O rejoice,
 “In Me ye shall have peace.”
- 2 Though storms and tempests round you roar,
 And foes and fears increase,
 He says—and what could he say more?
 “In Me, ye shall have peace.”
- 3 What though afflictions still abound,
 And troubles still increase,
 He says—and O, how sweet the sound,
 “In Me, ye shall have peace.”
- 4 What tho' your hearts with sorrow bleed,
 And sighs and tears increase,
 He says—and O, 'tis true indeed,
 “In Me, ye shall have peace.”
- 5 Tho' you shall pass thro' death's cold flood,
 To gain your wished release,

He says--and sure, he'll make it good,
 "In Me, ye shall have peace."

6 When you his face in glory view,
 Where joy can ne'er decrease,
 Eternity shall prove it true,
 "In Me, ye shall have peace."

-182. *A Hope in Heaven.*

WHEN pulse beats low, and cheeks grow pale,
 And storms of life are fiercely driven,
 When fairest prospects quickly fail,
 How sweet to have a hope in Heaven.

2 When friends that seemed most near and dear,
 Are from our bosomis swiftly riven,
 And life's bright joys in gloom appear,
 How sweet to have a hope in Heaven.

3 When lone and wand'ring far from home,
 No kind relief to us given:
 Oh, what would then of us become,
 If we had not a hope in Heaven?

4 And when the end is drawing nigh
 Of life, through which we long have striven,
 And we at last must droop and die,
 How sweet to have a hope in Heaven.

183. *Class Meeting.*

1 COME my brethren dear,
 Since we now have met here
 For to tell what we've met since here last;

'Mongst the rest I do rise,
Being bound for the skies,
For to tell through what conflicts I've pass'd.

2 My friends have tried each scheme,
Once more to make me dream
About happiness here upon earth:
But I've glory in my view,
And my journey I'll pursue;
And by grace travel on until death:

3 Satan has tried his force
For to stop up my course,
And direct me in some other way:
The world hath strove in vain,
My affections to gain,
And once more to lead me astray.

4 Many times I do sigh,
And often weep and cry,
Through troubles of various kinds;
But blessed be the Lord,
I am told in his word
That an end of my conflicts I'll find.

5 O, it will not be long
Till I shall change my song
From sighs and from groans, unto praise:
With the angels I'll meet,
To walk the golden street,
And join with bright saints in their lays

6 My friends, I want to go
 And leave all things below;
 While I view them singing above,
 I want to walk the plains,
 And in more exalted strains,
 To praise the Redeemer I love.

7 Now we'll sing Moses' song,
 While we do march along,
 And the gates of the city pass through;
 Bearing palms in our hands,
 And bright crowns on our heads,
 Wearing white robes of righteousness, too.

184. *A Miracle of Grace.*

1 **H**AIL, my ever blessed Jesus!
 Only thee I wish to sing;
 To my soul thy name is precious;
 Thou my Prophet, Priest and King;
 O, what mercy flows from heaven,
 O, what joy and happiness!
 Love I much? I've much forgiven;
 I'm a miracle of grace.

2 Once with Adam's race in ruin,
 Unconcern'd in sin I lay,
 Swift destruction still pursuing
 Till my Savior pass'd that way.
 Witness, all ye host of heaven,
 My Redeemer's tenderness:
 Love I much? I've much forgiven;
 I'm a miracle of grace.

3 Shout, ye bright angelic choir;
 Praise the Lamb enthron'd above,
 Whilst astonish'd I admire
 God's free grace and boundless love.
 That blest moment I received him,
 Fill'd my soul with joy and peace.
 Love I much? I've much forgiven;
 I'm a miracle of grace.

185. *God is Love.*

- 1 EARTH with her ten thousand flowers,
 Air with its beams and showers,
 Ocean's infinite expanse,
 Heaven's resplendent countenance;
 All around and all above,
 Hath this record—"God is Love."
- 2 Sounds among the vales and hills,
 In the woods and by the rills,
 Of the breeze and of the bird,
 By the gentle murmur stirr'd,
 All these songs, beneath, above,
 Have one burden—"God is Love."
- 3 All the hopes and fears that start
 From the fountain of the heart,
 All the bliss that lies
 In our human sympathies;
 These are voices from above,
 Sweetly whispering—"God is Love."

186. *Great Redeemer.*

- 1 **G**REAT Redeemer, friend of sinners,
Thou hast wondrous power to save;
Grant me grace and still protect me,
Over life's tempestuous wave.
- 2 May my soul, with sacred transport,
View the dawn while yet afar,
And until the Sun arises,
Lead me by the Morning Star.
- 3 Oh, what madness—Oh, what folly,
That my heart should go astray,
After vain and foolish trifles;
Trifles only of a day.
- 4 This vain world with all its pleasures,
Very soon will be no more:
There's no object worth admiring,
But the God whom we adore.
- 5 See the happy spirits waiting,
On the banks beyond the stream;
Sweet responses still repeating,
Jesus, Jesus—is their theme.
- 6 Hark! they whisper—hear! they call me;
“Sister spirit, come away!”
Lo! I come! earth can't contain me:
Hail ye realms of endless day!
- 7 Swiftly roll, ye lingering hours;
Seraphs, lend your glittering wings,

Love absorbs my ransom'd powers,
Heavenly sounds around me ring.

8 Worlds of light and crowns of glory,
Far above yon azure sky,
Though by faith I now behold you,
I'll enjoy you soon on high.

187. *Learning of Christ.*

1 **G**o to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power,
Your Redeemer's conflicts see!
Watch with him one bitter hour,
Turn not from his griefs away;
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

2 Follow to the judgment hall,
View the Lord of life arraigned!
O, the wormwood and the gall;
O, the pains his soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of him to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, adoring at his feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete.
It is finish'd! hear him cry:
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

4 Early hasten to the tomb,
Where they laid his breathless clay;
All is solitude and gloom!

Who hath taken him away?
 Christ is risen! He meets our eyes!
 Savior, teach us so to rise.

188. *Can we Forget?*

1 JESUS, thy love shall we forget,
 And never bring to mind
 The grace that paid our hopeless debt,
 And bade us pardon find?

CHORUS.

*Our sorrows and our sins were laid
 On thee—alone on thee.
 Thy precious blood our ransom paid,
 Thine all the glory be.*

2 Shall we thy life of grief forget—
 Thy fainting, and thy prayer—
 Thy locks with mountain vapors wet,
 To save us from despair?

3 Gethsemane! Can we forget
 Thy struggling agony
 When night lay dark on Olivet
 And none to watch with thee?

4 Can we the platted crown forget—
 The buffeting and shame—
 When hell thy sinking soul beset,
 And earth reviled thy name?

5 The nails—the spear—can we forget
 The agonizing cry—
 “My God! My Father! wilt thou let
 Thy Son forsaken die?”

6 Life's brightest joys we may forget,
 Our kindred cease to love;
 But he who paid our hopeless debt,
 Our constancy shall prove.

CHORUS.

Our sorrows and our sins were laid, &c.

189. *See the Lord of Glory.*

- 1 SEE the Lord of Glory dying!
 See him gasping, hear him crying;
 See his burthen'd bosom heave,
 Look, ye sinners, ye that hung him,
 Look, how deep your sins have stung him!
 Dying sinners, look and live.
- 2 See the rocks and mountain's quaking,
 Earth unto her centre shaking,
 Nature's groans awake the dead:
 Look on Phœbus, struck with wonder,
 While the peals of legal thunder
 Smite the dear Redeemer's head.
- 3 Heaven's bright melodious legions
 Chanting through the tuneful regions,
 Cease to trill the quivering string;
 Songs seraphic all suspended
 Till the mighty war was ended
 By the all victorious King.
- 4 Death, and all the powers infernal,
 Banished by the King Eternal,
 When he poured the vital flood;

By his groans which shook creation;
 Lo! we sound the proclamation;
 Peace and pardon by his blood.

5 Shout, ye saints, with admiration,
 Fill with songs the wide creation,
 Since he's risen from the grave.
 Shout with joyful acclamation
 To the Rock of your salvation,
 Who alone has power to save.

6 Then bear with patience, tribulation,
 Overcoming all temptation,
 Till the glorious jubilee.
 Soon he'll come with bursts of thunder,
 Then shall we adore and wonder,
 Singing on the highest key.

190. *Gethsemane.*

1 JESUS, while he dwelt below,
 As divine historians say,
 To a place would often go;
 Near to Kedron's brook it lay,
 In that place he loved to be,
 And 'twas named Gethsemane.

2 Full of love to man's lost race,
 On the conflict much he thought,
 This he knew the destined place,
 And he loved the sacred spot:
 Therefore 'twas he liked to be
 Often in Gethsemane.

3 Came at length the dreadful night;
 Vengeance with its iron rod,
 Stood, and with collected might,
 Bruis'd the harmless Lamb of God.
 See, my soul, thy Savior see,
 Grov'ling in Gethsemane.

4 There my Savior bore my sins,
 This by faith can be believed;
 But the sorrows which he felt
 Are too vast to be conceived.
 None can penetrate through thee,
 Doleful, dark Gethsemane.

5 Sins against a Holy God,
 Sins against his righteous laws,
 Sins against his love—his blood,
 Sins against his name and cause,
 Sins immense as is the sea,
 Hide me, Oh, Gethsemane!

6 Savior all the stone remove,
 From my flinty, frozen heart:
 Thaw it with the beams of love,
 Pierce it with a blood-dipt dart;
 Wound the heart that wounded thee,
 Melt me in Gethsemane.

191. *He hath done all things Well.*

1 **N**OW, in a song of grateful praise,
 To my dear Lord my voice I'll raise;
 With all the saints, I'll join to tell,
 My Jesus hath done all things well.

2 All works, his glorious power confess,
 His wisdom, all his works express;
 But O, his love, what tongue can tell!
 My Jesus hath done all things well.

3 I spurned his grace, I broke his laws,
 But yet he undertook my cause
 To save me, though I did rebel;
 My Jesus hath done all things well.

4 At last my soul hath known his love,
 What mercy hath he made me prove;
 Mercy, which doth all praise excel—
 My Jesus hath done all things well.

5 Though many a fiery flaming dart
 Be aimed to wound me to the heart,
 With this, I all their rage repel:
 My Jesus hath done all things well.

6 Soon I shall pass the vale of death,
 And in his arms resign my breath;
 Yet then my happy soul shall tell,
 My Jesus hath done all things well.

7 And when to that bright world I rise,
 And join the seraphs in the skies,
 Above the rest this note shall swell,
 My Jesus hath done all things well.

192. *How is it Now?*

O WHERE are the men with virtue endow'd,
 To live, as did then, the servants of God?

The ancient example, who shows us again,
Courageous to trample on pleasure and pain.

- 2 O Jesus, on us the blessing bestow,
Us little ones choose, thy glory to show,
In this generation thy witnesses raise,
The heirs of salvation—the vessels of grace.
- 3 Accept our desire, and give us thy love,
Thy children inspire with faith from above:
Purge out the old leaven, and early convert,
And open a heaven of grace in each heart.
- 4 Begotten again, and principled right,
Good works to maintain, and walk in thy light,
We then shall recover that vigor of grace,
And gladly live over those primitive days.
- 5 Our moments below shall pleasantly glide,
While nothing we know, but Christ crucified;
Our whole conversation in songs shall approve
Thy wonderful passion—thy ransoming love.
- 6 And if we must win the crown like our Lord,
And strive against sin, resisting to blood,
We more than victorious o'er death shall arise,
All happy and glorious, with Christ, in the skies.

193. *Prayer against Pride.*

- 1 LORD, search and try this heart of mine,
Put every sin to death:
I long to see my pride resign
Its pestilential breath.

- 2 I dread its power, I hate its name,
 Its sad effects I fear:
 Extinguish, Lord, this dangerous flame,
 Nor let one spark appear.
- 3 Hide it forever from my eyes,
 Its hellish rage control,
 Lest wrath destructive from the skies,
 Consume my guilty soul.
- 4 In dust and ashes I would lie,
 As less--as worse than nought,
 And mourn that such a wretch as I
 Should have one haughty thought.
- 5 Form, Lord, each motion of my heart,
 Obedient to thy will;
 In thee, the humble soul has part,
 My breast, let meekness fill.

194. *Hyanthus, or a description of a young Minister of the Oneida Conference.*

BY REV. SETH MATTISON.

- 1 LONG since with blest emotion
 I saw Hyanthus rise,
 His look inspir'd devotion,
 And fixed my roving eyes;
 On Zion's flow'ry mountains
 I saw his cohort move,
 And heard them chant the fountain
 Of everlasting love.

- 2 On that exalted station
His banner gravely flowed;
The trumpet of salvation
Aloud the herald blowed;
And thousands there assembled,
Lur'd by the joyful sound,
And hostile banners trembled,
And fell on holy ground.
- 3 The hallow'd notes prevailing,
Compass'd the troubled air;
The sound of truth unfailing,
Revived supine despair;
And souls from deadly slumbers
Were roused to life and light;
And holy, happy numbers
Exulted at the sight.
- 4 Midst songs and shouts of rapture,
Long has Hyanthus shone
To lure, alarm, and capture;
He's still in Zion known,
To quell the rage of madness,
Extract the poison'd dart,
And pour the oil of gladness
Upon the aching heart.
- 5 He glows, a priest anointed—
Is like his Master mild;
He holds his place appointed,
With garments undefiled.
He, trembling, points to Sinai,

And fearful lightnings glare;
 Then opes the scene of Calv'ry,
 And shows us refuge there.

195. *New Year.*

1 COME, let us anew, our journey pursue,
 Roll round with the year,
 And never stand still
 Till the Master appear;
 His adorable will let us gladly fulfil,
 And our talents improve
 By the patience of hope,
 And the labor of love.

2 Our life as a dream, our time, as a stream,
 Glides swiftly away;
 And the fugitive moment
 Refuses to stay.

The arrow is flown, the moment is gone,
 The millenial year
 Rushes on to our view
 And eternity's here.

3 O, that each in the day of his coming may say,
 "I have fought my way through,
 I have finished the work
 Thou didst give me to do!"
 O, that each from his Lord may receive the
 glad word,
 "Well and faithfully done,
 Enter into my joy
 And sit down on my throne!"

196. *Lord, Save, or we Perish.*

- 1 **W**HEN through the torn sail
 'The wild tempest is streaming—
 When o'er the dark wave
 The red lightning is gleaming,
 Nor hope lends a ray,
 The poor seamen to cherish—
 We fly to our Maker;
 Save! Lord, or we perish.
- 2 O Jesus, once tossed
 On the breast of the billow,
 Aroused by the shriek
 Of despair from thy pillow,
 Now seated in glory,
 The mariner cherish
 Who cries in his danger,
 Save! Lord, or we perish.
- 3 And oh! when the whirlwind
 Of passion is raging,
 When hell in our heart
 His wild warfare is waging,
 Arise, in thy strength,
 Thy redeemed to cherish;
 Rebuke the destroyer;
 Save! Lord, or we perish.

197. *To the Help of the Lord.*

- 1 **Y**VE people away,
 Nor talk of delay;
 The time for exertion is come;

The summons is given,
The Lord calls from heaven,
Let no man now tarry at home.

2 The Lord in his might
Has gone to the fight;
And if we should shrink from the toil,
The day will be won,
The work will be done,
And others will gather the spoil.

3 And should we decline
His standard to join,
Our slackness will meet its reward;
And wo they will find,
Who tarry behind,
Nor go to the help of the Lord.

4 Then cast off delay;
To arms! and away;
To arms! 'tis the Lord gives the word
With sword and with shield
Away, to the field!
Away, to the help of the Lord.

198. *The Mercy Seat.*

BY REV. HUGH STOWELL.

1 FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat:
'Tis found beneath the mercy seat.

- 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
 The oil of gladness on our heads,
 A place than all besides more sweet:
 It is the blood-bought mercy seat.
- 3 There is a place where spirits blend,
 Where friend holds fellowship with friend:
 Though sunder'd far, by faith they meet
 Around one common mercy seat.
- 4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
 When tempted, desolate, dismay'd?
 Or how the host of hell defeat,
 Had suff'ring saints no mercy seat?
- 5 There, there on eagle wing we soar,
 And sin and sense seem all no more,
 And heav'n comes down our souls to greet,
 And glory crowns the mercy seat.
- 6 O, let my hand forget her skill,
 My tongue be silent, cold and still,
 This bounding heart forget to beat,
 If I forget the mercy seat.

199. *The Itinerant Preacher's Adieu.*

BY REV. S. MATTISON.

- 1 **A** DIEU! my dear brethren, adieu!
 Reluctant I give you my hand,
 No more to assemble with you
 Till we on Mount Zion shall stand;
 My heart swells with tender regret,
 To leave your embraces so soon,

Though heaven my course must direct,
And others succeed in my room.

2 Your acts of benevolence past,
Your gentle, compassionate love
Henceforth in my mem'ry shall last.
Though far from your sight I remove,
While roving the fields of the west,
When through foreign regions I steer,
Still friendship inspiring my breast,
Shall then drop her own native tear.

3 Our labors will shortly subside,
For vigor and life must decay;
But wisdom and truth shall abide
To pilot our souls on the way:
As time rolls his seasons around,
And truth shall new teachers inspire,
O may we in love still abound,
And after new conquests aspire.

4 Our seasons of converse are o'er
Till mortal commotions are past,
Till nature and time are no more,
Or we are in paradise blest.
Sweet comforting Spirit! draw near,
And shed forth thy luminous rays
My parting reflections to cheer,
And change lamentation to praise.

5 O, may we conform to his will,
Aspiring for glory and peace

Our covenant vows to fulfil,
 Till Jesus shall sign our release;
 Till suddenly wafted above
 Where saints in sweet harmony meet
 To feel all the pleasures of love,
 And each happy conqueror greet.

200. *Camp Meetings, a Blessing.*

1 CAMP meetings with success are crown'd,
 The wilderness and barren ground
 Now blossom as the rose;
 The spices yield a rich perfume,
 The rising lilies kindly bloom,
 And heav'nly wisdom grows.

2 The num'rous preaching, praying host,
 Baptized with the Holy Ghost,
 The heavn'ly standard raise;
 They preach, and pray, and sweetly sing,
 While hills, and fields, and vallies ring,
 With the Creator's praise.

3 Now, sinners turning to the Lord,
 And bowing down beneath his word,
 For mercy loudly cry;
 But when they taste his pard'ning love,
 And feel the witness from above,
 They rise and shout for joy.

4 To Him who does our hearts inspire,
 Baptizes all our souls with fire,
 And makes us meet for heaven,

To Christ the Lord, who reigns on high,
 Who rules the ocean, earth and sky,
 Be endless praises giv'n.

201. *The Dying Christian.*

1 **M**Y soul's full of glory,
 Inspiring my tongue;
 Could I meet with angels,
 I'd sing them a song;
 I'd sing of my Jesus,
 And tell of his charms,
 And beg them to bear me
 To his loving arms.

2 Methinks they're descending
 To hear while I sing,
 Well pleas'd to hear mortals
 A praising their King:
 O angels! O angels!
 My soul's in a flame,
 I faint in sweet raptures
 At Jesus' name.

3 O Jesus! dear Jesus!
 Thou balm of my soul!
 'Twas thou my dear Jesus,
 That made my heart whole:
 Oh, bring me to view thee,
 Thou precious sweet King,
 In oceans of glory
 Thy praises to sing.

4 O heaven, sweet heaven!
I long to be there
With angels my kindred,
And Jesus, my dear:
Come, angels! Come, angels!
I'm ready to go—
This moment for heaven
I'd leave all below.

5 Sweet Spirit! attend me
Till Jesus shall come;
Protect and defend me
Till I am call'd home;
Though worms my poor body
May claim as their prey,
'Twill outshine, when rising,
The sun at noon-day.

6 A glimpse of bright glory
Surprises my soul,
I sink in sweet visions
To view the bright goal,
My soul, while I'm singing,
Is leaping to go;
This moment for heaven
I'd leave all below.

7 Farewell, my dear brethren,
The Lord bids me come;
Farewell, my dear sisters,
I'm now going home,

Bright angels are whisp'ring
 So sweet in my ear,
 Away to my Saviour
 My spirit will bear.

8 I'm going—I'm going—
 But what do I see?
 'Tis Jesus in glory
 Appears unto me;
 I'm going, I'm going,
 I'm going, I'm gone—
 O glory! O glory!
 'Tis done! It is done!

202. *Christian Union.*

1 COME, brethren and sisters,
 Unite in a band
 To praise the dear Savior:
 Let's join heart and hand,
 To tell of his wonders, and feast on his love,
 Till we are safe landed in the mansions above.

2 We will lord it over
 The conscience of none,
 Who cleave to the Savior,
 And wickedness shun;
 Who love the Lord Jesus, and sing of his grace,
 Around the Lord's table, we'll meet them in
 peace.

3 The table of Jesus
 With love doth abound:

Come, Christians, and lay all
Your prejudice down,
And flock to the table, like lambs of one fold,
And feast on that love that can never be told.

4 Divisions and parties—

O, were they all done,
And all the Lord's people
United in one,

You'd see then poor sinners would turn unto God,
And find peace and pardon in Jesus' blood.

5 My heart's all on fire,

I long for the time
When Christians in friendship
And union will join:

Come join me, my brethren, and give me your
hand,

And we'll walk together to Canaan's fair land.

6 We'll join you in singing,

We'll join you in prayer,
We'll join you in spreading
The word far and near:

We all hope to meet you on Canaan's bright
shore,

Where troubles are ended, and parting's no more.

7 In the world of bright glory,

Encircled around,
What heavenly anthems
Forever will sound:

He hath bought us, he's bought us with his precious blood,
From the lowest of beggars, to the children of God.

203. *The Convert.*

1 COME, brethren and sisters,
Who love my dear Lord,
I pray give attention,
And ear, to my word:
What a wonder of mercy, behold, now I see;
What a tender, kind Savior, has done for poor me.

2 I was led by the Devil,
Till lost and distress'd
I thought that in torment
I sure should be cast;
No peace to the wicked, but all misery,
Till by faith I saw Jesus hang bleeding for me.

3 O sinner, said Jesus,
For you I have died:
All glory to Jesus,
My soul then replied:
The guilt was removed—my soul cried, rejoice;
The blood was applied, the witness and voice.

4 On my low bended knees,
Before God, I did fall;
And glory to Jesus,
For he's all in all;

The heart of his rebel was now rent in twain,
To see my dear Jesus, on Calvary slain.

5 There was peace now in heaven, and peace
upon earth,
The angels rejoice at a poor sinner's birth;
Thy sins are forgiven, my Savior did say—
O, witness, kind heaven, on this my birth day.

6 My soul—it was humbled—I fell to the ground;
The time of refreshing, at length I have found:
O Lord, thou hast ravish'd my soul with thy
charms—
Let me die like old Simeon, with Christ in my
arms.

204. *Amazing Grace.*

1 **A**MAZING grace, how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me;
I once was lost, but now I'm found;
Was blind—but now I see.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace, my fears relieved:
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed.

3 Through many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come:
'Twas grace that brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me on.

4 The Lord has promised good to me,
His grace my hope secures,

He will my shield and portion be
As long as life endures.

5 And when this heart and flesh shall fail;
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

6 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow;
The sun forbear to shine—
But God, who called me here below,
Shall be forever mine.

205. *Lovest Thou Me?*

1 HARK! my soul—it is the Lord;
"Tis thy Savior—hear his word:
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee;
Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?

2 'Twas I deliver'd thee when bound,
And when wounded, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,
Turn'd thy darkness into light.

3 Can a mother's tender care
Cease toward the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 For mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath—
Free and faithful, strong as death.

- 5 Thou shalt see my glory soon,
 When the work of faith is done,
 Partners of my throne shall be:
 Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me ?
- 6 My Lord, it is my chief complaint,
 That my love is weak and faint:
 Yet I love thee, and adore--
 O, for grace to love thee more.

206. *Climbing Calvary.*

- 1 O H, come my heart, and let us take
 An evening walk becoming thee:
 O, whither dost thou choose
 We should take our evening muse ?
 To Calvary ? or Gethsemane ?
- 2 O, Calvary is a mountain high;
 The climbing is too hard for me:
 I should choose an evening sleep,
 My natural rest to keep,
 Before Calvary, or Gethsemane.
- 3 O, it would not appear such a mountain high,
 Or difficult a task for thee,
 If thou didst love the Man
 Who first laid the plan
 Of climbing the mountain Calvary.
- 4 I had rather abide in the pleasant plain,
 My gay companions there to see,
 And tarry awhile
 In the joys of the world,
 Than to climb up the mountain Calvary.

- 5 Your gay companions will not long be;
Poor blinded souls, could they but see:
And if ever you would stand
On Canaan's happy land,
You must first climb the mountain Calvary.
- 6 There is no pleasure as I can see;
'Tis a sad and a dreary path to me:
And I have heard them say
There are lions in the way,
And they lurk in the mountain Calvary.
- 7 It is a straight and a narrow way,
And lions are lurking there for thee:
But thou shalt have a guard,
Yea, the angels of God
Shall conduct thee up mount Calvary.
- 8 I had rather have ease, and live as I please,
Than be afflicted thus by thee:
When blooming youth is gone,
And old age comes on,
Then I will climb the mountain Calvary.
- 9 Oh! the choice thou mak'st will not be good,
But will prove a dangerous task for thee:
When old age comes on
With its great load of sin,
Then how can you climb up Calvary?
- 10 Oh, conscience, ever making a noise,
I cannot enjoy any peace, for thee:
There is time enough yet,

And the journey's not so great,
I can soon climb the mountain Calvary.

- 11 But hark! I hear a doleful sound!
You surely should alarmed be!
A blooming youth is gone,
And is laid into the tomb,
Who would not climb the mountain Calvary.
- 12 Alas, I know not what to do!
You greatly have alarmed me!
For in sin I have gone on,
Till I fear I am undone:
Lord, help me to climb up Calvary.
- 13 Well, tarry not in all the plain,
Lest it prove a dangerous snare to thee;
But look up to the Man
Who was slain for your sins,
And he'll help you to climb up Calvary.

207. *Drooping Souls.*

- 1 DROOPING souls, no longer grieve,
Heaven is propitious;
If on Christ you do believe,
You will find him precious.
Jesus now is passing by,
Calling sinners to him;
He was slain for you and I,
Now look up and view him.
- 2 Grace's store is always free,
Drooping souls to gladden;

Jesus calls "come unto me,
Weary—heavy-laden;"
Though your sins like mountains rise—
Rise, and reach to heaven,
Soon as you on him rely,
All will be forgiven.

3 Now methinks I hear one say,
I will go and prove him;
If he take my sins away,
Surely I shall love him.
Now I see the Father smile;
Smiling, moves my burden:
All is grace, for I am vile,
Yet he seals my pardon.

4 Streaming mercy—how it flows!
Now I know I feel it;
Half has never yet been told,
Yet I want to tell it.
Jesus' blood has healed my wounds,
O, the wondrous story!
I was lost, but now I'm found,
Glory, glory, glory.

5 Glory to my Savior's name—
Saints are bound to love him;
Mourners, you may do the same—
Only come and prove him:
Hasten to the Savior's blood,
Feel it, and declare it;
O, that I could sing so loud
That all the world might hear it.

7 If no greater joys are known,
 In the upper regions,
 I will try to travel on
 In this pure religion.
 Heaven's here, and heaven's there,
 Glory's here, and yonder:
 Brightest seraphs shout, ainen;
 While the angels wonder!

208. *How long Halt Ye?*

1 **D**ELAY not—delay not—
 O sinner, draw near;
 The waters of life
 Are now flowing for thee:
 No price is demanded,
 The Savior is here,
 Redemption is purchased—
 Salvation is free.

2 Delay not—delay not—
 O sinner, to come,
 For mercy still lingers,
 And calls thee to-day:
 His voice is not heard
 In the vale of the tomb;
 Her message unheeded,
 Will soon pass away.

3 Delay not—delay not—
 The Spirit of grace
 Long grieved and resisted,

May take its sad flight,
 And leave thee in darkness
 To finish thy race,
 To sink in the vale
 Of eternity's night.

4 Delay not—delay not—
 The hour is at hand,
 The earth shall dissolve,
 And the heavens shall fade;
 The dead—small and great—
 In the judgment shall stand;
 What power, then, Oh sinner,
 Shall lend thee its aid?

209. *Hearts of Stone.*

1 **H**EARTS of stone, relent, relent!
 Break, by Jesus' cross subdued;
 See his body mangled, rent,
 Cover'd with a gore of blood!
 Sinful soul, what hast thou done?
 Murder'd God's eternal Son!

2 Yes, my sins have done the deed,
 Drove the nails that fix'd him there,
 Crown'd with thorns his sacred head,
 Pierced him with a soldier's spear,
 Made his soul a sacrifice;
 For a guilty world he dies!

3 But will you let him die in vain,
 Still to death pursue your God,

Open tear his wounds again,
 Trample on his precious blood!
 No! with all my sins I'll part;
 Savior, take my broken heart.

211. *The Glory of the Cross.*

- 1 **W**HEN I survey the wondrous cross;
 On which the Prince of glory died;
 My richest gain I count but loss,
 And pour contempt on all my pride:
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
 Save in the death of Christ, my God;
 All the vain things that charm me most,
 I sacrifice them to thy blood.
- 3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet;
 Sorrow and love flow mingling down!
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet;
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
 That were a present far too small;
 Love, so amazing, so divine,
 Demands my soul, my life, my all.

192. *A Prayer for Success on Camp-Meetings.*

- 1 **C**AMP-meetings, with thy presence crown,
 And shower, O Lord, thy blessings down,
 Fill every heart with holy zeal,
 And all thy righteousness reveal.

2 O'er all our hosts do thou preside,
 And all our various movements guide:
 The praying companies attend,
 And show thyself the sinner's friend.

3 Pour out thy spirit on thy sons,
 And visit thy anointed ones:
 May every Virgin trim her lamp,
 And glory rest upon the camp.

4 May prayer and praise united rise,
 Like holy incense to the skies:
 In all our hosts display thy power,
 May souls be born again this hour.

212. *The Wheat and the Tares.*

1 **T**HOUGH in the outward church below,
 The wheat and tares together grow,
 Jesus ere long will weed the crop,
 And pluck the tares in anger up.

CHORUS.

*For soon the reaping time will come,
 And angels shout the harvest home.*

2 Will it relieve their horrors then,
 To recollect their stations here?
 How much they heard, how much they knew,
 How much among the wheat they grew?

3 No, this will aggravate their case;
 They perished under means of grace:
 To them the word of life and faith
 Became an instrument of death. **H**

- 4 We seem alike, when thus we meet;
 Strangers might think we all were wheat:
 But to the Lord's all-searching eyes
 Each heart appears without disguise.
- 5 The tares are spared for various ends—
 Some, for the sake of praying friends;
 Others, the Lord, against their will,
 Employs, his counsels to fulfil:
- 6 But though they grow so tall and strong,
 His plan will not require them long;
 In harvest, when he saves his own,
 The tares shall into hell be thrown.
- 7 Oh, awful thought! and is it so?
 Must all mankind the harvest know?
 Is every man a wheat or tare?
 We, for that harvest, Lord, prepare.

213. *The Proclamation.*

- 1 **H**EAR the joyful proclamation,
 The glad tidings of salvation,
 Published to every creature
 Of the ruined sons of nature.

CHORUS.

*Jesus reigns—He reigns victorious
 Over heaven and earth, most glorious.
 Jesus reigns.*

- 2 See the royal banner flying,
 Hear the standard bearers crying

"Rebel sinners, royal favor
Now is offered by the Savior.

CHORUS.

3 Hear, ye sons of wrath and ruin,
Who have wrought your own undoing,
Here is life and free salvation,
Offered to the whole creation.

CHORUS.

4 Then unto the Lord most holy
(Shun the path of vice and folly,)
Turn, or you are lost forever—
Oh, now fly unto the Savior.

CHORUS.

5 'Twas for you that Jesus died,
And for you was crucified:
Conquered death, and rose to heaven—
Life eternal's through him given.

CHORUS.

6 Here is wine, and milk and honey,
Come and purchase without money;
Mercy flowing like a fountain,
Streaming from the holy mountain.

CHORUS.

7 For this love, let rocks and mountains,
Purling streams, and chrystal fountains,
Roaring thunders, lightnings, blazes,
Shout the great Messiah's praises.

CHORUS.

8 Now our souls have caught new fire,
 Brethren, raise your voices higher:
 Angels shout the joyful story,
 Through all the bright world of glory.

CHORUS.

*Jesus reigns—He reigns victorious
 Over heaven and earth, most glorious.
 Jesus reigns.*

214. *The Love of Christ.*

BY A. ABELL.

- 1 **I** LOVE the holy Son of God,
 Who once this vale of sorrow trod,
 And bore our sins, a dreadful load—
 On Calvary's gloomy mountain.
 There on the cross, he mournful hung,
 The sport of many an impious tongue,
 While pains extreme his nature wrung,
 And flowed life's crimson fountain.
- 2 The sun would not behold the scene—
 Around was thrown night's sable screen:
 Nature was dress'd in mourning mien,
 And sighed, when Jesus suffered.
 But ah! his persecutors stood,
 That cruel, viperous, hellish brood,
 Unmoved, to see his gushing blood,
 And shocking insults offer'd.
- 3 O, why did not his anger burn,
 And floods of vengeance on them turn?
 Amazing! see his bowels yearn
 In soft compassion, o'er them:

No fury kindled in his eyes—
They beam with love; and when he dies,
“Father, forgive,” the sufferer cries,
And makes excuses for them.

4 O ! was there ever such distress,
Or such amazing proof as this
Of mercy, love, and tenderness,
As our Redeemer’s given?

Not one among the host above,
Could comprehend this matchless love
That did within his bosom move,
And brought him down from heaven.

5 How ardent ought my love to be
To him that’s done so much for me:
My service constant, faithful, free,
And all my powers employing.

I ought his cross with pleasure bear,
And place my all of glorying there,
In his reproach most gladly share,
In tribulation joying.

6 And never shall it be concealed,
He hath his love in me revealed;
Of all my sins, a pardon sealed--
I feel his blessed favor:

In him I do and will rejoice,
I’ll praise him with a cheerful voice
Until the theme my tongue employs,
In heaven above, forever.

215. *Vain World, Adieu.*

- 1 **W**HEN for eternal worlds we steer,
 And seas are calm, and skies are clear,
 And faith in lively exercise,
 And distant hills of Canaan rise,
 The soul for joy then claps her wings,
 And loud her lovely sonnet sings--
 "Vain world, adieu."
- 2 With cheerful hope her eyes explore
 Each landmark on the distant shore,
 The trees of life, the pastures green,
 The golden streets, the chrystral stream;
 Again for joy she claps her wings,
 And loud her lovely sonnet sings--
 "Vain world, adieu."
- 3 The nearer still she draws to land,
 More eager all her powers expand;
 With steady helm, and free-bent sail,
 Her anchor drops within the vale:
 Again for joy she claps her wings,
 And her celestial sonnet sings--
 "Vain world, adieu."

216. *Valley of Humility.*

- T**IS low down in the beautiful valley,
 Where love crowns the meek and the lowly,
 The rude storms of envy and folly,
 May roll on their billows in vain.

- 2 This low vale is far from contention,
 Where no soul can dream of dissension,
 No dark wiles of evil invention,
 Can find out this region of peace.
- 3 The low soul in humble subjection,
 May here find unshaken protection,
 The soft gales of cheering reflection,
 Their minds free from sorrow and pain.
- 4 And there, there the Lord will deliver,
 And souls drink of that beautiful river
 That flows peace forever and ever;
 There love and joy forever increase.
- 5 And there, there in yonder bright glory,
 We'll sing, and shout, and give God the glory,
 And when we've passed old Jordan quite o'er
 We'll sing hallelujah to God and the Lamb.

217. *The Meeting of the three Friends.*

- 1 ONCE more, welcome dearest friends,
 Now at last our wanderings end;
 And, though hope did oft depart,
 Oft though sorrow sped its dart,
 Let our griefs no more remain,
 Since we three now meet again.
- 2 Though remote we long have been,
 Many a tiresome day have seen,
 Though the burning zone we've traced,
 Or the polar earth embrac'd,

We have sweets from friendship caught,
Often of each other thought.

3 Let us seek that cool retreat
Where we three oft used to meet,
When beneath that spreading shade
We have oft together strayed,
And where last, with aching hearts,
We did tear ourselves apart.

4 Ah! how altered is the bower
Where we first felt friendship's power:
How has time with ruthless blow
Laid its vig'rous beauties low:
Nought but this loved pine remains,
And its naked arms sustains.

5 Are we then that youthful three,
Who reclined beneath that tree,
Then with verdant foliage crown'd--
Now with moss and ivy bound?
Not more altered is this pine,
Than our looks, by wasting time.

6 Every feature then was fair,
Nor was grief depicted there:
Then our sparkling eyes did glow,
Then our cheeks with health did blow,
Then the lamp of life was bright,
Now it sheds a glimmering light.

7 But, though mortal strength decay,
Though our beauties waste away,

Though our languid eyes are blear,
 And the frosts of age appear,
 Yet our friendship bright shall bloom
 Far beyond the closing tomb.

218. *The Stranger.*

- 1 **B**EHOLD a stranger at the door,
 He gently knocks, has knock'd before:
 Has waited long, is waiting still,
 You treat no other friend so ill.
- 2 Ah! lovely attitude, he stands
 With melting heart and loaded hands!
 Oh, matchless kindness! and he shows
 This matchless kindness to his foes!
- 3 But will he prove a friend indeed?
 He will, the very friend you need;
 The friend of sinners; yes, 'tis He
 With garments dy'd on Calvary.
- 4 Rise, touch'd with gratitude divine;
 Turn out his enemy and thine,
 That soul destroying monster sin,
 And let the heavenly stranger in.
- 5 Admit him, ere his anger burn,
 His feet departed ne'er return;
 Admit him, or the hour's at hand,
 You'll at his door rejected stand,

219. *Gospel Perseverance.*

- 1 **S**OME cast their every care
 On fortune, and on fate;
 And hence they persevere
 Through every changing state:
 No odds to them which way they steer,
 They always hope to persevere.
- 2 While turning round and round,
 They strangely move along,
 Yea, tossing up and down,
 They sing their syren song--
 " Our state is fix'd, we need not fear,
 We cannot fail to persevere."
- 3 Now if you'll lend an ear,
 A different path I'll show;
 And as I persevere,
 I'll tell you how I go--
 While in the Lord I still abide,
 I have the Spirit for my guide.
- 4 I do not vainly boast,
 The truth I humbly tell;
 I know the Holy Ghost
 Doth in my body dwell:
 To me, a vile, polluted worm,
 The blessed Comforter is come.
- 5 When first this sacred Guest
 Descended from above,

He kindled in my breast
 A pure seraphic love:
 He clothed me in the robes of light,
 And now I walk with him in white.

6 To every child of grace
 My warm affections move;
 Yea, all the fallen race
 Are sharers of my love:
 I sink into the Gospel plan,
 That grace is free for every man.

7 O'er sinners hard as steel,
 With inward grief I burn;
 But O, the joy I feel,
 When prodigals return:
 And oft when Christians sing and pray,
 My soul is fit to fly away.

8 All ye that hear my case,
 Your sentiments declare,
 And say if this is grace;
 And shall I persevere?
 If what I say is really true,
 Then answer, is it so with you?

220. *The Closet.*

BY RODOLPHUS.

1 INSPIRER of secret devotion,
 Illumine my mind, that the lay,
 Enkindled from heartfelt emotion,
 May urge to the closet, to pray.

2 Would sinner escape from destruction,
Renounce his hard master and way,
Be freed from his wiles and seduction?
O, fly to a closet and pray.

3 Do darkness and clouds hover over,
Temptations arise in the way?
Seems faithless the heavenly lover?
Go, fervently, zealously pray.

4 Does penury drive thee to madness,
Thy little ones piteous say
They want?—O cheer! sure thy sadness
Will vanish, if careful to pray.

5 Should heaven be lavish in blessing,
A fortune thy labors repay,
Repose not in earthly possessing;
Be humble, and frequently pray.

6 Art young in the pathway to glory?
Is filled thy poor heart with dismay?
Seems fearful the veteran's story?
Away to the closet and pray.

7 Does grief wring thy heart to distraction?
Has death taken best loved away?
Has suffer'd thy peace an infraction?
Retire to thy closet and pray.

8 Would he who was once a believer,
But now from the fold far astray,

Return and deceive the deceiver?

Then haste to the closet and pray.

9 Has the hand of thy Maker come near thee?

Would spirit depart from the clay?

O, cry to thy God! He will hear thee:

From sick bed pray! ardently pray.

10 Lord, bless with a smile the endeavor,

Emi^t from thy presence a ray,

Command that I never, O never

Forget my retirement to pray.

221. *To the Disconsolate.*

1 COME ye disconsolate,

Where'er you languish,

Come at the mercy seat,

Fervently kneel:

Here bring your wounded hearts,

Here tell your anguish,

Earth has no sorrows

That heaven cannot heal.

2 Joy of the desolate,

Light of the straying,

Hope, when all others die,

Fadeless and pure:

Here speaks the Comforter,

In mercy, saying,

“Earth has no sorrows

That heaven cannot cure.”

222. *The Father's lamentation for his child.*

BY REV. C. GILES, MINISTER OF M. E. CHURCH.

Poem on the death of Miss Esther Frink, member of the Methodist E. Church, who was killed by a fall from a horse, her foot hanging in the stirrup while the horse ran through a piece of wilderness ground, returned to the road, descended a hill, turned and stopped in a stream of water, the unfortunate girl still fast to the saddle.

The Poem commences with the Father's lamentation over his child; turns to an address to the mourning relatives, then turns and addresses the departed spirit, and closes with some remarks to the youth.

PART I.

1 **Y**E angelic messengers bright,
 Ye guardians of mortals attend,
 Inspire me with wisdom and light,
 And aid from eternity send.
 My strain in deep mourning is clad,
 My harp is strung pensive and low,
 My heart with keen anguish is sad,
 My eyes with full fountains o'erflow.

2 Ye friends of humanity weep,
 Your tenderest sympathies join;
 Were ever there sorrows as deep,
 Were ever afflictions like mine?
 As lillies cut down in the vale,
 As roses that wither by frost,
 So life is as transient and frail,
 So soon our enjoyments are lost.

3 Oh, hear it my neighbors! ah, hear!
 My Esther, dear Esther is gone!

That gem of bright excellence dear,
Lies mould'ring in yonder green lawn.
Say, why did the angel of death
Appear in so dreadful a form?
Or, why must she yield up her breath
With such a tremendous alarm?

4 No mortal on earth can disclose,
The secret in Providence lies;
Hence, I'll in submission repose,
Nor suffer a murmur to rise.
Some good was here, doubtless, design'd,
That good we shall hereafter see;
It may have its use to mankind,
It may have its use unto me.

5 Reflection still paints the whole scene,
While pensive I travel that way;
How keen the remembrance—how keen!
Her memory will never decay.
Have pity, have pity, my friends,
My heart is expanded with pain;
Your prayers with your sympathies blend,
Oh, help me my loss to sustain!

PART II.

1 DEAR mourners your sorrows are great,
Your offspring and friend is no more;
Alarming indeed was her fate,
Her exit you can but deplore.
What power can reverse the dire scene
That shock'd you with awful surprise,

And ruffled your prospects serene,
And caus'd you to languish in sighs.

2 How deep the whole mystery lies;
Our knowledge is partial indeed,
But Esther, immortal and wise,
To her the whole plan is reveal'd.
How happy, how wise, and how good,
No longer encumber'd with clay,
The veil is forever removed,
And darkness is vanished away.

3 She timely submitted to God;
I witness'd her penitent sighs;
She lean'd on the promises broad,
And mercy succeeded her cries.
Salvation from Jesus then came,
The darkness was turn'd into light,
Which wrapp'd her whole soul in a flame,
And Jesus was all her delight.

4 Remember how sweetly she sung,
In numbers of wisdom and grace,
While glory inspired her tongue,
And seem'd to embellish her face.
She seem'd like an angel of love,
Her conscience so tender and clear;
The fullness of grace she did prove,
Which triumph'd o'er sorrow and fear.

5 But Esther is gone, she is gone!
She has taken her flight to the skies;

She worships around the bright throne,
 The tears are all wiped from her eyes.
 She's gone to her Saviour above,
 With angels her spirit has join'd;
 She drinks of the ocean of love,
 A mansion for her was design'd.

6 The Almighty call'd her away,
 To save her from evil to come;
 Her spirit no longer would stay,
 Resign'd its frail house to the tomb.
 There, there, in the dust it must lie,
 Till Gabriel's last trumpet shall roar,
 Then radiant as Venus shall rise,
 Nor suffer, nor die any more.

PART III.

- 1 O, ESTHER, what was that sweet voice,*
 That call'd you so friendly by name?
 O, did your blest spirit rejoice,
 When kindly this messenger came?
 What mournful deep groans were then
 heard,†
 That haunted the gloom of the night?
 A warning they truly appear'd,
 Foreboding some awful affright.
- 2 O, Esther! the glory you sought,
 In fullest fruition you prove,
 Your spirit as quick as a thought,
 That ranges the regions above.

Yea, now you can visit the sun,
And all the bright planets that glow,
Explore the vast orbits they run,
And all their inhabitants know.

3 O, how does eternity seem?
What wonders in heaven appear?
How new and how glorious the scene!
What symphonies ravish your ears?
What laws are you govern'd by there?
What beauty and order there reign!
The angels, how glorious and fair!
O, can you these secrets explain?

4 O, can you look down from that height
And see this dark region of pain?
Or do you bend downward your flight
To meet with your brethren again?
Perhaps your kind spirit has been
Commission'd on errands divine,
And hover'd around us unseen,
And whisper'd instruction sublime.

PART IV.

1 NOW, hear this instruction, dear youth,
Alarming, alarming we cry!
Behold this example of truth,
Be ready, be ready to die!
Go, visit mortality's field,
Where pious young Esther doth sleep;

Submit to reflection and yield,
Go, look on her grave and there weep.

2 Remember her tears and sighs,
Remember she fell in her bloom;
Attend to the call and be wise,
For lo! you are bound to the tomb.
Which way we shall go is unknown;
That all must die quickly is true;
Be ready then, every one,
So, ending; I bid you adieu.

*She told previous to her death of having heard a sweet voice that called her by name.

†Some one of their neighbors told of hearing deep and awful groanings a few nights preceding her death.

222 *The Penitent.*

1 IN evil long I took delight,
Unaw'd by shame or fear,
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopp'd my wild career.

2 I saw one hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood;
He fix'd his languid eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.

3 Sure, never till my latest breath,
Shall I forget that look;
It seem'd to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.

- 4 My conscience felt and own'd the guilt,
 And plunged me in despair:
 I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
 And help'd to nail him there.
- 5 Alas ! I knew not what I did,
 But now my tears are vain;
 Where shall my trembling soul be hid?
 For I the Lord have slain.
- 6 A second look he gave, which said,
 I freely all forgive,
 'This blood is for thy ransom paid,
 I died that you may live.
- 7 With pleasing grief and mournful joy
 My spirit now was fill'd,
 That I should such a life destroy,
 Yet live by him I kill'd.
-
223. *The Crucifixion.*
- 1 SAW ye my Saviour,
 Saw ye my Saviour,
 Saw ye my Saviour and God?
 O, he died on Calvary,
 To atone for you and me,
 And to purchase our pardon with blood.
- 2 He was extended,
 He was extended,
 Shamefully nail'd to the cross—
 O, he bowed his head and died:
 Thus my Lord was crucified,
 To atone for a world that was lost.

3 Jesus hung bleeding,
Jesus hung bleeding
Three dreadful hours in pain;
And the sun refused to shine,
When his Majesty divine
Was derided, insulted and slain.

4 Darkness prevailed,
Darkness prevailed,
Darkness prevailed o'er the land,
And the solid rocks were rent
Through creation's vast extent,
When the Jews crucified the God-Man.

5 When it was finished,
When it was finished,
And the atonement was made,
He was taken by the great
And embalm'd in spices sweet,
And was in a new sepulchre laid.

6 Hail, mighty Saviour!
Hail, mighty Saviour!
Prince and the Author of peace!
O, he burst the bands of death,
And triumphant from the earth
He ascended to mansions of bliss.

7 There interceding,
There interceding,
Pleading that sinners might live—

Crying, Father, I have died
 (Now behold my hands and side)
 To redeem them; I pray thee forgive.

8 I will forgive them,
 I will forgive them
 When they repent and believe;
 Let them now return to thee,
 And be reconciled to me,
 And salvation they all shall receive.

224. *The Crucifixion.*

BY OCCUM.

- 1 THE Son of man they did betray,
 He was condemned and led away:
 Think, O my soul, on that dread day,
 Look on Mount Calvary;
 Behold him lamb-like led along,
 Surrounded by a wicked throng,
 Accused by each lying tongue—
 And there the Lamb of God they hung
 Upon the shaineful tree.
- 2 'Twas thus the glorious sufferer stood,
 With hands and feet nailed to the wood;
 From every wound a stream of blood
 Came flowing down amain.
 His bitter groans all nature shook,
 And at his voice the rocks were broke,
 While sleeping saints their graves forsook,
 And spiteful Jews around him inocked,
 And laughed at his pain.

3 Now hung between the earth and skies,

Behold, in agonies he dies!

O sinners, hear his mournful cries;

Come, see his tort'ring pain.

The morning sun withdrew his light,

Blushed, and refused to view the sight;

The azure clothed in robes of night;

All nature mourned and stood affright,

When Christ the Lord was slain.

4 Hark! men and angels, hear the Son:

He cries for help! but O, there's none;

He treads the wine-press all alone,

His garments stained with blood:

In lamentation hear him cry,

“Eloi, lama sabacthani?”

Though death may close his languid eyes,

He soon will mount the upper skies—

The conq'ring Son of God.

5 The Jews and Romans in a band,

With hearts like steel around him stand,

And mocking say,—“Come save the Lamb,

Come, try yourself to free.”

A soldier pierced him when he died,

And healing streams came from his side;

And thus my Lord was crucified;

Stern Justice now is satisfied,

Sinners, for you and me.

6 Behold! He mounts the throne of state,

He fills the mediatorial seat,

While millions bowing at his feet
 With loud hosannahs tell.
 Though he endured exquisite pains,
 He led the monster, death, in chains:
 Ye seraphs, raise your highest strains,
 With music fill bright Eden's plains—
 He's conquered death and hell:

7 'Tis done! The dreadful debt is paid,
 The great atonement now is made:
 Sinners, on him your guilt was laid,
 For you he spilt his blood,
 For you his tender soul did move,
 For you he left his courts above
 That you the length and breadth might prove,
 And height and depth of perfect love
 In Christ, your smiling God.

8 All glory be to God, on high,
 Who reigns enthroned above the sky,
 Who sent his Son to bleed and die;
 Glory to him be given.
 While heaven above his praise resounds,
 O Zion, sing; his grace abounds;
 I hope to shout eternal rounds
 In flaming love that knows no bounds,
 When swallowed up in heaven.

225. *The Lord was not There.*

1 THE whirlwind pass'd by
 In the pride of its might,
 And the steep rocks of Horeb

Were shook with affright,
It seem'd, as Omnipotence
Rode in the air;
But the Prophet moved not,
For the Lord was not there.

2 Then hard on the wind came
The earthquake's far shock,
Which reeled every mountain
And shook every rock.
The sons of the mountain
Sunk down in despair,
But the Prophet was silent;
The Lord was not there.

3 Then the forest was wrapp'd
In a column of fire,
And the beasts at the glare
Of destruction, retire;
But the wrath of the flames,
As they curl'd in the air,
Were unseen by the Prophet;
The Lord was not there.

4 Then a still, a small voice
Through the deep cavern stole,
It breath'd inspiration,
It thrill'd through the soul,
It was heard in no thunder,
It was seen in no glare;
But it spoke to the heart,
For Jehovah was there.

226. *The Family Bible.*

HOW painfully pleasing the fond recollection
 Of youthful connections and innocent joys,
 While blest with parental advice and affection,
 Surrounded with mercies; with peace from on high
 I still view the chains of my sire and my mother,
 The seats of the offspring as ranged on each hand
 And that richest of books, that excell'd every
 other;
 The Family Bible that lay on the stand.

CHORUS.

*The old fashioned Bible, the dear blessed Bible,
 The Family Bible that lay on the stand.*

2 The Bible, the volume of God's inspiration,
 At morn and at evening could yield us delight,
 And the prayer of our sire was a sweet invoca-
 tion

For mercy by day and for safety through night.
 Our hymns of thanksgiving with harmony swelling
 All warm from the heart of a family band,
 Half raised us from earth to that rapturous
 dwelling

Described in the Bible that lay on the stand.

3 But, scenes of tranquillity! long have we parted;
 My hope almost gone—my parents no more—
 In sorrow and sadness I live broken-hearted,
 And wander unknown on a far distant shore.
 Yet how can I doubt a dear Savior's protection,

Forgetful of gifts from his bountiful hand?
 O, let me with patience receive his correction,
 And think of the Bible that lay on the stand.

4 When age and misfortune press hard on my feelings,

I'll look to the Bible and trust in the Lord,
 Though darkness should cover his merciful dealings,

My soul shall rejoice and trust in his word;
 And now from things earthly my soul is arising,
 I soon shall shout glory, with heaven's bright band,

In rapture triumphant, forever adoring
 The God of the Bible that lay on the stand.

227. *The Consecration of the Soul.*

BY WESLEY.

1 FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 One in three, and three in one,
 As by the celestial host,
 Let thy will on earth be done;
 Praise by all to thee be given,
 Glorious Lord of earth and heaven.

2 If so poor a worm as I,
 May to thy great glory live;
 All my actions sanctify,
 All my words and thoughts receive;
 Claim me for thy service—claim
 All I have, and all I am.

3 Take my soul and body's powers;
 Take my memory, mind and will;
 All my goods and all my hours,
 All I know and all I feel,
 All I think, or speak, or do;
 Take my heart, but make it new.

4 Now my God, thine own I am,
 Now I give thee back thine own;
 Freedom, friends, and wealth and fame,
 Consecrate to thee alone.
 Thine I live—thrice happy I;
 Happier still, if thine I die.

5 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 One in three, and three in one,
 As by the celestial host,
 Let thy will on earth be done,
 Praise by all to thee be given,
 Glorious Lord of earth and heaven.

228. *I would not Live Alway.*

JOB 7: 16.

1 **I** WOULD not live alway: I ask not to stay
 Where storm after storm rises dark o'er
 the way:
 The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here,
 Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its
 cheer.

2 I would not live alway thus fetter'd by sin;
 Temptation without, and corruption within:

E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with
fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent
tears.

- 3 I would not live alway; no—welcome the tomb,
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its
gloom,
There, sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.
- 4 Who, who would live alway, away from his
God;
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the
bright plains,
And the noon tide of glory eternally reigns:
- 5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren, transported to
greet;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the
soul?

229. *Where are our Missionaries?*

- 1 **T**HEY have gone to the land
Where the Patriarchs rest,
Where the bones of the Prophets are laid,
Where the chosen of Israel,
The promise possessed,
And Jehovah his wonders displayed.

2 To the land where the Saviour

Of sinners once trod,

Where he labored and languished and bled;

Where he triumphed o'er death,

And ascended to God,

As he captive captivity led.

3 They have gone to the land

Where the Indians now dwell,

Impell'd by the love of their Lord,

His love to proclaim

And his mercy to tell,

As reveal'd in his excellent word.

4 Thy blessing go with them—

O Lord, be their shield

From the shafts of the fowler that fly;

O, Savior of sinners,

Thine arm be reveal'd

In mercy, and might, from on high.

230. *Hail the Blest Morn.*

HAIL the blest morn when the great Mediator
Down from the regions of glory descends;
Shepherds, go worship the babe in the manger,
Lo! for his guard the bright angels attend.

CHORUS.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us your aid;
Star of the east the horizon adorning,
Guide where the infant Redeemer was laid.

2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops were shining,
 Low lies his bed with the beasts of the stall;
 Angels adore him in slumber reclining,
 Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.

CHORUS.

3 Say, shall we yield him in costly devotion,
 Odors of Edom in offerings divine?
 Gems from the mountains and pearls from the
 ocean,
 Myrrh from the forest or gold from the mine?

CHORUS.

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
 - Vainly with gold would his favor secure;
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

CHORUS.

231. *Faith in God.*

1 **A** WAY, my unbelieving fear,
 Fear shall in me no more have place;
 My Savior doth not yet appear,
 He hides the brightness of his face:
 But shall I therefore let him go,
 And basely to the tempter yield?
 No—in the strength of Jesus—no,
 I never will give up my shield.

2 Although the vine its fruits deny,
 Although the olive yield no oil,
 The withering fig tree droop and die,

The fields elude the tiller's toil,
 The empty stall no herd afford,
 And perish, all the bleating race—
 Yet, will I triumph in the Lord,
 The God of my salvation praise.

- 3** Barren, although my soul remain,
 And no one bud of grace appear,
 No fruit of all my toil and pain,
 But sin, and only sin is here.
 Although my gifts and comforts lost,
 My blooming hopes cut off, I see,
 Yet will I in my Savior trust,
 And glory that he died for me.
- 4** In hope, believing against hope,
 Jesus, my Lord, my God, I claim,
 Jesus my strength, shall lift me up—
 Salvation is in Jesus' name,
 To me, he soon shall bring it nigh;
 My soul shall then outstrip the wind,
 On wings of love, mount up on high,
 And leave the world and sin behind.

232. *Not Ashamed.*

- 1** I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
 Nor to defend his glorious cause:
 The way he's gone is lined with blood—
 O may I tread the steps he trod.
- 2** I'm not ashamed his name to bear,
 With those who his disciples are:
 Christian--sweet name--its worth I view,
 O, may I wear its nature too.

- 3 The world's vain honors will I shun,
 The narrow way to life I'll run,
 That this at last my boast may be;
 The Savior's not ashamed of me.
- 4 Give me thy might, O God of power,
 Then let winds blow, or thunders roar,
 Thy faithful witness will I be,
 'Tis fixed—I can do all through thee.

233. *The Preacher's Farewell.*

- 1 FAREWELL, my dear brethren;
 The time is at hand
 When we must be parted
 From this social band:
 Our several engagements
 Now call us away,
 Our parting is needful,
 And we must obey.
- 2 Farewell, Christian brethren;
 Farewell, for a while;
 We'll soon meet again
 If kind Providence smile;
 But when we are parted
 And scattered abroad,
 We'll pray for each other,
 And wrestle with God.
- 3 Farewell, ye old soldiers,
 You'll soon be discharged;
 The war will be ended—

Your treasure enlarged:
With shouting and singing,
(Though Jordan may roar,)
We'll enter fair Canaan,
And rest on the shore.

4 Farewell, ye young converts,
You've enlisted for war;
Sore trials await you,
But Jesus is near.
Although you must travel
The dark wilderness,
Your Captain's before you,
He'll lead you to bliss.

5 Farewell, seeking mourners,
With sad, broken hearts,
O, hasten to Jesus,
And choose the good part:
He's full of compassion,
And mighty to save,
His arms are extended
Your souls to receive.

6 Farewell, careless sinners,
For you I do mourn
To think of your danger,
While quite unconcerned.
I've read of a Judgment
Where all must appear;
There you will stand trembling,
With tormenting fear.

7 Your frolics and pastime
 In which you delight,
 Will serve to torment you
 With dreadful affright:
 You'll think of the sermons
 That you've heard in vain,
 All hope gone forever
 Of hearing again.

8 Farewell, faithful Christians--
 Farewell, all around;
 Perhaps we'll not meet
 Till the last trump shall sound.
 To meet you in glory,
 I'll give you my hand,
 Our Savior to praise, in
 A pure, social band.

234. *Stop, and Think.*

1 **S**TOP, poor sinner! stop and think,
 Before you farther go:
 Can you sport upon the brink
 Of everlasting wo?
 Hell beneath is gaping wide,
 Vengeance waits the dread command,
 Soon to stop your sport and pride,
 And sink you with the damned.

CHORUS.

*Then be entreated now to stop,
 For, unless you warning take,*

*Ere you are aware, you'll drop
Into the burning lake.*

- 2 Say, have you an arm like God,
That you his will oppose?
Fear you not that iron rod
With which he breaks his foes?
Can you stand in that great day,
When He, judgment shall proclaim?
When the earth shall melt away
Like wax before the flame?
- 3 Ghastly death shall quickly come,
And drag you to the bar;
Then to hear your awfal doom,
Will fill you with despair.
All your sins will round you crowd--
Sins of bloody, crimson dye;
Each for vengeance crying loud,
And what can you reply?
- 4 Though your hearts are hard as steel,
Your foreheads lined with brass,
God at length will make you feel,
He will not let you pass.
Sinners then in vain may call,
(Though they now despise his grace,)
"Rocks and mountains, on us fall,
And hide us from his face."
- 5 But as yet there is a hope
That you may mercy know;

Though his arm is lifted up,
 He still forbears the blow.
 'Twas for sinners, Jesus died,
 Sinners he invites to come;
 None who come will be denied,
 He says there yet is room.

235. *A People.*

- 1 **A** PEOPLE, called Christians,
 Though many a thing they tell
 About the land of Canaan,
 Where saints and angels dwell;
 Yet sin, that dismal ocean,
 Encloses them around,
 And the tide still divides them
 From Canaan's happy ground.
- 2 Many have been impatient
 To find their passage through,
 And with united wisdom,
 Have tried what they could do:
 But vessels built by human skill,
 Have never sailed far
 Till we have found them aground,
 On some dreadful sandy bar.
- 3 The everlasting Gospel
 Has launched the deep, at last;
 Behold her sails expanded
 Around the towering mast.
 Along the deck, in order,
 The joyful sailors stand,

Crying, "O! here we go
To Imanuel's happy land.

4 To all who are spectators,
What anguish must ensue,
To hear their old companions
Bid them a long adieu:
The pleasures of our paradise,
No longer doth invite;
While we sail, they may rail,
We shall soon be out of sight.

5 We are now on the wide ocean,
And bid the world farewell,
But where we shall cast anchor,
No human tongue can tell.
About our future destiny,
There needs be no debate,
While we ride on the tide,
With our Captain and his Mate.

6 When we get into harbor,
Where storin' winds do cease,
It's in that holy city,
There's life and joy and peace.
There we shall see our Jesus,
The Lamb that once was slain,
And in our Father's kingdom
We'll praise his holy name.

236. *Looking toward Heaven.*

BY REV. A. ABELL.

1 COME, my dear brethren; for awhile,
Turn from the thorny vale of tears;

Look toward those realms that ever smile,
See what a glorious scene appears:
O see that most delightful land
Of heavenly Canaan, spreading wide,
Whose fields forever blooming stand,
There doth perpetual spring abide.

2 Leave every needless care behind,
And throw earth's gilded' toys away:
Ye know it never was designed
That here we should forever stay:
Then settle down on earth no more,
But rise and stretch immortal wings,
Guided by Revelation, soar
To that bright world of heavenlier things.

3 What e'er our toils and sufferings are,
But little longer shall they last;
If faithful, soon we'll enter, where
All ills will be forever past.
O glorious world! O happy home!
Where Zion's way-worn pilgrims meet;
There we shall all together come,
And joyfully, each other greet.

4 That blissful place was ne'er defiled,
For sin hath never entered there;
Perfectly pure each blessed child,
Immortal, young, divinely fair:
There's pleasure, without any pain,
There's happiness without alloy,

There's innocence, without a stain,
No sorrow there, but endless joy.

5 O while I look, my soul's on fire,
My spirit flutters to get free,
I feel the stirrings of desire,
And sigh, that better world to see.
But little longer here I'll stay,
Kind angels, wide their arms extend,
My Jesus beckons me away,
And soon to glory I'll ascend.

237. *Ye must be Born Again.*

- 1 A WAKED by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in guilt and thrall I found,
I knew not what to do.
O'erwhelmed with guilt, with anguish slain,
The sinner must be born again,
Or sink to endless woe.
- 2 Amazed I stood, but could not tell
Which way to shun the gates of hell,
For death and hell drew near.
I strove indeed, but strove in vain;
The sinner must be born again,
Still sounded in my ear.
- 3 Then to the law I trembling fled—
It poured its curses on my head,
I no relief could find.
This fearful truth I found remain,

The sinner must be born again,
O'erwhelmed my troubled mind,

4 Again did Sinai's thunders roll,
And guilt lay heavy on my soul,
A vast unwieldy load.

Alas, I read, and found it plain,
The sinner must be born again,
Or drink the wrath of God,

5 The saints I heard with rapture tell
How Jesus conquered death and hell,
And broke the fowler's snare.
But when I found this truth remain,
The sinner must be born again,
I sunk in deep despair.

6 While thus my soul in anguish lay,
Jesus of Nazareth passed that way—
I felt his pity move.
The sinner, by his justice slain,
Now by his grace is born again,
And sings redeeming love.

7 To heaven, the joyful tidings flew,
The angels tuned their harps anew,
And loftier sounds did rise.
All hail! the Lamb that once was slain,
Unnumbered millions, born again,
Shall shout thine endless praise,

238. *In answer to Montgomery's Question,
What is Prayer?*

BY J. MARSDEN.

1 PRAYER, its way to God can find,

From earth's deepest centre;

Though a wall of steel can find,

Prayer, that wall would enter,

Who can trace a beam of light

From the day-star parted?

Prayer, more rapid in its flight,

From the mind is darted.

2 Prayer to God ascends with ease

From the polar ices,

From our isles, antipodes,

From the land of spices.

From an inquisition gloom,

Where the wretched languish;

From the margin of the tomb,

And the bed of anguish.

3 Place the Christian where you will,

Scripture doth aver it;

Heaven's eye is fixed, still

On the praying spirit:

Though on dreary wilds, alone,

Outcast and distressed,

Prayer's a pathway to the throne;

Find it, and be blessed.

4 Rocks of granite, gates of brass—

Alps, to heaven soaring,

Bow, to let the wishes pass
Of a soul imploring:
From the belly of the fish,
From the sea's recesses,
From the lion's den, the wish
Up to heaven presses.

5 Deity in every place,
On the earth or ocean,
Opens wide the gates of grace,
To sincere devotion.
'Neath the sceptre or the rod,
Or by stream or fountain,
Lift thy spirit up to God;
Who can stop its mounting?

6 North or south, or pine, or plain,
Vale, or mountain, hoary,
Breathe a prayer, repeat a psalm,
'Tis the porch of glory.
Frigid, mild, or burning zone—
Distance is not in it;
Prayer, from earth to mercy's throne,
Passes in a minute.

7 Wheresoe'er thy lot command,
Brother, pilgrim, stranger,
God is ever near at hand,
Golden shield from danger.
Near the Niger or the Nile,
Or where forests bound thee,

On creation's farthest isle,
Mercy's smiles surround thee.

239. *The True Disciple.*

Describing the case of a young lady in England, who was disowned in consequence of her Religion.

1 JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shalt be.
Perish, every fond ambition,
All I've hop'd or songht or known;
Yet, how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own.

2 Let the world despise and leave me;
They have left my Savior, too:
Human hearts have oft deceived me,
Thou art not like them, untrue.
And when thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me,
Show thy face, and all is bright.

3 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to my breast:
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
O, 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me;
O, 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with thee.

- 4 Go then, earthly fame and treasure;
 Come, disaster, scorn and pain:
 In thy service, pain is pleasure,
 With thy favor loss is gain.
 I have called thee Abba, Father,
 I have set my heart on thee;
 Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
 All must work for good to me.
- 5 Soul, then know thy great salvation;
 Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care:
 Joy to find in every station
 Something still to do, or bear:
 Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
 Think what Father's smiles are thine:
 Think that Jesus died to win thee;
 Child of heaven, canst thou repine?
- 6 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
 Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
 Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
 God's own hand shall guide thee there.
 Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
 Soon shall end thy pilgrim days;
 Hope shall change to glad fruition,
 Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

240. *Address to Youth.*

BY REV. S. MATTISON.

- 1 YOUNG people all attention give,
 While I address you in God's name;
 You who in sin and folly live,

Come hear the counsel of a friend.
I've sought for bliss in glittering toys,
And ranged the alluring scenes of vice;
A stranger to substantial joys,
Till I obey'd my Saviour's voice.

- 2 But when I yielded to his word,
And bow'd submissive to the cross,
My soul was wash'd in Jesus' blood,
And in celestial raptures lost.
While thus exulting in his love,
Ten thousand glories were disclos'd;
My heart with holy impulse moved,
And felt that peace that can't be told.
- 3 'Tis here unfading beauty glows,
And music moves in cheerful strains;
An Eden scion buds and blows,
In every breast where Jesus reigns.
He looks, and radiant morning shines,
And heaven kindles in my soul;
The wretched here protection finds,
The wounded spirit is made whole.
- 4 Why are you pleas'd with empty sounds,
Fantastic plays and flattering charms?
Where fatal snares are spread around,
How dare you sleep in Satan's arms?
Your hearts are like the restless wind,
You stray in haste from scene to scene;
No object fills the aching mind
Till Jesus solely reigns within.

5 Reflect! the time approaches nigh
When friends and relatives must part;
Death will dissolve the mortal tie,
And rend the sympathizing heart.
Hark! from the grave the tumbling clod
Salutes thine ears and loudly rings;
Prepare to meet your slighted God,
O, turn your eyes from fading things!

6 Youth, like the spring, will soon be gone,
By fleeting time or early death;
Your morning sun may sit at noon,
And you in darkness end your breath.
Your sparkling eyes and blooming cheeks,
Will wither like the blasted rose;
The coffin, earth and winding sheet
Will soon your active limbs enclose.

7 Oh, heedless ones! that wildly stroll,
The grave will soon become your bed,
Where silence reigns and vapors move
In dreary darkness round your head.
Your friends will pass the lonesome place,
And with a sigh move slow along,
Still gazing at the spires of grass,
That will be o'er your bodies grown.

8 But Oh, the soul, where vengeance reigns!
It sinks with groans and fruitless cries;
It rolls amidst the burning flames,
In boundless woe and agonies!

There closed around in doleful night,
 Where demons dwell and thunders roar,
 To rage in keen despair and guilt,
 When thousand, thousand years are o'er.

9 Oh, heedless youth! this is the fate
 Of all that do free grace refuse;
 And soon with you 'twill be too late,
 The way of life in Christ to choose.
 Then lay your carnal weapons by,
 No longer fight against your God,
 But with my mission now comply,
 And Heaven will be your great reward.

241. *Experience.*

1 **A** WAY my doubts, begone my fears,
 The wonders of the Lord appears;
 The wonders that my Saviour wrought,
 O, how delightful is the thought!
 The wonders of redeeming love,
 When first my heart was drawn above;
 When first I saw my Saviour's face,
 And triumph'd in his pardoning grace.

2 Pursue, my thoughts, this pleasing theme,
 'Twas not a fancy or a dream;
 'Twas grace descending from the skies,
 And shall be marvellous in my eyes.
 Long had I mourn'd like one forgot,
 Long had my soul for comfort sought;
 Jesus was witness to my tears,
 And Jesus sweetly calm'd my fears.

3 He cleans'd my soul, he chang'd my dress,
 And cloth'd me with his righteousness;
 He spoke at once my sins forgiven,
 And I rejoice as if in Heaven.

How was I struck with sweet surprise,
 When glory shone before my eyes!
 How did I sing from day to day,
 And wish'd to sing my soul away!

4 The world with all its pomp withdrew,
 'Twas less than nothing in my view;
 Redeeming love was all my theme,
 And life appear'd an idle dream.
 I gloried in my Saviour's grace,
 I sang my great Redeemer's praise;
 My soul now long'd to soar away,
 And dwell with Christ in endless day.

5 The powers of hell in vain combine
 To tempt or interrupt my mind;
 I saw, and sang in joyful strains,
 The monster satan held in chains.
 These are the wonders I record,
 The marvellous goodness of the Lord;
 O, for a tongue to speak his praise,
 To tell the triumphs of his grace!

242. *The Soul's Aspiration.*

1 **O** FOR a breeze of heavenly love
 To waft my soul away,
 To the celestial worlds above,
 Where pleasures ne'er decay.

2 Eternal Spirit deign to be
 My pilot here below;
 To steer through life's tempestuous sea,
 Where chilling winds do blow.

3 From rocks of pride on either hand,
 From quicksands of despair,
 O guide me safe to Canaan's land,
 Through every latent snare.

4 Anchor me in that port above,
 On that eternal shore,
 Where dashing billows never move,
 Where tempests never roar.

243. *In Days Past,*

1 **T**HE Christians of old united in one,
 As sheep in a fold were never alone;
 As birds of a feather they flock'd to their nest,
 And shelter'd together in Jesus' breast.

2 However employ'd, their joy was the same,
 They never were cloy'd in hymning the Lamb;
 Their sole recreation to sing of his praise,
 And publish salvation through Jesus' grace.

3 Small learning they had, and wanted no more,
 Not many could read, but all could adore;
 No help from the college or school they receiv'd
 Content with His knowledge in whom they believ'd.

- 4 No riches had they but riches of grace,
 No fondness for play, nor passion for praise;
 No moments of leisure for trifling employ,
 Possess'd of a treasure in God to rejoice.
- 5 Men, in their own eyes, were children again,
 And children were wise and prudent as men;
 The women were fearful of nothing but sin,
 Their dress indicated their consciences clean.
- 6 Wrapp'd up in their Lord, his service and love,
 They lived and ador'd like angels above;
 To keep in his favor their lives they laid down,
 And now with their Saviour inherit the crown.

244. *Awake, Sinner.*

- 1 **A** WAKE! O guilty world awake!
 Behold the earth's foundation shake,
 While the Redeemer bleeds for you;
 His death proclaims to Adam's race,
 Free grace, free grace, free grace,
 To all the Jews and Gentiles too.
- 2 Come, guilty mortals, come and see
 Your Saviour hanging on the tree;
 For you, all dress'd in purple gore,
 His weight of woe did veil the sun,
 Tis done, tis done, tis done, tis done,
 That man might live forevermore.
- 3 Behold the wounded Lamb of God,
 Spreading his bleeding hands abroad;

Come see him yielding up to death,
 Behold him in his agonies,
 He dies, he dies, he dies,
 And yields his last expiring breath.

4 He dies and triumphs over death,
 To give the dead immortal breath,
 And spread the honors of his name;
 Shout! brethren, shout with cheerful voice,
 Rejoice, rejoice, rejoice, rejoice,
 And give the glory to the Lamb.

245. *To-day, if you will Hear his Voice.*

1 **T**O-DAY, if you will hear his voice,
 Now is the time to make your choice;
 Say, will you to Mount Zion go?
 Say, will you have this Christ, or no?

2 Say, will you be forever blest,
 And with this glorious Jesus rest?
 Will you be saved from guilt and pain?
 Will you with Christ forever reign?

3 Make now your choice, and halt no more,
 For now he's waiting for the poor:
 Say, now poor souls, what will you do?
 Say, will you have this Christ, or no?

4 Once more I ask you in his name—
 I know his love is still the same—
 Say, will you to Mount Zion go?
 Say, will you have this Christ, or no?

- 5 Ye dear young men, for ruin bound,
 Amidst the gospel's joyful sound,
 Come, go with us, and you shall prove
 The joys of Christ's redeeming love.
- 6 Young ladies, now we look to you;
 Are you resolved to perish, too,
 To rush in carnal pleasures on,
 And sink in flaming rivers down?
- 7 Then, blooming friends, a long farewell!
 We're bound for heaven, but you to hell--
 Still, God may hear us while we pray,
 And change you ere the burning day.
- 8 Oh! must we leave you bound to hell,
 Resolved with devils there to dwell?
 Still we will weep, lament and cry,
 That God may change you ere you die.

246. *Blind Bartimeus.*

- 1 "MERCY, O thou son of David!"
 Thus poor blind Bartim'us pray'd;
 "Others by thy grace are saved,
 O, vouchsafe to me thine aid."

CHORUS.

*Well beloved, blessed Savior,
 Well beloved Priest and King:
 Glory be to the Lamb slain
 For us; he did salvation bring.*

- 2 While he prayed others chid him,
 Yet he cried the louder still,

Till the gracious Savior bid him,
 "Come, and ask me what you will."

3 Money was not what he wanted,
 Though by begging used to live;
 But he asked, and Jesus granted
 Alms which none but he could give.

4 "Lord, remove this grievous blindness,
 Let my eyes behold the day!"
 Straight he saw, and won by kindness,
 Followed Jesus in the way.

5 Now, methinks I hear him praising,
 Publishing to all around;
 "Friends, is not my case amazing?
 What a Savior I have found!"

6 Oh! that all the blind but knew him,
 And would be advised by me!
 Surely they would come unto him,
 He would cause them all to see."

247. *The Land of Pleasure.*

1 **T**HREE is a land of pleasure,
 Where streams of joy forever roll,
 'Tis there I have my treasure,
 And there I hope to rest my soul:
 Long darkness dwelt around me,
 With scarcely once a cheering ray;
 But since my Savior found me,
 A light has shone along my way.

2 My way is full of danger,
- But it's the path that leads to God;
And like a valiant soldier,
I'll dauntless march the narrow road:
Now I must gird my sword on,
My helmet, breastplate, and my shield,
And fight the host of Satan,
Until I reach the heavenly field.

3 I'm on my way to Canaan,
Still guided by my Savior's hand;
O, come along, poor sinners,
And see Imanuel's happy land:
To all who stay behind me,
I bid a long, a long farewell--
O come, or you'll repent it
When you arrive at the gate of hell,

4 The vale of tears surrounds me,
And Jordan's current rolls before;
Oh, how I stand and tremble
To hear the dismal waters roar!
Whose hand shall then support me,
Or keep my soul from sinking there--
From sinking down to darkness
And to the regions of despair.

5 The waves shall not affright me,
Although they're deeper than the grave;
If Jesus will stand by me,
I'll calmly ride on Jordan's wave;

His word has calmed the ocean,

His lamp has cheered the gloomy vale:

O, may this friend go with me;

When through the gates of death I sail.

6 Then come, thou King of terrors,

And with thy weapons lay me low;

I soon shall reach that region

Where everlasting pleasures flow,

Oh sinners, must I leave you,

No more to join your social band?

No more to stand before you,

Till at the judgment seat we stand?

7 Soon the archangel's trumpet

Shall shake the globe from pole to pole;

And all the wheels of nature-

Shall in a moment cease to roll:

Then I shall see my Savior

With shining ranks of angels come,

To execute his vengeance,

And take his ransomed people home.

248. *The Garden Hymn.*

1 THE Lord into his garden come,

The spices yield a rich perfume,

The lilies grow and thrive;

Refreshing showers of grace divine,

From Jesus flow to every vine,

And make the dead revive.

2 O that this dry and barren ground,

In springs of water may abound,

A fruitful soil become;
The desert blossom as the rose,
When Jesus conquers all his foes;
And makes his people one.

3 The glorious time is coming on,
The gracious work is now begun;
My soul a witness is:
I taste and see a pardon free,
For all mankind; as well as me;
Who come to Christ may live.

4 The worst of sinners here may find
A Savior pitiful and kind,
Who will them all receive;
None are too vile who will repent;
Out of one sinner legions went—
The Lord did him relieve.

5 Come, brethren dear, who know the Lord;
And taste the sweetness of his word,
In Jesus' ways go on.
Our troubles and our trials here
Will only make us richer there,
When we arrive at home.

6 We feel that heaven is now begun,
It issues from the sparkling throne,
From Jesus' throne on high;
It comes in floods we can't contain,
We drink, and drink, and drink again,
And yet we still are dry.

- 7 But when we come to reign above,
 And all surround the throne of love,
 We'll drink a full supply.
 Jesus will lead his armies through,
 To living fountains where they flow,
 That never will run dry.
- 8 And there we'll reign, and shout and sing;
 And make the upper regions ring,
 When all the saints get home.
 Come on, come on, my brethren dear,
 Soon we shall meet together there,
 For Jesus bids us come.
- 9 Amen, amen, my soul replies,
 I'm bound to meet you in the skies;
 And claim my mansions there:
 Now here's my heart, and here's my hand,
 To meet you in that heavenly land,
 Where we shall part no more.

249. *Heaven.*

- 1 **T**HIS world is all a fleeting show,
 For man's probation given;
 The smiles of joy, the tears of wo
 Deceitful shine, deceitful flow;
 There's nothing true but heaven.
- 2 Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
 From wave to wave are driven,
 And fancy's flash, and reason's ray
 Serve but to light their troubled way;
 There's nothing true but heaven.

3 And where's the light held out to cheer
The heart with anguish riven?

Affliction's sigh and sorrow's tear
Have never found a refuge here:

There's nothing kind but heaven.

4 Ah! false the light of glory's plume,

As fading hues of even,

And love, and hope, and beauty's bloom
Are blossoms gathered for the tomb:

There's nothing bright but heaven.

5 In vain do mortals sigh for bliss,

Without their sins forgiven;

Free pleasure, everlasting peace

Are only found through God's free grace;

There's nothing good but heaven.

6 From those who walk in wisdom's ways,

Corroding fears are driven;

They're wash'd in Christ's atoning blood,

Enjoy communion with their God,

And on their way to heaven.

250. *The Penitent Thief.*

1 SOVEREIGN grace has power alone
To subdue the heart of stone;

In the moment grace is felt,

Then the hardest heart will melt.

2 When my Lord was crucified,

Two transgressors with him died;

The one, with bold blasphemous tongue,

Scoffed at Jesus, as he hung.

-
- 3 Thus he spent his wicked breath
In the very jaws of death,
Perished, as too many do—
With the Savior in his view.
- 4 The other, being touched by grace,
Saw the danger of his case,
Faith received; he owned the Lord,
Whom the priests and scribes abhorred.
- 5 "Lord," he prayed, "remember me,
When in glory thou shalt be;"
"Sure with me" the Lord replied,
"Thou shalt be in paradise."
- 6 This was wondrous grace indeed,
Grace vouchsafed in time of need;
Sinners, trust in Jesus' name,
You will find him still the same.
- 7 But beware of unbelief,
Think upon the harden'd thief,
For if the gospel you disdain,
Christ for you has died in vain.
-

251. *Behold the Man!*

- 1 COME ye that love my Lord and Master,
And like king David I will tell—
Though chief of sinners, I've found favor,
Redeemed by Christ from sin and hell:
Far as the east from the west is parted,
So far from me, by dying love,

My sins through faith are separated—
Blest antepast of the joys above.

2 I late a stranger from Jesus wander'd,
And thought each dang'rous poison good;
But he in mercy and love pursued me,
With cries of his redeeming blood:
But like Bartim'us I was blinded,
In nature's darkest night concealed,
Till Jesus' kindness removed my blindness,
And he his pard'ning love revealed.

3 Now will I praise him while he spares me,
And with his people sing aloud;
Though hell oppose me, and sinners mock me,
With songs of rapture I'll praise my God:
By faith I see the heavenly concert,
They sing aloud redeeming love.
O, with desire my heart's on fire,
I long to taste the joys above.

4 The awful day is fast approaching,
When Christ in glorious clouds shall come,
With shouts of angels and sound of trumpets,
To take his ransom'd followers home.
There Abram, Isaac, and holy prophets,
With all the seraphs at God's right hand--
There saints and angels who join in concert,
Shout, as they gaze o'er the heavenly land.

252. *Lot's Wife.*

1 YE carnal professors
Who stand on your lees,

Amidst your vain pleasures,
Your profits and ease,
God calls you—arise
And escape for your life,
And look not behind you—
Remember Lot's wife.

2 Awake from your slumbers.
And warning receive;
'Tis Jesus that calls you,
The message believe:
While danger's around you,
Escape for your life,
And look not behind you—
Remember Lot's wife.

3 The ways of religion
True pleasures afford;
No pleasure can equal
The Joy of the Lord:
Forsake then the world,
And escape for your life,
And look not behind you—
Remember Lot's wife.

4 How many poor souls
Has the tempter beguiled,
With specious temptations,
How many defiled:
Then be not deluded,
Escape for your life,

And look not behind you—
Remember Lot's wife.

5 The first bold apostate
Will tempt you to stray;
He'll tell you, no danger
Of falling away:
He means to deceive you,
Escape for your life,
And look not behind you--
Remember Lot's wife.

253. *On the Death of a Friend.*

EXCEEDINGLY sorrowful even to death,
He sinks to the earth, he is fainting for breath,
"My Father, this cup—O, why must it be?
Why may not this bitterest cup pass from me?
But yet not as I wilt—as thou wilt--how sweet
The draught in which justice and tenderness
meet!
Then shall I not drink it—whate'er it may be,
The cup which my Father has given to me?"
'Twas thus in the fiercest assault of despair,
The Savior in darkness poured forth his lone
prayer,
As sinking beneath the vast burden, he fell,
That else must have sunk a lost world into
hell:
With none to uphold him, with none to console,
Unpitied, unheeded, he poured out his soul:

"Oh shall I not drink it, whate'er it may be—
The cup which my Father has given to me?"

3 Did Jesus receive e'en the wormwood and gall;
And drink the last dregs of the cup for us all?
Then why from the drop which he gives me to
drink;

So mingled with sweetness shall I ever drink?
How sweet, let me say, is my bitterest cup;
Compared with the draught which my Saviour
drank up;

Then shall I not drink it whate'er it may be;
The cup which my Father hath given to me?

4 The friend on whose bosom I loved to recline,
Whose mind, heart and soul were co-mingled
with mine;

He whom at all seasons I joyed to caress,
On whom I delighted to lean in distress;
My dearest companion is taken away,
And left me to sorrow and darkness a prey;

• But shall I not drink it tho' bitter it be;
The cup which my Father has given to me?

254. *Burst, ye Emerald Gates!*

1 **B**URST, ye emerald gates, and bring
To my raptured vision
All the extatic joys that spring
 Around the bright elysian:
Lo! we lift our longing eyes,
 Break, ye intervening skies!

Sons of righteousness, arise!

Open the gates of Paradise.

2 Floods of everlasting light,

Freely flash before Him;

Myriads with supreme delight,

Instantly adore Him;

Angelic trumps resound His fame;

Lutes of lucid gold proclaim

All the music of His name,

Heaven echoing the same.

3 Four and twenty elders rise

From their princely stations,

Shout His glorious victories,

Sing the great salvation,

Cast their crowns before His throne;

Cry, in reverential tone;

“Glory be to God alone,

Holy—holy—holy One.”

4 Hark! the thrilling symphonies,

Seem, methinks, to seize us:

Join we to the holy lays,

Jesus—Jesus—Jesus.

Sweetest sound in seraph’s songs,

Sweetest note on mortals tongue,

Sweetest carol ever sung—

Jesus—Jesus—flow along.

255. *Parting of the Indian Friends.*

1 WHEN shall we all meet again?

When shall we all meet again?

Oft shall glowing hope aspire,
Oft shall wearied love retire;
Oft shall Death and sorrow reign,
Ere we all shall meet again.

- 2 Though in distant lands we sigh,
Parch'd beneath a hostile sky;
Though the deep between us roll,
Friendship shall unite our souls—
And in fancy's wide domain,
Oft shall we all meet again.
- 3 When our burnish'd locks are gray,
Thin'd by many a toil-spent day,
When around this youthful pine
Moss shall creep and ivy twine;
Long may this lov'd bower remain,
Here may we all meet again.
- 4 When the dreams of life are fled,
When its wasted lamps are dead—
When in cold oblivion shade,
Beauty, wealth, and fame are laid—
Where immortal spirits reign,
There may we all meet again.
- 5 When the chilly press of death
Rob's me of my fleeting breath—
Then I'll bear my spirit up,
Cheer'd with this delightful hope,
That where pleasures ever reign,
There we hope to meet again.
- 6 Yes, in yonder world above,
Mercy sits enthron'd in love—
We must tread the thorny road,
Leading to the mount above,
If where pleasures ever reign,
We would hope to meet again.

7 And now my friends, a fond adieu,
 Think of me as I of you;
 Let me round your hearts entwine,
 Only as you do around mine;
 If while here we do remain,
 We should never meet again.

256. *Redemption.*

COME, friends and relations, let's join heart
 and hand;
 The voice of the turtle is heard in our land;
 Let's all walk together, and follow the sound,
 And march to the place where redemption is
 found.

2 The place is not hidden, nor is it conceal'd;
 All mortals may know it, for now 'tis reveal'd:
 The place is in Jesus, to Jesus we'll go,
 And there find redemption from sorrow and wo.

3 And you, my dear brethren, who love my dear
 Lord,
 Who've witnessed free pardon, through faith
 in his blood,
 Let patience attend you wherever you be,
 In Christ you've redemption, 'tis purchased--
 'tis free.

4 We read of commotions, and signs in the skies;
 The sun and the moon shall be clothed in dis-
 guise:
 But when you shall see all these tokens appear,

Then lift up your heads, your redemption
draws near.

5 Oh! then the arch angel the trumpet shall
sound,

To awake God's dear people that sleep under
ground:

The sound of the trumpet shall bid them arise,
To meet their redemption with joy, in the
skies.

6 O, then, loving Jesus our souls will receive,
From bonds of corruption our bodies relieve;
Then we shall be perfect, and we shall be free,
We'll sing of redemption wherever we be.

7 Redeemed from sin, and redeemed from death,
Redeemed from corruption, redeemed from the
earth,

Redeemed from damnation, redeemed from all
wo,

We'll sing of redemption wherever we go.

257. *The Christian's Grief.*

BY U. U. B.—.

1 **T**O see his harp—once tuneful harp,
On weeping willows hung,
Its tones of joy for sorrow changed,
And all its chords unstrung;
And then to hear the scoffer say,
"Now where's the mighty Chief,

Strong to deliver and redeem?"

This is a Christian's grief.

2 To see the thoughtless sinner stand
On ruin's slippery brink,
Assured that down the dreadful gulf,
His guilty soul must sink,
And yet unmindful of the hand
Stretched out to give relief,
The voice that fain would win him back;
This is a Christian's grief.

3 To watch the strange, misguided step
Of him who once bid fair
To tread the hallowed courts on high,
And dwell with angels there;
To think the heart that once made God
Of all its joys, the chief,
Should e'er forget a Savior's love;
This is a Christian's grief.

4 To mark with tears, with aching heart,
The ways of Zion mourn,
To see how few our feasts attend,
How many wisdom spurn,
To see her gates left desolate,
And sin, and unbelief
Their fearful, dreadful inroads make;
This is a Christian's grief.

5 But when his overwhelming grief,
Would seem almost despair,

To lift the eye of faith to heaven,
 And say, "my Savior's there;"
 This calms the anguish of his soul,
 This yields his heart relief,
 Until, through faith, his heaven-born joy
 O'ercomes his wildest grief.

258. *To the Omnipotent.*

- 1 **L**ORD of universal nature,
 God of every living creature,
 Light of morning, shade of even,
 King of ocean, earth, and heaven,
 Whilst I prostrate bow before Thee,
 Teach my spirit to adore Thee.
- 2 Soul of love, and source of pleasure,
 Mine of every richer treasure,
 King of tempest, storm and shower,
 Ruler of each secret power,
 Whilst for favor I implore Thee,
 Teach my spirit to adore Thee.
- 3 Spring of river, lake and fountain,
 Piler of the rock and mountain,
 Breath of animal creation,
 Life of varied vegetation,
 While I prostrate bow before Thee,
 Teach my spirit to adore Thee.
- 4 First and last, Eternal Being,
 All-pervading, and all-seeing,
 Centre of Divine perfection,

Whence the planets learn subjection,
Whilst for favor I implore Thee,
Teach my spirit to adore Thee.

259. *The Convert.*

1 COME listening angels, assist me to sing
The love of my Jesus, my Heavenly king?
Great things for my soul he surely hath done,
All glory to God, for the gift of his Son.

2 I wander'd in darkness a stranger to God,
Neglecting his calls, and slighting his word;
In romance and novels, I tho't I should gain
Some pleasure, or honor, or knowledge obtain..

3 At length the glad trumpet saluted my ears,
And thunderings from Sinai, alarmed my fears;
The tears of repentance so freely did run,
For slighting my Savior, I cried I'm undone.

4 One night while a musing, these words came
with power,
"O do not be grieved, or weep any more;
Believe thou in God, believe also in me,
In the house of my Father there's mansions for
thee."

5 'Tis the voice of my Savior, my soul then re-
plied,
For me he hath suffered, for me he hath died;
The blood from his wounds while he hung on the
tree,
Hath purchased redemption and pardon for me.

6 Bless the Lord, O my soul, for the work he
has done:

What Heavenly peace in my soul is begun;
I'll give him the glory while on earth I remain;
When I pass over Jordan, I'll praise him again.

7 Now my soul is immersed in the ocean of love,
My heart and my treasure in heaven above;
Through grace I'm determined I'll never give o'er
Till safely I'm landed on Canaan's bright shore.

260. *Addressed to the Aged Sinner.*

BY REV. S. MATTISON.

1 OLD people, will you still despise
The glorious offers of free grace?
Harden your hearts, and close your eyes,
And fear to know your woful case?
Though God has called, you have refused,
And broken every loyal vow;
His mercy you have long abused,
And trampled on his holy law.

2 Oh! pray reflect upon your lives
Of sinful folly, guilt and shame,
And fear that God who still preserves
Your spirits from the dreadful flames.
Oh, do not venture longer still,
Behold the gulf is yawning wide;
The Holy Ghost will shortly seal
Your spirits to the flaming tide.

3 For happiness you've long pursued,
In riches, vice and fruitless plans;
But hope has failed and grief ensued,
And conscience your accuser stands.
Your vain, presumptuous hold, unloose;
Exchange this fading world for heaven;
The way of life and glory choose,
Believe, and feel your sins forgiven.

4 Your cheerful days of youth are past,
And they will never more return;
But how have you in heedless haste,
Life's short career so nearly run,
While death prepared in dread array,
Presents his awful summons nigh,
To make your feeble frames his prey,
From whose demand no one can fly.

5 Your snowy locks and wrinkled cheeks,
Your failing speech and trembling hands,
Your dissolution near bespeak;
Soon you must fly to distant lands:
The greedy earth and gaping pit
Wait now impatient for their prey;
Death will his conquest soon complete--
Then, Oh, prepare to launch away.

6 You must be driven from the earth,
And from the shores of time be hurl'd,
To feel the pangs of endless death,
If you remain in sin beguiled.

Though you reject his proffer'd grace,
 His vengeance you can ne'er withstand;
 Then speedily his call embrace,
 Repent, believe, or you'll be damn'd.

261. *God is Love.*

BY J. WESLEY.

- 1 O GO D of all grace, thy goodness we praise,
 Thy Son thou hast given to die in our place:
 With joy we approve the design of thy love,
 'Tis a wonder on earth and a wonder above.
- 2 Tongue cannot explain the love of God-Man,
 Which the angels desire to look into in vain;
 It dazzles our eyes, thought cannot arise,
 To find out the cause why the Infinite dies.
- 3 Or if pity inclin'd him to die for mankind,
 The ground of that pity no seraph can find;
 He came from above our curse to remove,
 He hath loved, he hath loved us, because he
 would love.
- 4 Love moved him to die, and on this we rely,
 He hath loved, he hath loved us, we cannot
 tell why.
 But this we can tell, he hath loved us so well,
 As to lay down his life to redeem us from hell.
- 5 He hath ransomed our race, O how shall we
 praise,
 Or worthily sing his unspeakable grace!

Nothing else will we know in our journey below,
But singing thy praise, to thy paradise go.

- 6 Yea, and when we remove to the mansions above,
Our heaven shall still be to sing of his love;
And when time is no more, we still shall adore
The ocean of love without bottom or shore.
- 7 Ere long we shall fly to the regions on high,
For Israel's strength cannot vary or lie;
He soon will appear, He more than draws near,
Our Jesus is come and eternity's here.

262. *The Triumph of Truth.*

BY REV. JOSHUA MARSDEN.

I 'TIS built on a rock, and the tempest may rave,
Its solid foundation repels the proud wave;
Though Satan himself may appear in the van,
Truth smiles at the rage of the infidel clan.

CHORUS.

*Truth, truth, O blessed truth!
Oppose it who may, there is majesty in truth.*

2 Like the sun going forth in its mighty career,
To gladden the earth and illumine each sphere,
The chariot of truth shall in majesty roll,
O'er climate, Isle, Ocean, to each distant pole.

CHORUS.

3 A glorified course it shall nobly pursue,
Encircling with radiance both Gentile and
Jew;
And millions of heathen their idols despising,
Shall bask in its smiles and exalt in its rising.

CHORUS.

4 The shadows that cover the regions of Thame,
Shall vanish or flame with the light of the
Lamb;
Each lovely green Island that gems the salt
wave,
His truth will convert, his philanthropy save.

CHORUS.

5 Already a glory has flamed in the west,
Poor negroes with spiritual freedom are blest;
The palms of the south show its beautiful
blaze,
And the boreal pines have been tipt with its
rays.

CHORUS.

6 A voice in the desert, a voice in the wood,
A voice o'er the mountain and billowy flood;
Thy glory is come, abject heathen arise,
And shine like a new risen star in the skies.

CHORUS.

7 A star in the east is to millions display'd,
Whose lustre has sunk the proud crescent in
shade;

O'er the darkness of nations for ages forlorn,
Bright truth is diffusing millennial morn.

CHORUS.

8 O'er pagod and altar the gospel has blazed,
The Brahmin has wondered, the Moslem has
gazed;
The vision delightful shall Salem behold,
And under one Shepherd the world be one fold.

CHORUS.

9 The sign of the cross has appear'd; the bless'd
sign,
And faith has decipher'd the motto divine;
He must reign till the nations in homage bow
down,
The wicked his footstool, believers his crown.

CHORUS.

10 Life's river of crystal shall every where flow,
Till flowerless deserts a paradise grow,
And wilds bleak and barren burst out in the
glory,
Predicted by seers in prophetical story.

CHORUS.

11 The record denounces that Babel shall fall,
Priest, pagod, fane, idol, mosque, minaret, all
The strong holds of Satan to ruin be hurled,
And glory shall cover our desolate world.

CHORUS.

12 The mighty may fight with Jehovah's decree,
 And skeptic may write that it never shall be;
 But the finger of time on its dial shall stop,
 Ere one promise prove false or one prophecy
 drop.

CHORUS.

13 Go stop it, proud scorner—Alas! it is vain,
 Ye may as well tie up the winds with a chain,
 Or the stars, or the tides of the Ocean control,
 Or fuse the vast ices that rivet the pole.

CHORUS.

263. *Mary's Lamentation.*

I GREATLY lamented the death of my Savior,
 Who, when I repented forgave my behavior;
 I repaired to the tomb when the day was a dawning,
 And I passed through the gloom in deep solitude
 mourning.
 Great solemnity, great solemnity, great solemnity
 Then surrounded me!

2 As I was a weeping, a voice spoke behind me,
 While thousands are sleeping, look Mary, and
 find me;
 What a rapture I felt when I saw my Redeemer,
 And my heart it did melt, through my soul ran a
 tremor.
 O how glorious, O how glorious, O how glorious
 Was his personage!

3 Who then had arose from the tomb to my comfort,

His love to disclose in a manner triumphant;
I rejoiced when I heard of my Lord's resurrection,
Who again had appear'd in a state of perfection.

O Immanuel, O Immanuel, O Immanuel
All victorious!

4 The heavens retain him in glory and grandeur,
Till they who have slain him shall see him in splendor;

He'll descend with a shout to assemble the nations,

And the sun will go out with the bright constellations.

See his majesty, see his majesty, see his majesty
Most magnificent!

5 The trumpet will sound in a manner surprising,
The dead under ground from their graves will be rising,

The elements melt and the heavens are retiring;
What a shock will be felt when the world is expiring.

Crown'd with dignity, crown'd with dignity,
crown'd with dignity

Will my Savior be!

6 The Ancient of days on his throne will be sitting,

In a glorious blaze at this national meeting;

Of the several classes there's none can dissemble,
 At the sentence he passes the wicked will tremble;
 Depart ye cursed, depart ye cursed, depart ye
 cursed

To despondency!

7 But ye saints who adore me, are welcome to
 enter

The portals of glory and pass to the centre:
 From sin I have freed you, your joys are celestial,
 To fountains I'll lead you as clear as a crystal.
 Come my followers, come my followers, come
 my followers

And be glorified.

8 With joy they adhere to the voice of their
 Savior,

Whose name they revere and accept of his favor;
 They bow down at his feet and their crowns cast
 before him,

In rapture complete they forever adore him.

O their happiness, O their happiness, O their
 happiness

Is most glorious!

264. *The Harvest, or End of the World.*

THE fields are all white, the harvest is near,
 The reapers all with their sharp sickles ap-
 pear,
 To reap down the fields and gather into barns,
 While the wild plants of nature are left for the
 barn.

2 Come then, O my soul, meditate on that day
When all things in nature shall cease and decay;
When the trumpet shall sound and each angel
appear,
To reap down the fields, both the wheat and the
tares.

3 But hear the sad cry that ascends to the sky,
Of those in distress and have no where to fly;
They call for the rocks and mountains to fall
On their naked souls to hide them withal.

4 'Twill all be in vain—the mountains will flee;
The rocks fly like hail-stones and shall no more
be.

The earth, it will quake, and the seas shall retire,
And the solid world will all be on fire.

5 But hear the kind Judge, in those dread alarms;
"First gather my saints—bring them to my arms,
That the seven last plagues may be pour'd out
on those

Who have blasphemed my name, and my saints
have opposed."

6 Then O, wretched mortals, look up and espy
The glorious Redeemer marching through the
sky,
In a chariot of fire to the earth he is bound,
With a guard of bright angels attending him
down.

7 Come hither, ye nations, your sentence receive!
 No longer my Spirit shall strive and be grieved,
 For my sentence is right, my judgment is just;
 Come hither ye blest—but depart all ye curs'd.

8 Now farewell! I leave you to ponder your
 way;
 May God seal instruction to what I now say,
 That our souls at God's throne may be pour'd out
 in prayer,
 That we be prepared to meet Christ in the air.

265. *Christ Precious.*

1 **H**OW precious is the name!

Brethren, sing—brethren sing;

How precious is the name—brethren sing

How precious is the name

Of Christ, our Paschal Lamb;

Who bore our sin and shame

On the tree, on the tree.

Who bore our sin and shame on the tree.

2 I've given all for Christ,

He's my all—He's my all.

I've given all for Christ, He's my all.

I've given all for Christ,

And my spirit cannot rest,

Unless He's in my breast,

Reigning there—reigning there.

Unless He's in my breast, reigning there.

- 3 His easy yoke I'll bear
 With delight—with delight;
 His easy yoke I'll bear with delight.
 His easy yoke I'll bear,
 And his cross I will not fear;
 His name I will declare
 Evermore, evermore.
 His name I will declare, evermore.
- 4 I feel the love of God
 In my soul—in my soul;
 I feel the love of God in my soul.
 I feel the love of God,
 In my heart 'tis shed abroad,
 And I will serve my God
 Here below—here below.
 And I will serve my God here below.

266. *The Author's Desire.*

BY REV. CHESTER V. ADGATE.

- 1 OFT has my youthful mind been led
 Some foreign region for to tread,
 The vast expanse I would explore,
 From western Isles to Ganges' shore.
- 2 I'd see the once most Christian ground.
 Where first the gospel's trump did sound
 I'd see the now demolished mass,
 The scant remains of polished Greece.
- 3 The place where thousands once did dwell
 Has now become the hermit's cell:

A shepherd here and there resides,
With serpents, moles, and feather'd tribes.

- 4 I then would see the Egyptian plains,
Once occupied by frugal swains.
I there would pause and view awhile,
The flowing of the River Nile.
- 5 From thence I'd see old Jordan's flood,
Where Israel knew their Savior God;
Where John baptized a numerous host,
And circumcision's seal was lost.
- 6 To Gethsem'ne's garden I then would go,
Where blood and tears for me did flow;
That consecrated place I'd see,
Where Jesus kneel'd and pray'd for me.
- 7 Then Calvary's skully mount I'd see
Where Savior Jesus died for me;
I'd view the place where once he stood,
And drop a tear where he dropp'd blood.

267. *The Chariot.*

THE Chariot! the chariot! its wheels roll in fire,
As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of
his ire!
Lo! self-moving, it drives on its pathway of cloud,
And the heavens with the burden of God-head are
bowed.

2 The Glory! the Glory! around him are pour'd;
Mighty hosts of the angels that wait on the Lord,

And the glorified saints and the martyrs are there;
And there all who the palm-wreaths of victory
wear.

3 The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have all
heard;

Lo! the depths of the stone-cover'd charnel are
stirred;

From the sea, from the earth, from the south, from
the north,

All the vast generations of man are come forth.

4 The Judgment! the Judgment! the thrones are
all set,

Where the Lamb and the white-vested elders are
met:

There all flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,
And the doom of eternity hangs on his word.

5 O, Mercy! O, Mercy! look down from above,
Great Creator, on us thy sad children, in love;
When beneath, to their darkness the wicked are
driven,

May our justified souls find a mansion in heaven.

268. *The Fountain of Life.*

1 **W**HAT peace and what comfort, what joy,
and what love
Once flowed in abundance, in streams from
above;

Refresh'd every moment the first happy pair,
But sin stopped the current, and brought in
despair.

2 Then see what deep anguish, what sorrow and pain;

They seek for the fountain, but seek it in vain:
To sin's bitter waters they fly for relief,
They drink, but the draught still increases
their grief.

3 Glad tidings! glad tidings! no longer complain,
Our Savior has opened this fountain again;
'Tis mingled with mercy, enriched with free
grace,

From Zion 'tis flowing on all the lost race.

4 How happy the Prophet, how pleasant the road,
When led down the stream by the angel of
God:

Though shallow at first, yet he found it at last
A river so boundless it could not be pass'd.

5 O sinner, poor sinner, 'tis boundless, 'tis free,
You're welcome—take freely, 'twas opened
for thee;

The Spirit invites you, the Bride calls you, too,
Go call all your neighbors, they're welcome
with you.

6 Say not, "I'm a sinner, and must not partake;"
For that very reason, the Lord bids you take.

Say not, "too unworthy, the vilest of all,"
For such, not the righteous, the Lord came to
call.

7 Now, Christians, let us travel along down the stream,
The shallows are pleasant, but O, let us swim;
Let us bathe in the ocean of infinite love,
Let us wash, and be pure as the angels above.

• 269. *Ashamed of Jesus.*

- 1 JESUS! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee!
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days?
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus!—sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star:
He sheds the beams of light divine,
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus!—just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon;
'Tis midnight with my soul, till He,
Bright morning Star, bids darkness flee.
- 4 Ashamed of Jesus!—that dear friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend?
No! when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.
- 5 Ashamed of Jesus!—yes I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away—
No tear to wipe—no good to crave—
No fear to quell—no soul to save.

6 Till then--nor is my boasting vain--
 Till then I boast a Savior slain!
 And Oh, may this my glory be,
 That Christ is not ashamed of me!

270. *Free Grace.*

THE voice of free grace cries escape to the mountain,
 For Adam's lost race Christ has open'd a fountain;
 For sin and transgression and every pollution,
 His blood it flows freely in streams of salvation.
 Hallelujah to the Lamb,
 Who has purchased our pardon!
 We'll praise him again,
 When we pass over Jordan,

2 That fountain so clear in which all may find
 pardon,
 From Jesus' side flows—a plenteous redemption;
 Though your sins were increased as high as a
 mountain,
 His blood flows most freely, O come to the foun-
 tain!

Hallelujah, &c.

3 O Jesus! ride on, thy kingdom is glorious,
 Over sin, death and hell thou will make us vic-
 torious;
 Thy name shall be praised in the great congrega-
 tion.

And saints shall delight in ascribing salvation.

Hallelujah, &c.

4 When on Zion we stand, having gained the blest shore,

With our harps in our hands we'll praise him evermore;

We'll range the blest fields on the banks of the river,

And sing hallelujah forever and ever.

Hallelujah, &c.

271. *The Millennium.*

FROM the realms where the day, its first dawning extends,

The sun of the gospel in glory descends;

Ye forests attend while your children combine

In accents unusual, in transports divine;

Involved in uncertainty, darkness and death,

The clouds of destruction hung over our earth,

Till yon rising splendor enlightened our way,

And pointed our steps to the regions of day.

2 A council on high has been held to inquire
For help for mankind; and peace kindled the fire;

Provision was found for the nations distressed,

And with its rich bounty all lands shall be bless'd;

The chain of salvation let down from above,

Cemented by justice, and lightened by love,

The safety of hope, the conductor of grace,

Joins heaven and earth in its mighty embrace.

3 On high, see our Jesus, the penitent's friend,
With banners of mercy compassionate bend,
Entreating the wretched, rebellious and vile,
From ruin to flee, and repose in his smile:
The Prince of salvation is coming! prepare
A way in the desert his name to declare;
He comes to relieve you from sins and from woes,
And bid this dark wilderness bud like the rose.

4 His fame shall extend from the east to the west,
Compose all the tumult of nature to rest;
The Sun of the Gospel illumine the skies,
And ages on ages of happiness rise;
The brute-hearted temper of man shall grow tame,
The wolf and the lion lie down with the lamb;
The bear and the kine shall contentedly feed,
While children their young ones in harmony lead.

5 The serpent shall dart all his venom in vain,
The wolf and the lion lie down with the lamb;
The infant shall play on the hole of the asp,
And smiling, the folds of the cockatrice grasp;
No more shall the sound of the war whoop be
heard,
The ambush and slaughter no longer be fear'd;
The tomahawk buried shall rest in the ground,
While peace and good will to the nations abound.

6 All spirits of war to the Gospel shall bow,
The bow lie unstrung at the tail of the plough,

To prune the young orchard the spear shall be bent,
 And Love greet the world with a smile of content;
 Slight tinctures of skin shall no longer engage
 The fervor of jealousy, murder and rage;
 The white men and red shall in friendship be joined,
 Wide spreading benevolence over mankind.

7 Hail, scenes of felicity, transport and joy!
 Where sin and vexation no more shall annoy;
 Rich blessings of grace from above shall be giv'n,
 And life only serve as a passage to Heaven.
 Roll forward, dear Savior, roll forward the day,
 When all shall submit and rejoice in thy sway,
 When white men and Indians united in praise,
 One vast hallelujah triumphant shall raise.

272. *The Confidence of Saints.*

1 **H**OW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
 Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
 What more can he say, than to you he hath said,
 Who unto the Savior for refuge have fled?

2 “In every condition, in sickness or health,
 In poverty's vale, or abounding wealth,
 At home, or abroad, on the land or the sea,

- As thy days may demand, shall thy strength
ever be.
- 3 Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismay'd,
For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee
to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.
- 4 When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubies to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
- 5 When thro' firey trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee, I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
- 6 E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal unchangeable love;
And then, when grey hairs shall their temples
adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be
borne.
- 7 The soul that on Jesus hath lean'd for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to
shake,
I'll never--no never--no never forsake."





